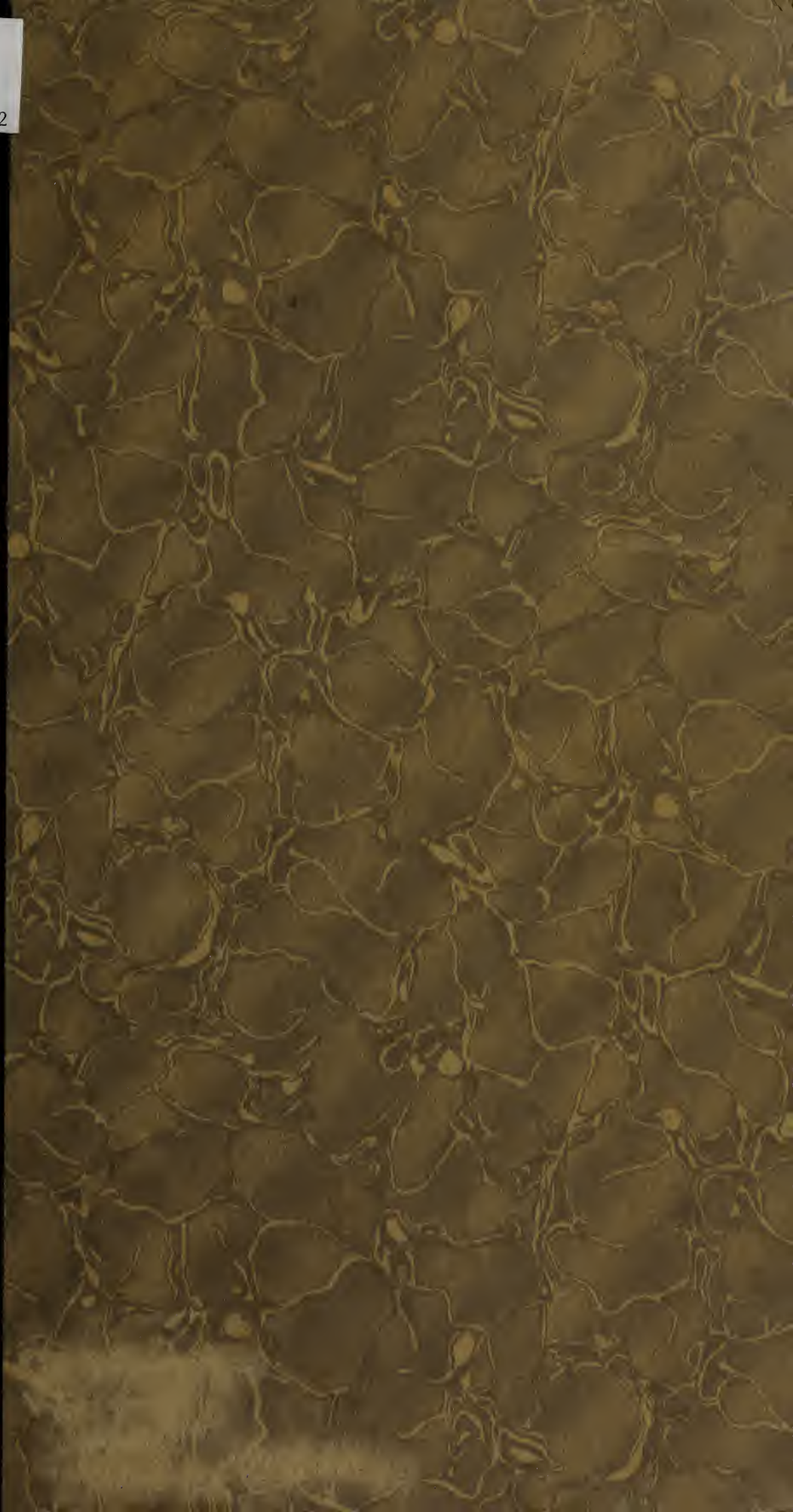


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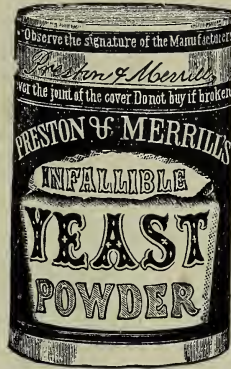
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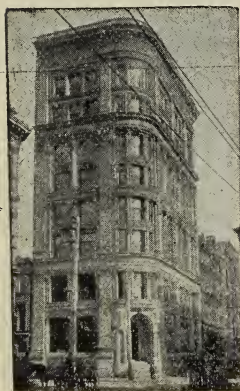
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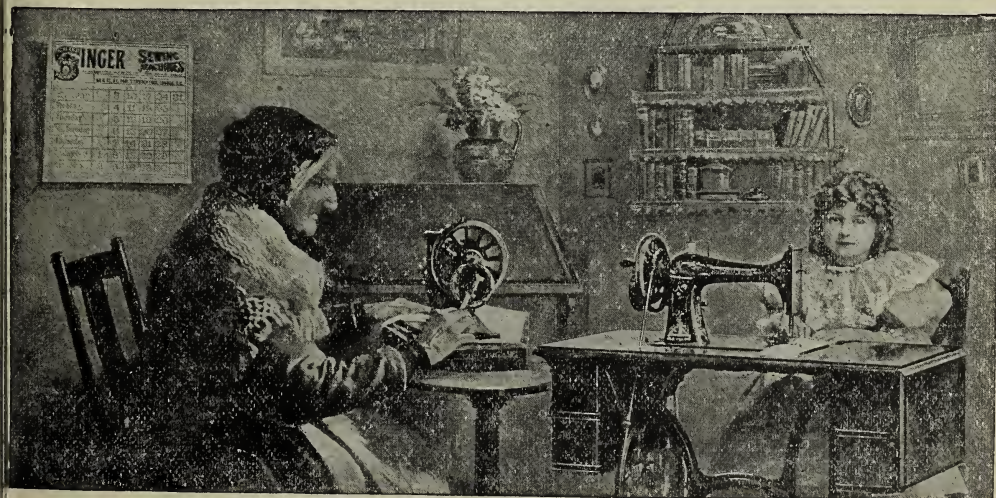
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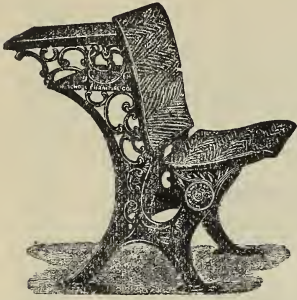
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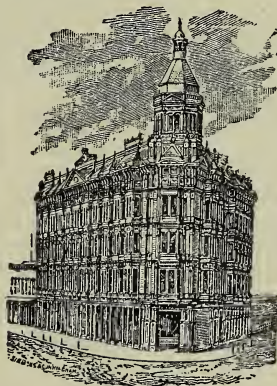
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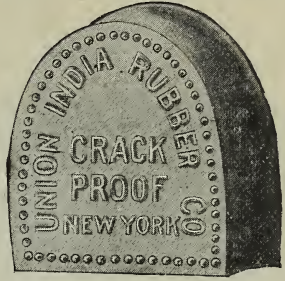
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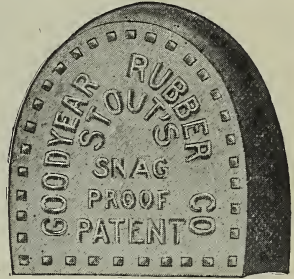


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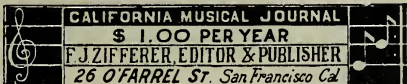
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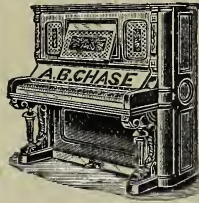
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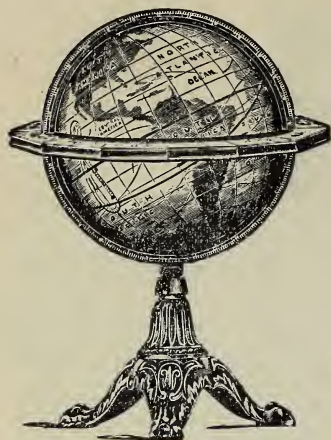
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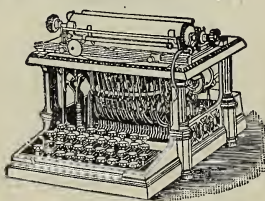
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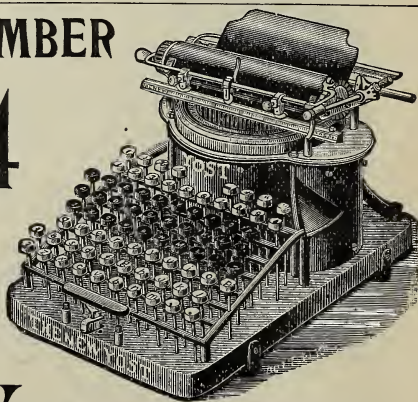
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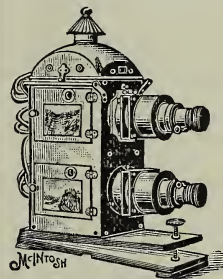
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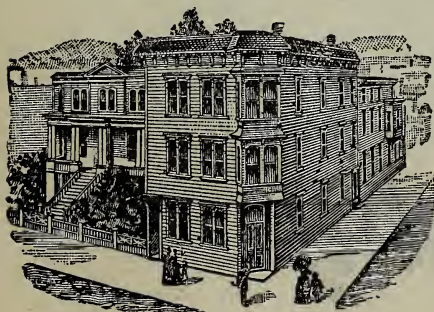
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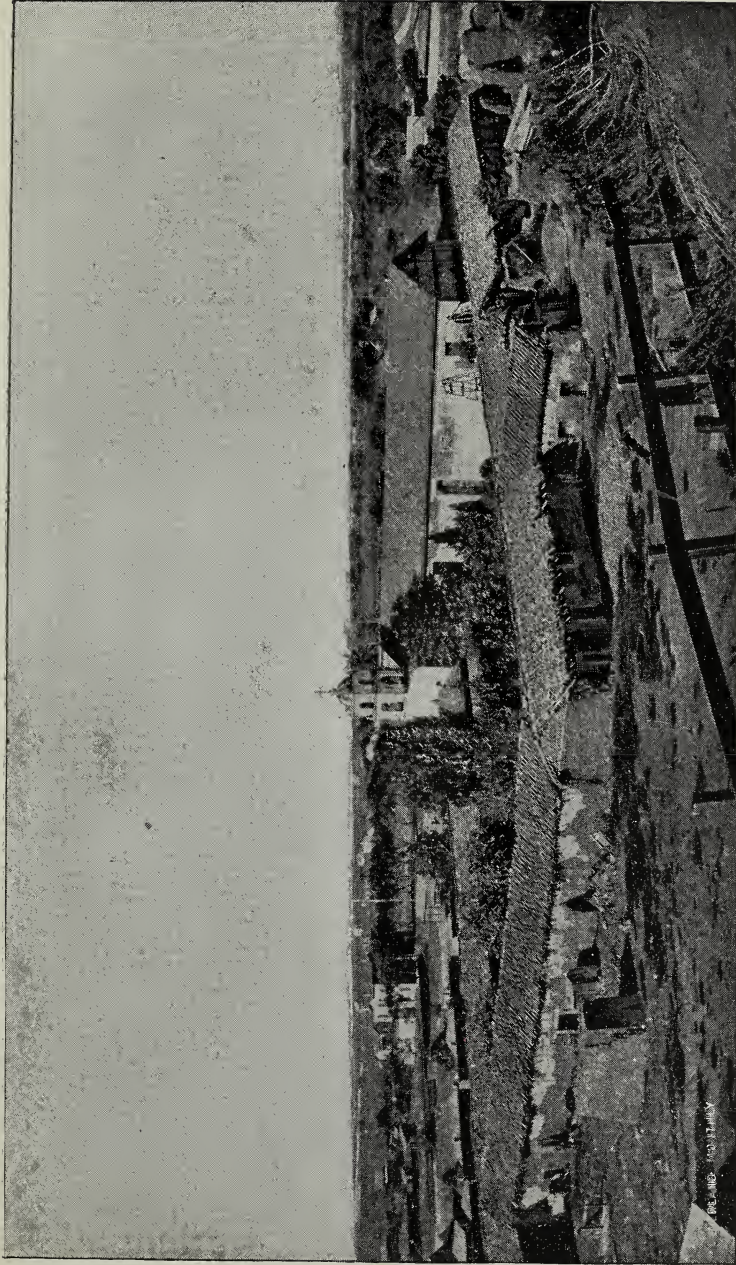
“The King is Dead

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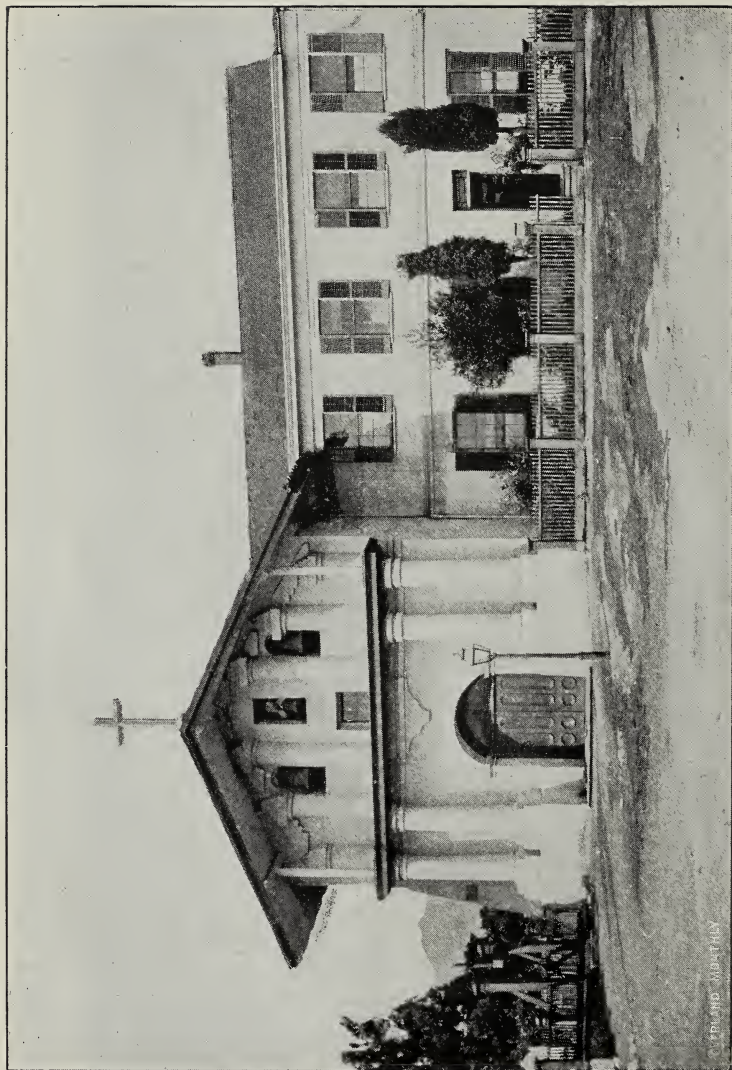
It's name is

Trophy



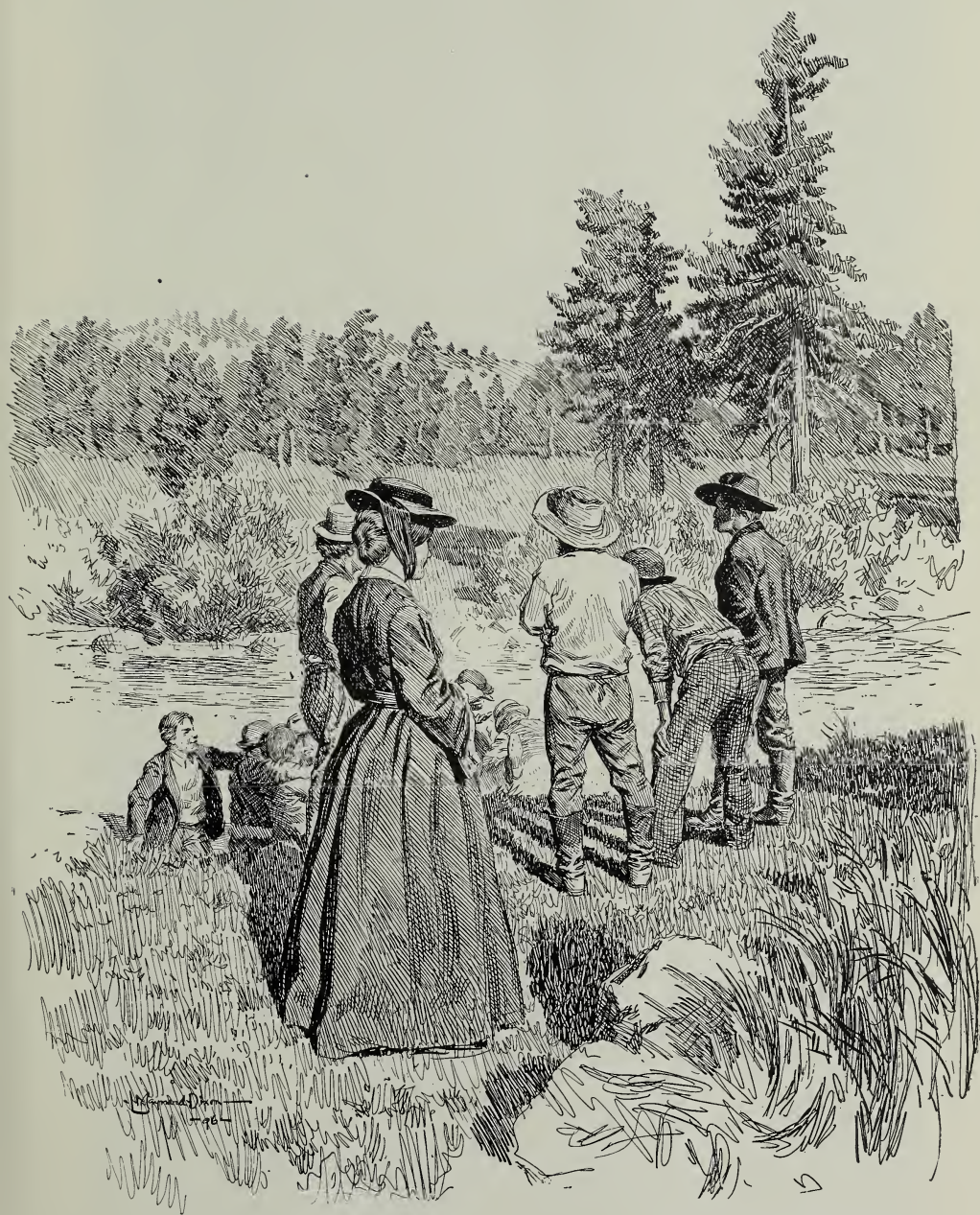
From "Should the California Missions be Preserved?"

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From "Should the California Missions be Preserved?"

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From "Under the Headin' of Thruth."

"The worst ducking iver they had."



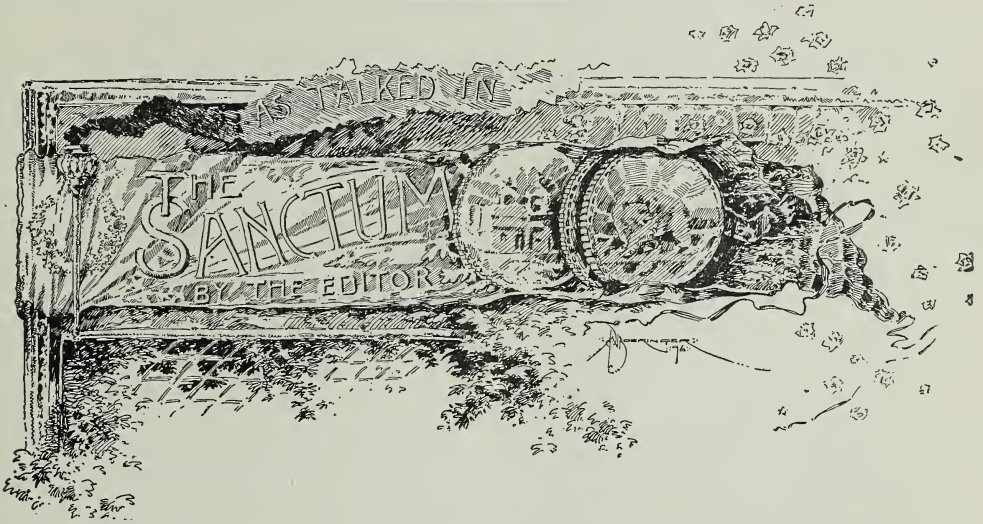
Courtesy W. B. Farwell.

Before the Gringo Came.

Drawn by W. H. Hilton, 1874.

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXIX. (Second Series.)—January, 1897.—No. 169.



"I HAVE often wondered," remarked the Contributor, "why some one has not laid the charge of plagiarism at my door."

The Reader. "There may be reasons that would never suggest themselves to you."

The Contributor. "Indeed! I admit that I am not what might be called a popular author, but I am a voluminous one and a wide reader. Again and again I have caught myself plagiarizing, sometimes myself, oftentimes my favorite authors.

"I read an article in a magazine within the year, that I had read not a month before in a New York publication. I did not feel called upon to announce my discovery to the world; for the plagiarism was an improvement. I remember writing a story one winter. I worked hard over it. I felt inspired. The plot slowly but surely developed. Incidents grew into scenes and what at first seemed to be embryo thoughts gradually formed themselves into rounded paragraphs. At last it was finished. I read it aloud to the family. As I read, something about it all seemed strangely familiar and as if led by an unseen hand I arose, went to my library, took down an old scrap book, and turned to my story with a well known but almost forgotten author's name signed to it. It was a bitter moment, and the experience was curious. For years I distrusted myself, and even today I am always expecting some one to rise up and demand an explanation and apology."

The Artist. "You flatter us."

The Poet. "Our Contributor says of himself as Hawesworth said of Johnson, 'You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world.'"

THE plagiarism-hunter found plenty of sport in the literature of the past campaign.

Moreover, it was wonderful how boldly the profession was carried on and how little attention was paid to the revelations of the plagiarism-hunter. A few years ago half the big New York papers devoted a page a day of parallel columns to convict Senator Ingalls for stealing an oration. It seemed to be a clear case, but Ingalls got the credit of the oration and the very name of the original orator is lost. In any case he improved upon it, which met all of Byron's requirements of a plagiarist.

"A good thought is often far better expressed at second-hand than at first utterance. If rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up."

The campaign plagiarist, in the magazines and out, worked generally on the same model, — he combined in an article on some phase of the burning questions of the day extracts, without credit or quotation marks, from speeches, essays, editorials, statistics, and campaign literature, under one head and signed his name to the pot-pourri as the veritable author. He did it skilfully, therefore he was excused with a smile. Again he was within the Byronic definition, —

"Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but is never criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans."

In August, 1894, there appeared in the *OVERLAND* a story called "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," rather a pretty bit of Hawaiian folk lore. The writer's name was Carey and his manuscript had been in the Sanctum since the November previous. On the following Sunday, after the appearance of the *OVERLAND*, the *Call* had a Hawaiian tale entitled, "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," reproducing the story without either credit or signature. Very promptly the magazine called the attention of the newspaper to the apparent theft, whereupon the *Call* demanded an explanation from one Hayne, the ambitious author who had sold them the manuscript. Hayne promptly denied having ever seen the August *OVERLAND* and proved beyond argument that his "copy" had for several weeks previous been in the *Call's* possession. The tale was written the preceding January, he claimed, and like Carey he was unable to conceive how his exact ideas and phrases could possibly have occurred to anyone else. Further to complicate the situation, Hon. Rollin M. Daggett, ex-United States Minister to Hawaii, wrote referring the *OVERLAND* to King Kalakaua's volume, "The Legends and Myths of Hawaii," for the original version of "Kaala."

Both the contributors, however, denied any knowledge of the existence of the book, and a month later a Honolulu paper wrote an editorial denouncing the editor of the *OVERLAND* for stealing bodily, word for word, the story "Kaala" from its old files, and signing a fictitious name to it.

And that was not the end. A year later a well known Hawaiian gentleman, of good literary standing, submitted "Kaala," the same old "Kaala," even to the punctuation marks, for the magazine's consideration. It was not considered. The same arrangement of gray-matter could not have been in all these brains, — or was it possible? Only the X ray will ever reveal.

Two years ago there was received in the Sanctum a delicious Irish story that was read with enthusiasm and published with a blare of trumpets. It was out of the ordinary—full of delightful waggish wit and picturesque conceits. From the opening sentence it brought a smile to the lips and left a feeling of good digestion. At once the writer was asked to become a regular contributor, but before his next was received the following letter came to the editor's desk:—

The paper in the last issue of the *OVERLAND* entitled "Told in the Dog-Watch," by "T. J. B.," is a plagiarism. It is taken from page 580 of "Burton's Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor," published by the Appletons in 1858. Its real title is "Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec."

"T. J. B." may have a plausible excuse. Yet I think that even he would recognize a difference between his methods and Doctor Holmes's, who confessed, "I have often felt, after writing a line that pleased me more than common, that it was not new, and was perhaps not my own." Neither do I think that even Byron would pat "T. J. B." on the back and remark, as he has done, "Commend me to a pilferer. You may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you, that the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

The Reviewer. "I never heard of any one plagiarizing the Poet."

The Poet. "No one ever plagiarized Vergil."

The Reader. "Yet one must get the straw for his bricks somewhere."

SUCCESSFUL plagiarism all depends upon the caliber of the plagiarist. To copy verbatim requires no brain, but to draw from Homer and Theocritus as Vergil did and leave behind the *Æneid* requires something more than a lead pencil and white paper. It was Tennyson who spoke of the "masterly plagiarisms" of Vergil and Milton, and yet his work is a perfect mosaic of gems from almost every writer in ancient and modern times. Of Milton it has been said: "The lilt of old songs was in his ears, the happy phrases of old poets, the jewels, five words long, from old treasures. He had the opulent memory of the profound student, and these things crowded thickly into his thought with each new suggestion from without." *Æsop's* fables can be found in the older Hindoo literature. Goethe never claimed all the credit for his immortal Faust. "What," he asks, "would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different poems, a thousand different things. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature: it bears the name of Goethe."

It would have done the soul of Molière good if he had have made the same frank confession regarding "Don Juan." Washington Irving "lifted" the "Story of the German Student" in the "Tales of a Traveler" from one of Hoffmann's "Contes Nocturnes," and the very same story was afterwards used by Alexandre Dumas, the elder, in "La Dame au Collier de Velours."

Goldsmith's "Madame Blaize" is a close translation of a poem by the Frenchman De la Monnoye. Thackeray's "Romance of the Rhine" is nothing more than Dumas's "Othon L'Archer." Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" was probably modeled on Wordsworth's "Michael"; his "In Memoriam" was suggested by Petrarch; his "Dream of Fair Women" by Chaucer; his "Godiva" by Moultrie, and his

"Dora" by Miss Mitford. The debt of Boccaccio, of De La Salle, of Chaucer, Shakespere, and Molière, to the old French "Fabliaux" will never be discharged.

One of the most amusing cases of unconscious plagiarism that was tragically comical in its results, happened to a once well known Philadelphia magazine. Its editor unearthed in a German monthly Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country." It struck him as one of the best things of the century and he promptly retranslated it back into its original English, and published it in the magazine with a salvo of hurrahs that was heard from Bangor to the Golden Gate. He and his magazine were laughed into their graves by a good natured public.

The modern writer is indebted more than he realizes to the ancients for the most conventional phrases. On three successive pages of Fielding may be discovered the well worn expressions, "The eternal fitness of things," "Distinction without a difference," and "An amiable weakness." Sir Walter Scott is caught using in "St. Ronan's Well," "Fat, fair, and forty."

The Bible is full of epigrams and catch-words that are discovered and rediscovered yearly by every new batch of strictly original litterateurs. There are certain expressions that are always used without quotation marks and yet not one in a hundred stops to think from whence they come, — for example, "It is not good that the man should be alone," "There were giants in those days," "In a green old age," "Darkness which may be felt," "The wife of thy bosom," "He kept him as the apple of his eye," "Quit yourselves like men," "A man after his own heart," "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," "Great men are not always wise." It must be annoying to the author as it is to the inventor to stumble on a brand new idea and then be informed that it is as old as the Alexandrian Library.

The Contributor. "I have made up my mind after listening to one of the Parson's sermons that there is such a thing as being too original."

The Parson. "Thank you. I can't say as much for this conversation."

The Bookkeeper. "Joaquin Miller wants to know if it is safe for him to come in?"

The Office Boy. "Proof."





SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

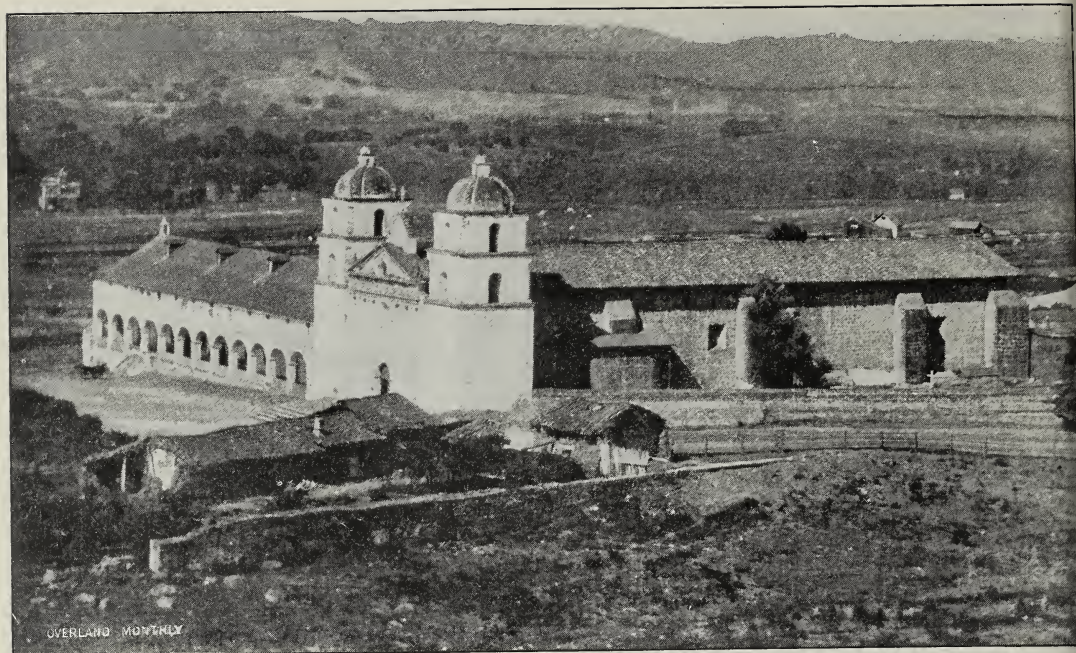
SHOULD THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS BE PRESERVED?'



HERE are in California, in the area lying between San Francisco and San Diego, numerous ruins that excite the curiosity and often the veneration of the tourist. Some of these structures are partially in use as churches and parish residences; others are a mass of debris with an elevation standing, a crumbling tower yet raising its low form above a segment of shattered cloister, and again there is nothing but a shapeless rubble of worn adobe bricks.

¹See also John S. Hittell's "California Under the Friars," *Californian*, May, 1891; "Early Jesuit Missions in Lower California," by Rt. Rev. W. I. Kip, *OVERLAND*, February, 1893; and "Studies of the California Missions," by Francis Fuller Victor, *Californian*, May, June, July, 1882.

Where the buildings are sufficiently preserved to admit of occupancy, a good idea can be had of the plan upon which they were built. They were not alone churches, but they were quarters, generally a walled rectangle, containing apartments not only for priests, but for the soldiers' barracks and guardhouses, shops and storehouses, and more dingy places yet for Indian servants and laborers. The structures were mostly built of adobe,—clay bricks dried in the sun and containing more or less vegetable mold. It is due to the unstableness of this material that the disintegration of these buildings so early set in and that today, though the most ancient of them



SANTA BARBARA.

is scarcely 125 years old, they are in decay, and the best preserved are hardly more than the remains of buildings.

If the tourist would extend his journey into Lower California, and through Arizona, he would find at intervals the ruins of like structures ; and as he went on he would get an idea that those missions were a continuous chain from Point Lobos to Cape San Lucas and from San Diego to Mexico, and that they were propagated and spread by the same spirit and under the patronage of the same power.

From this view of the structures themselves we may get an idea of the uses which they were designed to serve. They were the citadels of the theocracy which was planted in California by Spain, under which its wild inhabitants were subjected, which stood as their guardians, civil and religious, and whose duty it was to elevate them and make them acceptable as citizens and Spanish subjects. Other pioneers have blazed the way for civilization by the torch and

the bullet, and the red man has disappeared before them ; but it remained for the Spanish priests to undertake to preserve the Indian and seek to make his existence compatible with a higher civilization. What means they took and how they succeeded, will be the inquiry of these pages.

In 1697 the Californians were populated solely by numerous tribes of Indians. Of these, those of Lower or Baja California were in habits and modes of life the worst. Living in a hot, dry region, they needed neither artificial heat nor clothing. Accordingly they went mostly naked, were improvident, idle, and had no fixed habitations.

Nowhere can we find a more perfect exposition or get a nearer view of man's primary relation to Nature. Without a precept above that of an animal which seeks out and devours its food, these Indians had not the first idea of shaping human labor to the elevation of their existence above the beast plane.



SAN CARLOS AT MONTEREY.

There attended them, too, all those circumstances which philosophers tell us are incompatible with civilized society. Among them was perfect individual freedom. There was no jealousy ; no hatred of each other within the tribal bounds. There was neither apprehension of birth nor fear of death — both functions were regarded as natural. There was no property. There was no marriage bond, — all herded together in a common band. Nature being always benign, with no thunders to terrorize and no storms to frighten or freeze, they had no gods to conciliate, and no conception of a future life. They were human animals, highest of all animals, and in perfect harmony with the nature which had brought them forth.

California had been visited at various times after Cabrillo's discovery in 1542,

by divers English buccaneers and adventurers. Drake and Cavendish, and Woodes, Rogers, George Shelvocke, and more, had sailed from England with their armed ships to sack Spanish towns and seize Spanish shipping, and they found their most defenseless prey and richest, readiest booties on the coast of Mexico and in the interception of the galleons from the Philippines, to pounce upon which they lurked in the region of Cape San Lucas.

In 1615, Juan Iturbi found pearls in the Gulf of California, and thenceforth for some years adventurous wealth-seekers. some sailing under patent monopolies from the crown, turned to this channel of wealth-getting.

Meanwhile settlement in California had never taken root. No attempt to colonize had followed the solemn claims of Cabrillo made at various spots from



CARMEL MISSION NEAR MONTEREY.

San Diego to Monterey, and when Drake came, nearly forty years after, and nailed the profile of his queen to a post on the California shore, the Spaniards were not stirred by that event.

True, a part of this indifference came from the failure of certain earnest attempts to gain a footing in the new land, and in part, it cannot be doubted, it was due to the languor into which the administration of Spanish affairs had subsided. Cortez, with the energy of a conqueror, had visited the gulf coast of the peninsula in 1535, and made a desperate struggle there to maintain himself and his people, but without avail. Not that he was driven off by the population, but the arid and unresponsive wilds denied him sustenance and promise.

And the country continued for years to repel all schemes to plant Spanish life within it. The territory itself was the back bone, perhaps the coccyx, of that mountain skeleton set along the coast to the indefinite north. Its gigantic, bare,

and broken undulations might have leaped and hardened from the waters which lashed its either shore. For seven hundred miles it struck south, and from sea to gulf, a width of from three hundred to forty miles, it maintained its sterile character.

Although there floated in the murky atmosphere of Spanish credulity a belief that within this strange country there were ready wonders of gold and gems, yet those who had probed the question with their ships had found nothing to feed this fiction, and the bleak coasts remained untenanted by the Europeans. There were reasons, however, which rendered it highly needful to the Spanish sovereign that this unexplored land should sustain some settlements of his own people. It was desired that a supply station for the Philippine galleons be fixed near Cape San Lucas, and then those fabulous straits of Anian were believed to open from the Pacific to the Atlantic in the latitude of



SAN ANTONIO OF PADUA.

Newfoundland, thereby making it easy for the English to reclaim the "New Albion" which Drake had named in California years before.

But the political designs of his Majesty regarding the new country were to find support, and indeed, execution, in a quarter which had never been thought a likely or possible aid. It was known in Mexico that this sterile country was inhabited by human beings who worshiped strange gods, and were far abroad from the true faith. To the zealots of the Roman Church this fact was a worry and a responsibility that sunk all other matters into insignificance. In charge of God's apostolic Church, believing that every soul which left the body unanointed by the holy oil plunged straight to the infernal, they thought it their highest duty to expend all their efforts toward rescuing these benighted people.

It was this thought which stirred in Father Kuhn, a German Jesuit, called in Spanish Eusebio Francisco Kino, a desire to accompany Admiral Isidro Atondo y Antillon, when on March 18, 1683, he sailed with two ships from Chacala, Mexico, to make another attempt to colonize the new country.

Two other Jesuits accompanied Kino, and landing at La Paz, where Cortez had disembarked years before, they remained in the country three years. During this time the priests were industrious in placating and teaching the Indians. A church was built and many conversions made. But however much the enterprise was a success in a spiritual way, it did not impress Atondo with its temporal results. The country had never sustained them; they had always needed supplies from home, and as the future promised no better, they sailed away.



SAN GABRIEL.

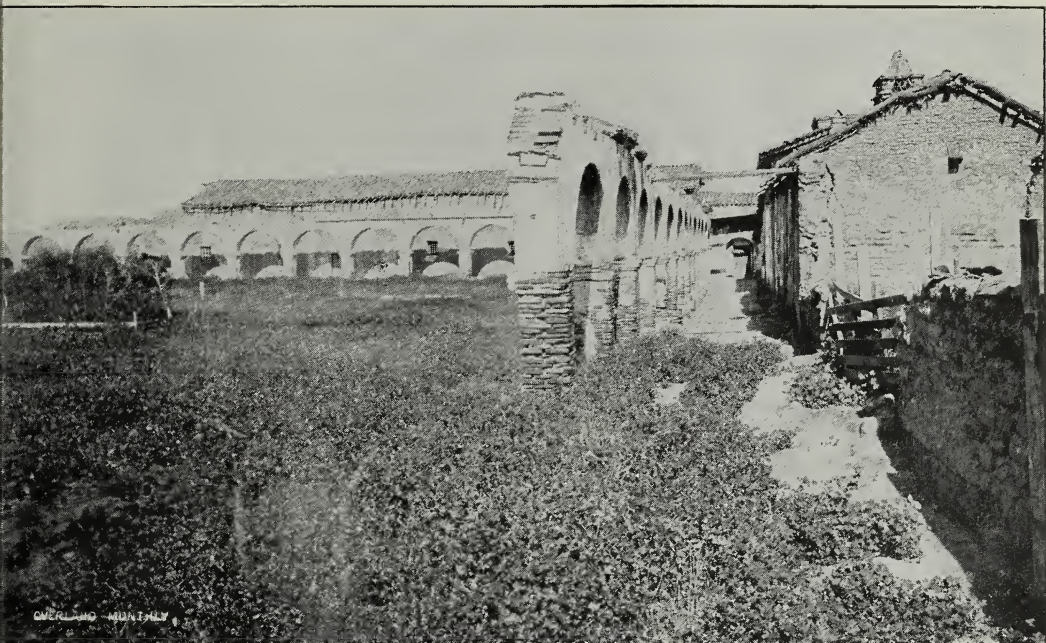
The report of Atondo to the viceroy at Mexico destroyed all official plans of having California settled by civil authority. It was remarked, however, that the efforts of Kino and his brethren had gone farther and cost less than those of any others, for after all, the problem was not alone the occupation of the country by Spanish whites, but it was the maintenance of them there amongst a wild people.

It was the staying qualities of Kino and his companions in a country which all other Spaniards had abandoned, and his desire to remain with the Indians and their mutual regrets at having to part, that led the Mexican council to think that perhaps the key to the settlement of the new country had been found by Kino, and induced it to solicit the Jesuit order to undertake the task.

They twice declined, in spite of the

eagerness of the German father. He withdrew to his Sonora plains, but not to rest. The zeal of the sainted Francis Xavier, in whose emulation he had retired from his mathematics at Ingolstadt, burned within him, and he devoted himself to exciting an interest in his missionary labors that they might be resumed.

Juan Maria Salvatierra, a brother Jesuit, large in body, strong and rugged in feature, in spirit dauntless, caught Kino's fire. The agitation soon inflamed notable minds and private subscriptions started the "pious fund," through the increase of which all the missions in Lower California were begun and sustained. The money, private and public, was invested in farms in Mexico from the annual profits of which the income of the missions was derived, and they were thus, in a measure, maintained through-



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

out. Kino, Salvatierra, Ugarte, Jayme Bravo, these names mark the heroes of the fifty years of Jesuit occupation of Lower California. They were great men, greater than any that afterward appeared in Northern California, save one. Garbed in the habit of monks, they worked wonders in the wild desolation about them. Statesmen and diplomats in Mexico when seeking patronage for their work, they were generals, superintendents, taskmasters, and spiritual instructors, among the heathen in those desert mountains by the western sea.

In 1767 they were conducting fifteen missions in Lower California when, without notice, without accusation, or trial, or opportunity for defense, and without indemnity for the loss of their possessions, they were driven from the country.

It was in the attempt at the abolition of the Jesuit order, then in disfavor at the courts of France and Spain, that the Spanish soldiery drove the Jesuits from California. The same ships that carried

the expelling troops took thither the Franciscan friars to succeed them. This order continued the missionary occupation for sixty-five years, at the end of which time antagonistic influences had grown up about it, that caused the work to be abandoned.

This order differed greatly from the Jesuits. It was a mendicant order, and one of its vows was poverty, another obedience. Unlike the Jesuits, they abhorred controversy, and they did not confine their membership to men of learning. Thus the Franciscans were just the order from which an irritated government expected the least annoyance with the greatest amount of work and the most energetic progress.

Nor was it deceived. The work in the new field was placed by the college of Saint Francis in the hands of Junípero Serra, a native of Majorca, then in his fifty-fourth year. Born Miguel José, son of lowly toilers, he early developed a desire for holy orders. At eighteen years he became a monk, and thenceforward



SAN DIEGO.

his life was spent as a missionary among savage races.

Junípero was a zealot. The apostolic memoirs which his ardent mind devoured, filled him with anxiety to model his life after the most self-accusing of the ascetics. His physical vigor and mental strength, his fixity of purpose and tireless application, were coupled with a benignity of spirit, a kindness, even a gentleness, of manner that made him the most fitting man then in New Spain for the work. His experience, too, in the establishment of missions in the Sierra Gorda of that country had helped to fit him for the new task.

Arriving with fifteen priests on the 12th day of March, 1768, at Loreto on the gulf coast of California, Padre Junípero Serra assumed, in solemn ceremonial, control of the missions of the new territory. But the design of Carlos III. was to do more than hold the ground,

it was to push the conquest to the northwest coast. Thither under the viceroyalty of the Marquis de Croix, King's Minister in Mexico, Junípero and his brother friars proceeded. José de Galvez, named visitor-general, with Catalonian soldiers, artisans, muleteers, Indian neophytes, and others beside the friars, in three ships and two land parties from Loreto to San Diego in the spring of 1769, got under way.

Junípero followed some days after the starting of the last train, a land party headed by Portolá, and overtook it at an abandoned camp of Moncada's where he paused to found a mission. The place was called San Fernando de la Vellicata, after a canonized Spanish king, and was considered on the frontier of the peninsula. After appropriating supplies and stock to the new ecclesiastical venture, the train resumed the journey.

It was a wild trail. Some of the voy-



MISSION BELLS.

agers died, others, footsore and weak, were carried in litters on shoulders scarce stronger than their own. On the first day of July, 1769, as the sun set above the rolling curves of the hot sand hills, the straggling column wearily ascended its final slope. Below lay the bay of San Diego! Beyond was the bluer ocean, and in the land-locked harbor rode the Spanish ships! The *Te Deum* pealed out on the soft salt air the music of devout glad voices, marvelous enough to the natives who stood about.

At San Diego California nature, severe and rugged as they had known it, seemed for the first time to break into beauty. Here was started the first mission of Alta California. On the sixteenth day of July, on which in 1212 the Christians had vanquished the Moors, Junípero blessed the spot, and with Viscaino and Parron raised the cross of Spain. There was mass and firing of arms on ships and shore, and the stakes were driven, of which all the mission buildings were at first constructed.

As regards these squalid natives, however, things fared not so well. Gloomily enough they looked upon this strange invasion. They mistrusted those who had come among them. To all overtures they returned but suspicion and doubt. Greedily they accepted what was given them for the clothing of their naked bodies and the women gladly shed their squirrel skins for better garments; but of food, lest they swallow poison, they would take nothing.

When gifts failed, the natives turned to pilfering. They boarded the San Carlos at her anchor and stole there. Soldiers were sent for its defense and then, the mission guard being weakened, the savages conceived the purpose of a general raid to dislodge the strangers. Armed with clubs and spears, they broke through the mission palisades and into the low structures. Four soldiers, a carpenter, and a blacksmith, sprang to the muskets, — while on their knees within the hut which served as a chapel, Junípero and Viscaino, non-combatants, with beads and crucifix, implored the favor of God. The assailants were repulsed with loss, while of the defenders but one was killed. The Indians submitted thenceforth peaceably for the while to the presence of the newcomers.

Meanwhile, on July 14th Portolá, who was governor, Padres Crespí and Gomez, with Moncada and others, some sixty-four in all, started north to fix a settlement at the harbor of Monterey. They reached the bay, but were unable to recognize the port described by the early explorers. The wide crescent horned by the Point of Pines and by Año Nuevo failed to impress them as being a harbor, and they passed north to the bay of San Francisco, which they were the first to discover.

It was not until a second expedition had been made in search of the coveted place, this time attended by the ship San Antonio, that the spot was located. Amidst

profound rejoicing, with the clangor of bells on tree boughs, the cross was raised and the ground consecrated. High mass was sung, and Junípero preached a sermon. The military on the King's account claimed the country and a record was made.

The site of the mission was, however, shortly thereafter removed to the bank of the river they called Carmel, several miles southerly, where there were surroundings of fertile acres and timbered heights, with ample water. Here was firmly fixed the mission of Monterey, called Mission de San Carlos del Rio Carmelo, otherwise sometimes known as the Carmel mission, founded in the summer of 1771.

Thus were begun the two missions whose foundation in Alta California was planned by the college of San Fernando and the visitor-general, prior to the departure of the company from Mexico. Junípero was enthusiastic over the promise offered by the new region which needed but seed and labor to render harvests that would sustain the new establishments, an achievement never reached by the missions of the peninsula.

Eagerly, therefore, did the Father President write his official coadjutors of the possibilities of the new country. He asked for supplies, materials, more priests. The San Antonio was sent back, and at San Blas on the continental coast of Mexico, it met the San Carlos, these three years geese-bottomed in San Diego harbor, waiting for word from viceroy or other, which failing, Villa had brought to this place, himself, alas, to die.

The San Antonio, received with plaudits which resounded to old Spain, was straightway loaded and started again for Monterey, where she arrived May 21st, 1771. She bore ten fathers to Junípero, who, on embracing them, conceived the immediate founding of other missions.

San Antonio de Padua was the next



OLIVE MILL AT MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

mission and this was fixed in a small valley of the mountain range which the soldiers called the Santa Lucia. This valley was grown to rich grass, studded with oaks and pines, and settled by Indians who lived in hive houses, fashioned of sticks and fibers and clustered in rancherías. A little river ran through its center, which the settlers called Salinas. Portolá and Padre Crespí had seen this place as they traveled between Monterey and San Diego, and had marked it for a mission.

Junípero blessed the ground, sprinkling it with holy water, hung up the bells, and in an ecstasy fell to ringing them and shouting, to the astonishment of the neophytes, the seven soldiers, and the three sailors, who made up the company. The images and ornaments were unpacked, and on July 14, 1771, the first mass was

sung at an altar built under a booth. The soldiers constructed a stockade, rude barracks, and other buildings, and padres Miguel Pieras and Buenaventura Sitjar were left in command.

San Antonio Mission was in 1813 rebuilt in adobe blocks with red-tiled roof, its long cloistered structure fronted by a square white chapel, standing to this day. The history of it, too, lacks not of grimness. It withstood an Indian raid in 1775, when a converted red man lost his life, and a priest escaped but narrowly. Friar Francisco Punjol died strangely, it was believed by Indian poison, and found sepulcher beneath its stones. Padre Sitjar, too, is buried there, the first of the padres to put in writing the speech of the San Antonio Indians. The fruit of his learned labors is still kept among California relics.

Following the dedication of San Antonio, Junípero delegated padres Benito Cambon and Angel Somera to found in his stead the mission of San Gabriel Arcangel, in the valley of the San Miguel, far to the south and east, where the first party from San Diego to Monterey had camped on July 30, 1769.

The ship San Antonio had carried Crespi and his company to San Diego, from whence they struck to the north and west. Some hundred and twenty miles in this direction, they came to the region where they were to plant the new church, dedicated to San Fernando. It was a wide plain, watered by a bold river which bore westward the melted snows of the cloudy peaks of the north and east.

September 8th, 1771, was the date of the founding of this mission. The Indians received them with scowls and threats which broke into a demonstration. But frightened by the gaudily painted banner of the strangers, suddenly unfurled, they ran away, leaving the pious company to their praises and genuflections for this miraculous deliverance.

The next valley selected for a mission site lay twenty-five leagues southeasterly from San Antonio, and like the vale in the Santa Lucias, had been observed in passing by Portolá and the Monterey party of 1769. There was an ample stream running through it, bounded by sloping hills from whose summits could be seen the ocean scarce ten miles distant. It was here on September 1st, 1772, was founded the mission of San Luis Obispo del Tolosa, Junípero officiating and Padre José Cavaller in charge.

Thence Junípero sped to San Diego to meet the captains of the ships just from Mexico, which had been unable to reach the northern port because of head winds. Prevailing upon Captain Perez of the San Antonio to buffet the winter storms in passage to Monterey, where supplies were

desperately needed, he himself took passage on the San Carlos for Mexico.

Marques de Croix had been recalled from the vice-royalty to be succeeded by Antonio Maria Bucareli y Ursua, and Visitador-general José de Galvez had gone back to Spain, whereby two firm and powerful friends were removed. Bucareli, however, proved to be a friend of the missions. The stalwart priest was received with distinguished consideration by the college of San Fernando, and Bucareli invited him to communicate in writing the things most needed. Junípero wrote a document remarkable for its scope, comprehension of minutiae, and perspicacity. Bucareli received it, read, marveled, and was won.

In consequence of this business the relations between the missions and the military, the civil and the ecclesiastical, became more defined. Junípero had in California insisted that the military should be subservient to the priests, that the conquest was spiritual, not temporal; but Pedro Fages, comandante of Monterey presidio, said nay. Mexico removed Fages, and Fernando de Rivera y Mondada, who succeeded, was advised that the missions should have control of the Indians, *in loco parentis*, and that if a priest demanded removal of a soldier from a mission he must forthwith retire to the presidio.

There was \$38,385 computed as the annual expense of government in Alta California, salaries of all save governor and commissioner to be paid in goods delivered there at advance of one hundred and fifty per cent upon original cost. The annual salary of a priest was \$400, and since each mission had two padres, its yearly portion of commodities from Mexico was eight hundred dollars.

After two years of absence from California Junípero returned. He had twice been sick unto death, and a sore which afflicted his leg, festering from lack of re-



SAN MIGUEL.

pose, had fretted him with pains, but could not stay his restless spirit. The Dominicans, too, jealous of the growing power of San Fernando, demanded share in the California exploit. Junípero opposed the proposition, but a Catholic government was impartial and said yea.

"Then we'll divide the country," replied Junípero and his college; "let our brothers of Saint Dominic proceed to the well installed missions of the south, while we continue in conquest of the northern wilds."

"Agreed."

Eight fathers of Saint Francis, flanked by fifteen guards, pushed past Vellicata, leaving eighteen Dominicans in control in the south. On August 19th, 1773, they were at the Arroyo de San Juan Bautista, south fifty miles from San Diego; and on its bank, amidst Te Deums, they raised

an alder cross which bore, "Division de las Misiones de Nuestro Padre Santo Domingo y de Nuestro Padre San Francisco: Año de 1773."

It was May 11th, 1774, when Junípero arrived from Mexico. The ship Santiago had arrived two days before and relieved a famine at the Mission Monterey, then proceeded north to sound the waters and explore the coasts.

The Indians who had in 1769 pilfered, then raided, the San Diego mission had not been so subdued as to render them incapable of rising. On the night of November 4th, 1775, eight hundred, it is said, plunged down upon the little settlement, now moved six miles farther up the valley, amid plowed fields and late planted vines. Two priests were there, four soldiers, a blacksmith, and two carpenters, one of them ill.

With Indian deceit the body approached, and was unsuspectingly met by Father Luis Jayme.

"Amad a' Dios, hijos."

They pounced upon the incautious friar, dragged him off, and cudgeled him with their clubs until he exhaled the ghost. They then rushed upon the hut where was barricaded the little group of whites. The blacksmith, sword in hand, fell pierced by arrows; the sick carpenter was killed. Firebrands flung upon the roof ignited the thatch and drove the inmates to a small adobe. Here in desperation and with success they fought, Padre Fuster shielding the powder sack with his friar's frock from the lighted brands until the Indians retired in the early morning.

From San Diego Junípero proceeded to the site of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, named, it is said, for a pious Italian, the erection of which had been started a year before. It was some eighty miles south of San Diego, on a spot overlooking the ocean. The coast line forms a bight here protected from the northern winds by a bold cape. A little stream runs down from the uplands, and at its mouth the ships might make a landing. The soil surrounding was rich and deep, and spread in wide and pleasant pastures. Padres Fermin Francisco de Lasuen and Gregorio Amurrio had proceeded to work, when their labors were interrupted by news of the San Diego horror. Thither Junípero and Padre Mugartegue turned and applied their efforts with soldiers and neophytes; the walls were soon up, the ground broken for crops, and the fifth of the missions was installed.

Years later, a priest, Gorgonio, with taste in architecture, designed a structure modeled from the Byzantine cathedrals. Its adobe walls were five feet thick, its proportions 100x150 feet. Its roof, vaulted

eighty feet from the ground, was covered with tiles and surmounted by domes surrounding a great tower resting upon columns, in which swung a heavy bell. The interior was decorated with a solemn grandeur, lavish were it not pious; the walls, niched for images or hung with paintings.

Alas for this noble fane, for priestly pride and barbaric splendor, the edifice was doomed to sudden wreck and demolition. In 1812 an earthquake tumbled it down one feast day of the Immaculate Conception, on the devotees at morning mass. Thirty were killed and many wounded. The shattered ruins were abandoned.

Padre Francisco Palou and Padre Benito Cambon were named as the priests assigned to the San Francisco mission. It was founded on June 29th, 1776, the spot selected being on the bank of the laguna called Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, which discharged its waters into an ensenada, since christened Mission Bay. This lake has now vanished, and its very bed is well nigh obliterated. The Mission Dolores stands today, dim and dingy though it has been once rebuilt.

The new mission called San Francisco de Assisi was in an amphitheater of plain with brown bare hills beyond, on the tops of which the big elk sometimes gazed in brute wonder at the strange structure below. But the formal consecration of this mission did not occur until October 9th. The chapel, 5 x 18 varas, and the rectory, 5 x 10 varas, had been completed, and since the founding of the mission the presidio had been established. The San Carlos was in the harbor, and Captain Fernando Quiros, with sailors and ship's bunting, and Comandante Moraga with his soldiers, marched thither from the presidio, and there were pabladores who came through with Captain Juan Bautista de Anza from Sonora with



SAN LUIS OBISPO MISSION.

their families to settle in the new land, Padres Palou, Cambon, Tomás de la Peña Saravia, José Norcedal, and others, though Junípero was in the south, and could only dream of their gathering and the expansion of the glorious work.

Three months afterward the mission of Santa Clara was founded. It was located at the head of the plain of San Fernandino, through which the Guadaloupe river found its way, and in an area of fertile and well watered soil. The broad spread of nearly even surface was dotted with clumps of oak, so that the soldiers spoke of it as "El Llano de los Robles." Those who trod in military brogans bestowed names as did those who moved in sandals. With the former, names were given as the characteristics of the spots suggested. Thus a valley near where now stands San Luis Obispo, was found to be inhabited

by many bears. "Cañada de los Osos," became the soldier name. A subsidence in the Santa Lucia mountains suggested to the military view "La Hoya de la Sierra de Santa Lucia." But Crespi covered this with "Las Llagas," because the day they saw it was that of the "Impression of the wounds of St. Francis."

The Santa Clara valley was on that January day grown to tall green grass through which the deer browsed, and wild ducks floated on the rivers. Here on January 12th, 1777, they raised an altar and Padre Tomás de la Peña said mass, and the pious Assisi maiden had a mission. A square of seventy yards was marked off and a church and priests' residence was built on one side, while on the other was constructed the shop and offices; the military barracks, storehouses, settlers' abodes, and neophytes' huts, oc-

cupying the remaining two sides of the quadrangle. Padre José Antonio Murguia joined Peña as a resident priest.

Crude enough structure of mudded stakes and tule thatch, it was doomed to a brief existence. Two years later a freshet washed it out, and Padre Murguia, famed for his stone church in the Sierra Gorda of Mexico, bent his zealous efforts to the building of another. This was fairly

proportioned, of excellent architectural plan, and was then the best built house in California. Beneath it Murguia was interred. Strongly anchored, it stood upwards of thirty years, but on May 15th, 1784, an earthquake shattered it and it had to be abandoned. Some eight years later another church was built and this, with square low tower and cross on apex of the gable roof, stands today.

John E. Bennett.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED.

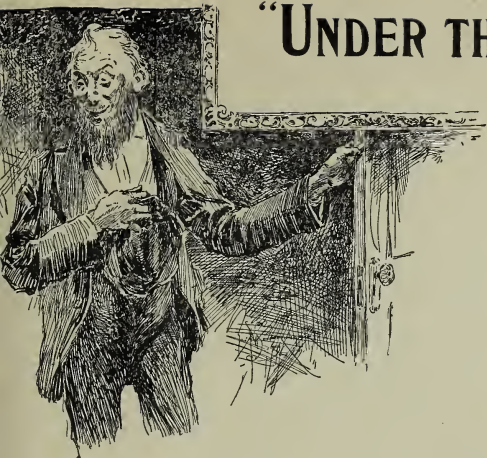
'T IS said that the good old fathers
Who sought this Western Coast,
Bearing o'er ocean and desert
The consecrated host,

Feared not so much lest hunger
Of the body drive them back,
As that wine and oil and wafer
The sacrament should lack.

So they brought the vine and olive
And saved the seeding grain,
And set them round the missions,
Far from their sunny Spain.

And California fears not
For storm or hostile fleet;
For mission grape and olive
Still grow amid the wheat.

Charles S. Greene.



“UNDER THE HEADIN’ OF THRUTH.”

V. MR. CUSACK JOINS A “THROUPE.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY’S
DIARY.

“I SEE,” remarked Mr. Cusack, as he produced his pipe, “the settlers has been gettin’ up another Injun up-risin’ over in Jackson’s Hole. Seein’ the Colonel is smokin’ I suppose you ’ll not mind me? Thim Injun up-risin’s is a mighty good thing for the Western counthry. None av the pickings wud iver come our way at all, if we did n’t sthir Uncle Sam up wanst in the while. Thim Easterners do be so wrapped up in thimselves that they lose sight of the nades of the West intirely. Talkin’ av Injun scares reminds me av one I had wanst meself. It was in ’63, an’ I was doin’ some odd jobs av haulin’ up at the Dalles, an’ I owned a good team an’ a dead ax wagon. Wan day there got off av the stheamer a fly-by-night minsthrel throupe,—eight men there wor an’ wan woman, the wife av wan av thim. Moulton his name was, an’ he met a sad end afterwards.

“A harmless, good-natured lot they wor, an’ they were thyrin’ to bate their way over to Bannock City,—Idaho City it is now. They gave a show at the Dalles that night, an’ me heart warrumed up to the poor jolly devils, for I niver saw a crowd that tuk whatever luck fate sint wid more philosophy. So whin they approached me about me tame, I fell in wid thim an’ we sthruck a bargain; an’ you ’ll think it was wan that did little cred-

it to me as a man av business. But the upshot av it was, I was to haul their sthuff over the mountains, an’ they were to give their show in every little place we sthruck; an’ I was to take me chances av gettin’ me pay at the ind av the thrip. They scraped up all the money there wor in the crowd,—twenty-eight dollars it was in all, I remimber well,—an’ bought provisions and some blankets. But they wor mighty short av blankets, I can tell yez. An’ we loaded the sthuff, an’ their three or four champagne baskets full av ’properties’ as they called ’em, onto the wagon; an’ Mrs. Moulton climbed up on the sate beside av me, an’ the byes cut thimselves a walk-in’ sthick apiece, an’ off we stherted.

“There was wan consumptive fellow, the manager av the throupe, that we all expicted to lave alongside the road somewhere; we had to give him a lift wanst in the while the first couple of days or so. But Lord love you! we wor a month on the road, an’ before the thrip was over he could walk his twinty or thirty miles a day wid the best av ’em, an’ sthow away more bacon an’ banes than annybody. ’T was the makin’ av him.

“Well, at the ind av the very first day out, we sthruck a snag. We came to a ferry an’ there was not a cint among the whole gang to pay the toll. So two av the byes, they got some tin helmets out of wan av the champagne baskets, an’ a couple av sthuffed clubs, an’ got out in the middle av the road in front av the toll house, an’ they did what they called a ‘grand combat scane,’ an’ hol-

lered, 'Lay on, McDuffy! Lay on!' till I thot the ferryman wud bust his suspinders laffin'; thin they did a clog dance; an' thin the ferryman he tuk us acrost, an' wished us a plisint journey an' good luck.

"Me life! but that wor the happiest crowdiver I traveled wid. Not wan av thim wud have changed places wid the Prisdint; an' the fun an' the jokes. I have met wid wan or two av thim in the years that has gone since, that have done well in the wurruld, an' nade ask for nothing, but it's my belafe they wud trade it all off to be back in thim days wid the light hearts an' the good legs av thim, together wid the impty pockets an' the appetites like a wolf's. It's a fine thing to be young an' take no heed for the morrow. In ivery little hamlet we come to, we gave a show an' made a sthake to replenish the sthores, so that the bacon an' banes an' dhried apples an' Rio coffee niver did run out completely, though many's the time they got mighty low.

"But I'm not gettin' on to the Injuns. The Injuns wor not as tame in thim days as now, an' the Malheurs wor makin' trouble thin. Whin we got to La Grande in the Grande Ronde Valley, we heard bad tales av thim, an' as we wint on from there iverybody we met scared us worse an' worse. We got oursilves ferried across the Snake above the Payette, so as to save oursilves the fordin' av that sthrame, an' wor congratulatin' oursilves that we had come as good as to our journey's ind widout mishap. But at the ferry they tould us av two prospectors bein' kilt but a few days before. But we wor only a few days' journey from Bannock thin, an' on we must go. So the nixt mornin', bright an' airly we stharterd on. We had to cross the divide before we would see water again afther we left the Payette, an' it was near an all day pull up hill before we rached

the top. We wor all purty well bate out, an' the horses about giv out wid the drooth. We felt mighty joyful whin we pulled up on the summit an' looked down into the valley av the Boise, away below us, an' see the river windin' like a silver wire through a purty green sthrip av cottonwoods and meadows. I thot it the purtiest sight I iver saw, an' the horses see it too, an' pricked up their ears and braced up for a home run.

"We had got down the hill an' half way acrost the valley, whin Mrs. Moulton says, 'Sthop! Luk at that!' An' shure enough, out from a clump av cottonwoods betwixt us an' the river came two Injuns a horseback.

"It was ivident they had sane us, long before we did thim, for they commenced whoopin' an' cavortin' an' circlin' around on the plain. We watched them a good while, an' we made up our minds, Injuns they shurely wor, an' av coorse where they came from were a plenty more or they niver would be so bould. An' sthills we cud n't make out what cud be their notion in carryin' on so, if it were their intintion to ambuscade us; onless indade, the ambuscade wud come in behind us by ways known to thimsilves, an' it wor the disign of these fellows to scare us back into some thrap.

"To go back was impossible at anny rate, for even if we cud have made it, the horses niver cud have gone over the ground again widout wather an' rest; so we resolved just to go on an' sell our lives as dearly as possible. There was just wan weapon in the party, an' that was my revolver. We allotted that to the best shot in the crowd, an' it was planned that he was to thry an' pot the first Injun that came near enough an' get possession av his arrums. As for the rest av us we arrumed oursilves wid the hatchet and the two or three knives that wor in the camp-kit, an' clubs an' stones,

an' on we wint, wid our hearts batin' a tattoo against the inside av our ribs.

"Thim two Injuns comminced circlin' around us, but they wor mighty careful to kape out av range. What was ahead av us among the cottonwoods we had no ijea, but we all ixpicted it wud be bad enough; an' the byes closed up around the wagon, an' tould Mrs. Moulton to crawl under the sate, the first arrow or bullet that whistled. Well, gintlemen, under the headin' av thruth thim byes wor funny and light-hearted, but they wor as brave as Cæsars, ivery wan av thim, for they were lookin' death square in the face an' not wan showed the white feather.

"We hild a short council av war an' fixed on a plan av action, which was to fight the best we cud, till the last man fell. Moulton made us all swear that the last man av us left alive wud put the poor little woman beyond harrum's rache from the red divils, in case the worst came to the worst.

"Well, prisintly we see a white tint glimmerin' through the threes, an' we thot that did not luk like Injuns, so we wint on wid more confidence, an' nobody molested us; an' shure enough our Injuns came up laffin' an' hollerin', an' they turned out to be a couple of young fellers from Boise. They said they had been

campin' there a couple of weeks, huntin' an' fishin'; an' had had more fun than iver they had in their lives before, scarin' the immigrants. They had scared us bad enough, if the sthory wud be tould under the headin' av thruth, for not wan av us but belaved our last hour had come!"

"I suppose," remarked the Judge, "you saw the joke when it was explained to you?"

"Saw the joke? Yes, we saw the joke, an' so did some others; for we tuk thim two byes, war paint an' feathers an' all, an' we put them in the Boise an' give 'em the best duckin' iver they had since they were ship-wrecked the last time. I bet they did n't scare no more immigrants that fall."

"Well, what became of your 'throupe'?" asked the Colonel after a pause.

"O, we wint on over to the mines, an' we did well; the byes made lots av money for a year or two. Thin two av thim got murdered, an' some wint wan way an' some another. Those wor great days, whin yez wud pay a dollar for an orange an' think nothin' av it. Now yez will luk twice at a nickel before yez will give it up for car fare. I must be gettin' along. The ould lady will be waitin' the supper for me. Good avenin', Colonel. Good avenin', Judge, an' Misther Crandall."

Batterman Lindsay.

TOMORROW.

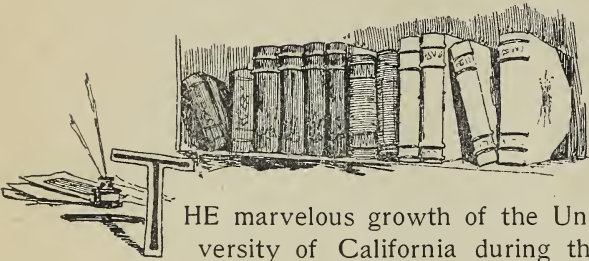
A RAINBOW art thou, fair Tomorrow, still
Luring us onward with that fabled gold
Where ends thy far arch. Blithe we follow — till
Death doth our steps withhold!

Eager to garner that illusive store,
Blindly we hasten towards the shining way,
Unheeding half the blossoms crushed before,
Thy fields we leave, Today.

Ella M. Sexton.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE STATE COLLEGE OUTSTRIPPING THE STATE.



THE marvelous growth of the University of California during the last decade is one of the direct consequences of the rapidity of the settlement of the State, after 1850. A statistical study of this growth and of its causes gives results which astonish even those most familiar with our educational system; and the conclusions which may be reasonably drawn from an analysis of the development during the last ten years are so extraordinary that they will scarcely be believed without a full presentation of the evidence upon which they are based.

It is perfectly safe to say that in less than fifty years one out of every twenty adult persons in California will have a college education. Incredible as this statement may seem, it is safely within the limits of the truth. If it errs at all it is in being too conservative, for it falls somewhat short of what might reasonably be drawn from the facts. During a period in which the increase in the population of the State has been but one third, the attendance in the colleges at Berkeley has grown five-fold. In 1887 the number of students enrolled in the colleges at Berkeley alone, not including the professional colleges in San Francisco, was 306. This was 2.7 per 10,000 of the population. In 1896 it was about 1,500, which is 10.9 per 10,000. The student body has grown four times as fast as the population.

In order to ascertain what proportion

of the present generation is enjoying the advantages of a college education we must make the comparison, not with the whole population, but with the persons in those age classes from which students usually come. By this means we can judge what the future effect will be. Making this comparison, we have the following result: In 1887 one young person out of about 250 of all those in the ages from eighteen to twenty-one was in attendance at Berkeley. While in 1896 the proportion is about one in sixty-five. This very favorable showing will soon be entirely eclipsed. The last entering class at Berkeley numbers over five hundred and is one third of the total enrollment. If we compare this number with the average number of persons in each of the age classes from eighteen to twenty-one, we get the surprising result that the people of the State are now sending one out of every forty of their children to the State University.¹

So important is this result for all speculations as to the future of the State, that it cannot fail to be of interest to show exactly how it was reached. The chief difficulty was to ascertain how many there are in those age classes from which the students come, for not since 1870 has there been any enumeration of the population by age classes. In 1894 there were according to the school census 310,000 children in the State between the ages of five and seventeen years. It is from the upper age classes of those included in that census that most of this year's entering class came. The average

¹ If we add to this another one in forty for the attendance at the professional colleges, at Stanford, and at the other colleges within our boundaries, which is certainly a conservative estimate, we have as the proportion of the present generation attending college one in twenty. This was the basis of the prophecy at the beginning of this article.

number in each age class was 24,000. But the lower age classes are much better filled than the upper, firstly, because a good many die between the ages of five and of seventeen years, (in California about 1,500 annually in all of the thirteen age classes in question,) secondly, because the older age classes come from births which occurred in a smaller population than that which provided the younger children, and thirdly, because, in California, the proportion of women is much larger now than formerly. Making proper allowance for all of these factors, it seems scarcely possible that there are on the average more than 19,500 persons in each of the ages from eighteen to twenty-one. But in order to be perfectly safe let us call the average 20,000. It follows, therefore, that the entering class of 500 came from this average of 20,000 or one to forty.

Having ascertained how large, in proportion to population, the increase in the attendance at college has actually been, it will be interesting to study its causes, to speculate as to whether the rate of increase will continue to be as great during the next ten years, and to question whether the growth is a healthful one.

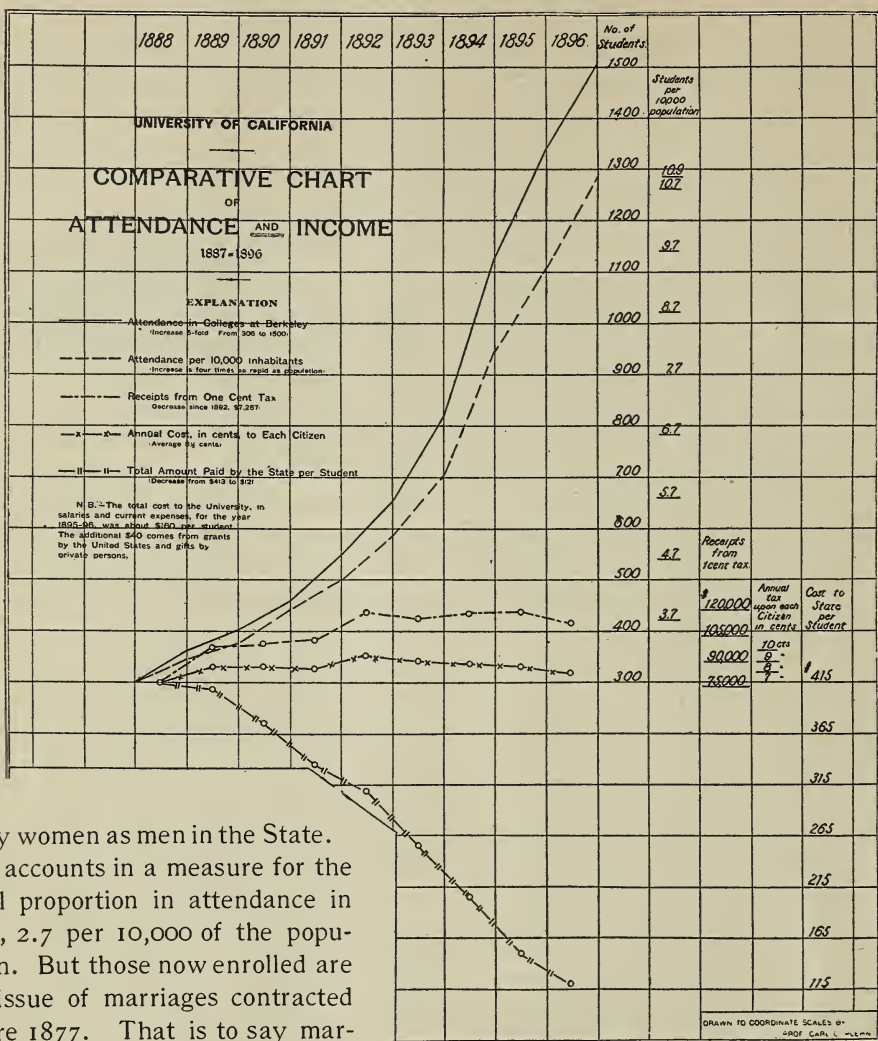
The causes of the increase are perfectly apparent now, although they were certainly not foreseen ten years ago when provision was made for the support of the University. The first cause is undoubtedly the increase in material well-being of the people of the State. As is well known the per capita true valuation of property in the State has increased ten-fold since 1850. It is now about \$2,300. This improvement in material prosperity affects the University in two or three ways. First, it makes it possible for more people to bear the expense of sending their children to college. Second, it opens many new occupations which college trained men and women can enter

upon. Third, it enables the establishment of High Schools which prepare for the University. The rapid increase in the number of High Schools in the State during the last few years is a remarkable indication of the development of the demand for higher education. As late as 1889 there were only twenty-one High Schools in California, but during the college year just past eighty-seven preparatory schools applied to the University for accrediting. These schools are established by the direct vote of the people, who tax themselves for their support. They form, therefore, a perfect index of the extent to which the people of the State feel it necessary to provide the means of higher education for their children.

The second cause of the recent increase in the student body is found in the peculiar composition of the population of the State and is very interesting. The number of women has been and still is below the normal, there are, therefore, less than the normal number of children, five to seventeen years old in the State. In the country at large the school children form nearly thirty per cent of the total population, but in California the proportion is only twenty-three per cent. But this proportion was until recently very much less even than twenty-three per cent, as will be seen from a consideration of the following table which shows the number of women to a thousand men at the different census periods:—

1850.	80 women to 1,000 men.
1860.	391 women to 1,000 men.
1870.	603 women to 1,000 men.
1880.	668 women to 1,000 men.
1890.	725 women to 1,000 men.

The students who entered the University ten years ago must have been for the most part the issue of marriages contracted before 1867, that is during the time when there were less than half as



many women as men in the State. This accounts in a measure for the small proportion in attendance in 1887, 2.7 per 10,000 of the population. But those now enrolled are the issue of marriages contracted before 1877. That is to say marriages in addition to those already considered, which resulted from the increase in the number of women in the period between 1867 and 1877. This increase was of course rather large as the number of women by 1877 was about two thirds as large as the number of men. Since the number of women has not increased so rapidly since 1870 as it did before that date, the generations hereafter arriving at the University are not likely to show so large an increase each year as has been noted in the past decade. Although if the number of women in proportion to men goes on increasing, as it is reasonable to expect it to do, the in-

crease of children in proportion to the population will not cease.

But there is one peculiarity yet to be explained. As has been said there were in 1887 two hundred and fifty persons who so far as age alone was concerned might have come to college for every one who did so. The number of children in the State from 1867 to 1887, as indicated by this proportion, is so large in comparison with the number of women that it is evident all could not have been native born. There were not women enough to have been the mothers of so large a number. Many of the young men in the

State in 1887 of whom so small a number came to college must, therefore, have come in as immigrants from other States and countries. That no larger proportion of these persons entered the University is explained by the inadequacy of the preparatory schools up to that period, and by the strong temptations which the peculiar economic conditions of the State offered to those who were willing to go to work at once.

A consideration of the causes which have led to the rapid growth during the last decade does not warrant the expectation that the increase will be the same high rate during the coming decade. Still the increase will not be by any means small. We can reasonably anticipate a still further increase in the wealth of the people of the State, and in the number and, especially, in the efficiency and attendance of the High Schools. The classes now entering the High Schools are larger each year and those which will graduate in the next few years are in most instances very much larger than those which went out during the past few years. When a new High School is established it takes some years before the graduating class attains its usual size. We can also reasonably anticipate a further increase in the number of children. As has been said those entering the University now represent the births of a time when the population contained only about 650 women to 1,000 men. Those entering ten years from now will come from a population containing about 700 women to 1,000 men. Moreover, the total population will be larger. At a rough estimate it seems probable that the attendance at the University in 1907 will be somewhat more than double what it is now, or over 3,000 in the colleges at Berkeley. In comparison with the five-fold increase during the past decade this two-fold increase seems very small. But it must be

remembered that the causes of the increase in the past were unusual, and have in great measure disappeared.

The question has frequently been raised by those whose attention has been drawn to this phenomenal growth as to whether there be any danger of over-education. The reply commonly made by prominent educators to this question is that education is in itself a good thing of which we can never have too much, that no matter to what walk in life the college graduate may come, he is the better for his education. This reply is undoubtedly correct. But it still fails to satisfy those objectors who feel that a college education is wasted if the person on whom it is bestowed does not find some occupation in which he actually makes use of his training. Fortunately the danger, if it really be one, that is anticipated is not at all imminent. It is a well established proposition of political economy that the supply of workers in any one line can never be permanently too great. The fear that any large number of our college graduates may become cobblers or be compelled to earn their livelihood with the pick and shovel is not well grounded. There may of course be isolated instances of that kind. But there is no more danger that there will be too many teachers, too many lawyers, too many doctors, too many civil engineers, too many electricians, too many chemists, too many expert miners, etc., than there is that there may be too many carpenters, too many masons, too many compositors, etc. Every boy who goes to college has as good an idea of what he can do for a living when he graduates as the boy who learns a trade has of his chances of success. The one may make a mistake, so may the other. But even if the student do err in his judgment, and on graduation find that competition for the particular places he expected to fill is too severe he is, if any-

thing, better off than his neighbor who having learned a trade finds he has made a similar mistake, for the student has a greater choice of other occupations to which he may turn. Nor is the community as a whole likely to suffer from such mistakes. Let us suppose, for example, that too many young men prepare to be teachers. What happens? The various school boards find it easier to fill the places at their disposal. They get better teachers at lower prices than before. Certainly the people will not complain if their children are better taught at less cost. Some of the poorer teachers will be driven to find some other occupation. They will go into business, or possibly enter some of the other professions. In any case they are not the less efficient for their training. But the "over-supply" cannot last long. As soon as the fact that teaching "does n't pay" becomes known, the number preparing for that kind of work will fall off, and in a short time the normal relation between the supply and the demand will be restored. It would seem, then, that we need not concern ourselves as to this imaginary danger. The extraordinary growth of the University is an indication that in the judgment of those most concerned the opportunities open to college graduates have increased in like proportion.

There has been nothing artificial about this growth. It has not been forced in any way. The authorities of the University have been compelled by the lack of funds, by reason of the already crowded condition of class rooms and of the overstraining of all the facilities, to refrain from any positive encouragement if not actually to discourage further increase in attendance. If in spite of this the people of the State still continue to send their children in ever increasing numbers to the University, it must be from a strong conviction that a college education is necessary.

This rapid growth was never anticipated and the failure to provide for it has plunged the University into financial difficulties of the most serious character. Ten years ago the State provided for the support of the University by an arrangement which presupposed that the increase in the attendance would keep pace with the increase in wealth and prosperity in the State. The income was to be provided by a tax of one cent upon each one hundred dollars of assessed valuation. This sum, which was at that time sufficient to provide for all the current expenses and even for some new construction as needed, would, it was expected, increase in the same proportion that the student body increased. But these expectations were disappointed by the fact that the student body has grown four times as fast as the income. Through the one cent tax the residents of the State each contribute about eight cents annually to the support of the University. For that sum the University is now required to do four times as much work for the people, or for each resident, as in 1887. The effect of this can be best shown by a comparison of the expenditure per student in 1887 and in 1896. In 1887 the State contributed, all told, from every source \$413 toward the cost to the University of each student. But in 1896 the sum thus received was only \$121. In consequence of this the expenditures of the University have had to be reduced far below that which is necessary to secure the greatest efficiency. The total amount available from all sources, including, in addition to that contributed by the State, the income from grants by the Federal government and from gifts by private persons, is now only about \$160 per student annually. The collegiate department of Harvard which corresponds in general to the colleges at Berkeley spends \$250 per student annually. Harvard is run as economically as is consistent with efficiency, as is evi-

denced by the frequently recurring deficits. The sum available for the current expenses of the University is now but little more than half of what is needed to run the University without any sacrifice of efficiency. In as much as the people of the State have evidently made up their minds that their children require a

University education, it is necessary to add to the funds available for the payment of current expenses. An increase in this particular is quite as necessary as an increase in the funds for buildings.


The appended table gives the data from which the above article has been drawn.

Year	Population of State	Attendance in Colleges at Berkeley	No. of Attendants per 10,000 of the Population	Assessment per capita of the Population	One Cent Tax per capita of the Population	Actual Receipts of the University from One Ct. Tax Year ending June 30	Actual per capita Tax Paid by Citizens	Annual Cost to the State per Student
1887	1,105,120	306	2.7	\$865	\$.0865			
1888	1,130,466	363	3.1	970	.0970	\$ 76,580.79	\$.0693	\$413
1889	1,173,812	401	3.4	950	.0950	98,348.38	.0863	408
1890	1,208,130	457	3.9	910	.0910	101,205.89	.0862	376
1891	1,250,416	547	4.3	992	.0992	102,434.52	.0847	335
1892	1,293,702	650	5.1	986	.0986	119,830.12	.0962	310
1893	1,335,988	815	6.1	906	.0906	115,575.06	.0924	254
1894	1,378,274	1,124	8.1	874	.0874	118,123.39	.0884	206
1895	1,420,560	1,336	9.4	797	.0797	119,824.73	.0869	150
1896	1,462,846	1,500	10.9			112,543.56	.0792	121

Carl C. Plehn.

ART AND HEART ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY THE POET OF THE SIERRA.



THE sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground. There is no art without heart. The art of all art is really to know nature — yourself. Better to know of your own knowledge the color, the perfume, the nature, the twining, of a single little creeping vine in the cañon than to know all the Rocky Mountains through a book. Man reads too much and reasons too little. Great artists are not great readers but great observers. They see with the heart. The world seems to think the artist should be content and busy with

book, brush, or pen. His heart, like a field, must lie fallow long to bring forth greatly. And do you know there are poets, great poets, perhaps the very greatest, who never touched a line and great painters who never knew a brush? A certain man comes here now and then who has a picture gallery in the cañon, which he says is worth a million. Few if any of us have the capacity to see all the pictures of this millionaire.

It is high time that the art world and the lesser half of the world should be on terms of better understanding. We of the art world are too apt to think that the rest of the world is heartless. The rest of the world is too apt to think that the art world is headless. The truth is,

as said before, a man in trade may be at heart a great artist ; while a great artist could in many cases make money as well as any other man ; only he might be too ready to give it away to some less fortunate than himself.

Another thing let us note by way of prelude. Poets, painters, composers, fashioners of beautiful forms, are the gentlest and purest and most temperate of all human beings. Take the poets, especially those of America, turn on the high white light that beats upon the throne. You will not find a fairer galaxy of names in all history. Even poor Poe, it is now seen, was the victim of envy and malice,—the forty failures assaulting the one success. You also find fifty would-be musicians defaming their betters ; and so on all along the line.

It is best that we should get at the truth. A truly great poet can be great in almost anything, as witness King David, Michael Angelo, Milton, and so on.

We are a sort of hillside Bohemia up here, only we have no tape ; not even a tow string or “strings” of any sort on any man or any woman. We don’t want to know what anyone has been or pretends to be, nor are we curious to know what he is. These are matters of his own account with his Maker. We are never numerous, we are never very good, never very bad. We have some rules, or rather some ideas, that have formulated, melted together, and rounded down, as the years rolled by, but we do not intrude them on anybody, nor are you to believe that we all live up to the best of them ; at least I know one who does not. He finds that man is still heaving a great stone up hill by day to find it rolling back on him at night. Yet he hopes and believes as his years pass that he grows a little better ; as the human race grows better and better, while the centuries surge past.

Very reluctantly I here write down some of the ideas, rules, lessons. The sudden renown of a little brown-faced student here, a mere lad of twenty, famous in a day as a poet, almost compels some sort of statement ; for people are coming here, some from far away, to ask idle questions, wasting their time and mine. One poor woman grimly demanded the terms for teaching how to “write poetry in paying quantities.”

But mind you, I cannot write of this young man. Merit is always shy of mention, and it would hurt him and help no one to tell of him, or how he came to fame even while yet a boy. I can only give the general rule, tenets, lessons, by which we try to live.

In the first place, then, this Robin Hood’s Bohemia on the hillside is rather an accident than a design. The first plan was to catch, coop up, or cage, the wasted energies of the State that had become a nuisance under the general name of “Tramp.” A house was built on a large slice of land with the idea of gradually sobering these nomads with the thought that an acre with an orchard, cow, and so on, would be better than a bed in the hayfield or jail.

Well ! read three volumes between the lines along here. Anyhow I learned a lot. In the first place, these poor creatures are nearly all if not quite all crazy, and the marvel is that with their irregular food and wretched drink they are not still more insane. Such experiences ! And such emphasized types. Lots of them literary. Yet I still think that if I had been far away from any town, so that they could not have left the “Rest” any time of day to get drink and come back at any time of night to sleep, the idea would fairly have been of service to the State.

Our last experience was with a hairy and wild French cook, who had written

a play,—for Mrs. Langtry, he said,—and he summoned mother and me late at night to the Rest to hear him read it. What a sight! He had cut holes in a white bolster case, and with hairy head and arms thrust through, a yellow window curtain about his waist, and an old pistol in his belt, he strode up and down, reading, gesturing, roaring, lamp in one hand and papers in the other, for hours. At last the lamp was out and the other tramps fled to the barn, but mother could not get away and we had to stay till dawn, when he fell exhausted on the lounge, and that day the Tramps' Rest was forever "closed for repairs."

Then we kept on planting and planting and making roads and fountains for another year or so very quietly. I would work with the men for about half the day and work with my pen the rest, for I had put all my small fortune in the land, so must write to keep things going. One day a young man who had studied to be a preacher came. He put off his coat and worked hard all day. This was the first "student." He stayed and stayed, and to this day comes at intervals and toils and meditates, and then goes his way, as years ago. He has now some fame with his pen, although it is doubtful if he is yet writing poetry in "paying quantities."

Gradually others gathered about, young men and women from colleges and universities. No one was ever asked to come. No one was ever asked to go. Not a dollar was ever passed between us. The young men were ready to work when anything wanted to be done. The women were useful as companions to my venerable mother.

Some students, not attached to schools, stayed a long time. One woman with her son stayed five years. Another stayed three years. They were a benediction for mother. Some men stayed

one, two, and three years. The stranger always found a cot, oftentimes a cottage all to himself. He always found a storehouse with simple supplies, and even after the place was planted to trees and built up, there was always wood to get, cows to look after, horses, hens, and so on,—and a gentle foreman who has had the management of the place from the first to tell what should be done. His effort always has been to keep students from doing too much work rather than too little. It is doubtful if the place has ever lost a dime or if I have lost a day by anyone after that first grim and terrible experience with the poor tramps.

And now what is taught, and how, and when? Frankly and truly, nothing, or almost nothing, is taught and almost no time is given to the students. It is all in the atmosphere or sense of peace. There simply are three or four tenets or principles of life insisted upon. The first of these is that man is good. This admits of no debate. Sit down a little time as you stumble headlong in the dust up and down the steep of life,—steeps of your own making or imagining as a rule,—and wait for the stars or the moon or the morning. You will then see that all the world is beautiful, beautiful,—magnificently beautiful. And meantime get a little acquainted with your own soul. You will find that you are better, a great deal better, than you believed as you stumbled so hurriedly and so blindly along in the dust, looking all the time down in the dirt for money. You will also find that those about you are better, vastly better than you believed.

No debating of any sort is allowed. See what a saving of time! If I could divert the time that is wasted in idle dispute for ten years into a right direction, I could make an Eden in any country. I simply say to my students, "There is not a man or woman with the breath of

God in his or her nostrils who is not good or trying to be good according to the strength and light. It is your privilege and duty with your better culture and opportunities to give light and light and light continually, and not so much by word as by deed; not by the letter which killeth, but by the spirit which maketh alive.

The truth is there is a great deal more good in the world than it has credit for. I doubt if there is a home, never so poor, but has some little unseen altar on which is daily, almost hourly, laid some little sweet sacrifice, some little touch of pity and tenderness for the poor pale mother, the weary worn father, the little sick baby. It is our place to give them more and more love to lay on the unseen altar, more light, more light, more light; so that they may have more heart, hope, strength.

The second lesson after the love of man is the love of nature. As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind, on earth, so is there no entirely ugly thing in nature. My daughter's pony died one night, and as she dearly loved the poor beast, I had it buried under a little willow in the ditch. But the coyotes disturbed the earth and bad odors drew a circle of vultures.

"That seems to disprove the second tenet," said the student.

"Wait and see. Nature is too majestic to make haste. Perhaps even now she is building even better than you know."

This was six years ago. Last month a party of campers came by and asked consent to spend a week under the little willow. For it was now as broad as the barn. I was told in Jerusalem that Jesus passing down the valley of Jehosaphat with his disciples came upon the remains of a dog. They gathered their garments and with lifted faces hurried by. But

Jesus, pausing a moment and reaching his face a little, said softly, "What beautiful teeth!"

The third and undebated lesson after the goodness of man and the beauty of the world is the immortality of man. I do not attempt to prove this. I could not. I could not prove that the sun will rise tomorrow. But it will rise, I truly believe. There are some things that are above the ordinary rules of evidence that control a public court. This is of them. Yes, there may be those who will not live again. You may sow your field as carefully as you can, yet there are many worthless grains that will not come up, but will rot and resolve again into earth. And may it not be that this fearful disease of unbelief is a sort of crucial test? May it not be that if you be so weak as to say you shall be blown out as a candle and so drop into everlasting darkness, that it shall be so?

We begin the next life where we leave off in this. I see this in the little seeds that sift down from the trees and lie under the shroud of snow in the hollow of His hand, the winter through, waiting the roaring March winds to trumpet through the pines and proclaim the resurrection. I read it in every blade of grass that carpets God's footstool, every spear is a spear to battle for this truth. Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality, for it has seen the resurrection, and each and all began where they left off in the life before.

A fourth and very practical lesson is on economy. Nature wastes nothing, nothing; least of all does nature waste time. Yet nature is never in haste, and this practical lesson broadens and broadens as we go forward. Ah me, the waste that is in this world at the hands of man! Looking away down yonder, I can count more than forty church spires. More

than forty great big churches; and not one single place, except a library or two and a station or two, where a stranger can wash his hands or observe the simplest decencies of life without going into some saloon. Forty great empty churches, with soft cushions, some of them, yet not one place, outside of the jail, where a man without money can lay his head.

The other day one of my women students dropped quite a handful of beans where she was washing them at a fountain. When I saw those beans there in the grass and mud, I got down and picked most of them up and took them to her. Nothing was said. After a time, chancing to look that way, I saw she was down on her hands and knees hunting for beans where I had left off. I am sure she will never waste anything any more.

If we could only save the time and money that is wasted in barber shops. The barber is not a bad man, but we make him a slave, and then we will hardly speak to him on the street. I am sure he is often disgusted with some dirty customer. We make his place an unclean place of unclean stories. We make more than one hundred thousand fairly good men most abject slaves. What a waste of their manhood! What a waste of our time and more, and all to flatter our own vanity, to conceal our honorable years, to fly in the face of nature, and to appear what we are not.

And the funerals! Poor Dickens crying out with Victor Hugo, "Please, please, no funeral when I am gone!" And yet see what we do! My students, and there may be many before I leave my ashes on yon pine-set peak, will not depart from this lesson. Yes, we have our own little "God's acre"; for death is here, as elsewhere, gentle, dark-browed mother Death, and we lay our dead there with our own hands, all repeating the Lord's prayer. No waste of words or money or

time. And we pass that way in our walks to the cañon and the redwoods, and we are not sad. The cows rest there by the gums. There is no waste there. No poor man must water and weed them for hire. Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes; and all who care to come without noise or display and lay their dead with ours can do so.

Finally, in this the dark age of getting and getting, — and if getting and getting is not a crime, it is the parent of crime, — one word as to the question about "producing poetry in paying quantities." Does poetry pay? Aye, poetry pays as nothing on this earth ever paid. Where would Rome be today but for her poetry? She would be in the dust and despised with Nineveh and Babylon. But her poets preserve her, and to this day we are paying Italy millions and millions only to look upon the scenes they saw. Jerusalem is but a little place on the map. You can cover it with a pin's head. Yet is Jerusalem bigger in the minds of all good men than the whole world beyond the Gates of Hercules. And how much are we paying Scotland for Burns and his one little book? Let no land be impatient of her poets. The poets have died that their lands might live, in some cases.

"No, this is not a "School of Poetry." It is not even a fit place for it. But all along the Sierra, from Tacoma to San Diego, there are thousands of fit places, remote from the roar of trade and the intrusion of the foolish.

And these few simple lessons, not from books, toil, faith in man, love of nature, certainty of immortality, the simple but severe teachings of economy in all nature, these are at hand for all, and anywhere that the morning sun of this land of song shall find you.

As for methods or detail of teaching the divine art of song, I have none. I never read, nor allow anyone to read to me a

manuscript. The reasons are too many to mention, but mainly, it would destroy individuality. We are born alone, we must die alone; and so should meditate, work, live, alone. The loads of verse that find way here from the four parts of the world of course can't be read.

Some general rules of course prevail. The first is some concession to the fact that the world is going at a swifter pace than of old, however. Even Homer could not find either publisher or readers today. Therefore, cut, cut, cut. Then work it over and cut again. Then, in most cases, — burn. Don't be afraid to rub out the sum. You are only at school, as a rule. And above all don't write for either fame or money. Write for your own soul, the good, the beautiful. First, the kingdom of Heaven, then all the rest. You had as well plan to sell for gold the children of your body, as of your brain; as for praise or fame, it is always paid when due, in these later, swifter days; for the world is waiting to reward good work. So be true; be brief. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart.

Nor shall the true artist fear hunger. No one who is willing to work can go hungry in this fruitful land, and no one who is not willing to work, and live simply and apart from the tumult of trade, should aspire to be a poet, painter, composer, or fashioner of beautiful forms. For on all triumph in this life is laid a mighty tribute. You must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Take counsel of nature. Look at the trees casting down their golden leaves generously at the end of the year's fruitage, fearing nothing. They lift their arms in attitude of prayer to God, certain that they shall be garmented again and glorified and made over more beautiful than before, all in due season. Look at the rose, — the generous rose,

That tears the silken tassel of her purse
And all her perfume o'er the garden throws.

In brief, to be a poet, artist of any sort, you must not only feel your art, but live your art; humbly, patiently, continually live it. And do not disdain others in other walks of life. I repeat, the greatest poets never penned a line. Let us concede the same in other lines of art, for it is true.

In the line of economy, it is urged that artists, if not all men, should rest and rise with the birds. There is a deal of nonsense about "midnight oil," and little or no good. God made the day for man; but the night for beasts.

In the same line, it is foolishness to fight back. See what a saving of time, temper, energy, by refusing to answer the low and envious who make a target of your fame. Equip yourself as best you can and then descend into the arena to fight, and to fight forward, not back. The man who stops and faces about to hit back at those who stab in the dark and when he is disadvantaged, as is always the way, is a weak man and ready to run. No truly great man will ever hit back. There is no need of it, either.

We hold, with Socrates, that a man's first duty is to the State, and that however delightful it might be to house in Arcadia and forget all care, we are all born to responsibilities and must each account for the talent given him.

Among other mild reforms, we hold that when a man has done with a great fortune, it should go to the State, proportionately with the widow and orphan, when he leaves it.

This crowding the law courts and compelling good citizens from their work to listen to the perjuries and the hard lives of depraved and miserly old men certainly is demoralizing. Besides that, since these enormously rich men have done nothing all their lives for the State, they ought to do something at their death. There has never been a great poet, painter, composer, patriot, great and good man of any

sort, from Job down to Lincoln, but has left ninety-nine per cent of his fortune to the State that cherished and protected him. If Rothschild should die tomorrow and leave all his hundreds of millions to England, yet he could not leave England as much as Shakspeare left her.

But, as said before, we intrude nothing. We simply plow and plant and sow. When the State gets ready to reap it will reap.

We are clear also that lawyers, doctors, and preachers, are too plenty. We feel that the best of them are farther away from the good God who said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," than are the farmers. These idle men all must eat and eat of the best, and yet they look with disdain on the farmer who keeps God's first law and on whom they all feed in defiance of His eternal edict.

There is a huge marble tablet in Rome, representing the famous throwing of the book of mortgages and taxes into flames. This was done repeatedly; as often as the country became mortgaged to the city. For Rome held that so long as the country round about her stood, Rome would stand; and when the country fell, Rome would fall. This is history from the be-

ginning. With us, all up and down the Union, the country is mortgaged to the city, yet no emperor steps forth with edict of reversal. Danger!

We also say that there is a difference in the size and cost of dollars. Some dollars have dirt on them, some have tears, and some have blood. A laborer's silver dollar is bigger any day, ten to one, than a rich idle man's double eagle of gold.

The world is waiting for ideas, not words. Workers along these lines can read lots that is not set down here, but it is fit in conclusion to disclaim anything new or startling. Another decade will find us farther along; for we fight forward always, never back. We are never idle or unpractical, and therefore never weak or helpless. Meantime let it be reported and remembered that there are thousands of better places than this stony and conspicuous steep for little social art centers like this, — better than this; and the heart of it all must be heart. Heart first, and then the hand will follow. "All religions are good," said Confucius. Yet the simple precepts of the Sermon on the Mount dim all the other religions of the earth after. Because the Sermon on the Mount is drawn entirely from the deepest well of the heart.

Joaquin Miller.



A REDWOOD STORY.

THE COURTING OF AN OX DRIVER.



HERE, Duke, whoa haw, come here!" As the dust cloud swayed to one side, a long string of plodding oxen could be seen dragging a pair of heavy trucks, while the driver walked by the side, now and then accelerating the lazy movements with the sharp brad in the end of his goad-stick.

It was before the days of steel and steam. Almost the only thing left today to recall the olden times of oxen and mules, is the name of the machine which does their work—the "bull-donkey."

The teamster was the great man of the logging camp. It took a special gift to make twelve or fourteen great, lazy, hulking oxen "get down and lift." The man who could do this of right held the place of honor in the camp, and oftentimes was paid the salary of a bank cashier. And how these great men could swear!

Tom Howe, the teamster, worked in a small logging camp in the redwoods of northern California. He was a "Blue-nose," and had grown up in logging camps. Before going to California he had been a river-driver; after that, an ox-driver. Feminine society was sadly lacking in the woods, and Howe had made the acquaintance of few women. This seclusion and a natural diffidence made him painfully bashful. He looked upon womankind with great reverence, but he had never been placed in a position where a continuous contact with female society could exert its softening influence upon him. In the bunk-house, among his fel-

low-laborers, he took his rightful place as the chief man of the camp; but before a woman he was a dumb sufferer.

The cook at the camp where Howe worked was a woman. As helper—or "cookee," as a logger would say—she had a girl, probably nineteen years of age; a red-cheeked, healthy, comely girl called "Hanner." She was christened "Hanner," but I will call her Hannah to keep up grammatical appearances. She helped about the cook-house, waited on the table, and having missed the opportunity for so doing at an earlier age, went to school in the village which had grown up about the mill for which the camp supplied the logs.

Hannah's presence about the table interfered greatly with Howe's enjoyment of his meals.

"Tom," enquired Big Smith, chaintender, "what makes you bolt your meals and skip out like you was afraid a tree was going to fall on the cook-house?"

"Just on account of that girl," replied Howe. "What do they want to have a bit of a girl loafing around the table for, anyhow! It appears to me like she done nothing but watch me all the time just to see me make a fool of myself. Seems as though every time she looks at me I spill my coffee or burn myself with a hot potato. A woman's got no business in a logging camp."

That was early in the summer. As time went on Howe became, to some extent, reconciled to Hannah's presence in the cook-house. Her rosy face and quiet ways may have had something to do with that, although they by no means overcame his timidity. Big Smith, who

appeared to be a very observant person, one day remarked to Howe,—

“Seems to me you ain’t so much set agin having Hannah around.”

Howe was non-committal. “I don’t know about that.”

“Well, I do know. But you better look out. That long chopper, Reddy Burns, has a weakness that way himself.”

“What difference does that make to me?” said Howe indifferently.

“You recollect the time Reddy slashed Gray on the leg when they was swampin’ together in the spring, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Well, of course Burns said it was accident. I saw him when he cut Gray and there wasn’t no accident about it. I can tell when an ax glances accidentally or when it slips on purpose. You know Burns and Gray had a row in the bunk-house only a little while before that. Gray said Burns broke more timber than he saved when he was chopping, and Burns jumped Gray about it. If you go to trying to take that girl away from him, he’ll fall a tree on you. I think he’s half crazy anyway.”

“I ain’t taking no girl away from nobody,” Howe replied, and walked off.

Howe usually left the mill on his last turn to the woods about the time that school was out. As a consequence, Hannah passed the team nearly every day in the week. For a long while Howe only greeted her with a nod or word of recognition. She was sauntering along, swinging her dinner-pail one day, and looking at Howe in a friendly way, but passing on as usual.

“Two miles is a pretty long walk for you, ain’t it?” enquired Tom.

“O, no. I don’t mind it much.”

“You might just as well ride as not,” he stammered, his face growing red even under its thick coating of dust. Every evening he had been intending to offer

her a ride on the trucks, and each time he had let her pass without daring to speak.

“I’m afraid I shall be in the way, won’t I, Mr. Howe?”

“Not a bit,” replied Tom with much emphasis. “Not a bit. Only these trucks, ain’t very nice things to ride on. But I guess it’s better than walking in the hot sun, and not much slower.”

“Well, if it’s no trouble to you. It is rather warm walking.”

Howe stopped his team and dusted off a place on the hind bunk for Hannah. Howe did not dare offer to help her up, as he felt awkward and did not know how to go about it. He then got his team under way again, all the while congratulating himself on his address.

After this, Hannah rode home from school every day. Howe, growing bolder, even came to helping her up to her seat, and at last got so far as riding along talking to her a very little bit while the oxen plodded quietly onward.

One evening in the bunk-house, Smith, the observant, remarked to Reddy Burns, the chopper,—

“Have you noticed Howe lately, Reddy?”

“No,” gruffly replied Burns. “What’s he been doin’?”

“Haven’t you seen him bringing Hanner home with his buggy every day? I tell you it’s a stylish outfit—six yoke of cattle to haul one girl with, and she not a very big one.”

“What do I care what Howe does, or Hanner either?”

The look that accompanied the remark did not escape Smith, but he went on,—

“O, I just thought you was a little gone on Hanner, yourself,—all the boys are, you know.”

“Well, you just mind your own business. I can find out for myself what Howe’s doin’ if I want to know,” and Burns turned to his own bunk. Smith,

remembering Gray and the glancing ax, seemed to consider that he had carried his gossip as far as it was safe.

THE strokes of an ax rang out clear and sharp through the deep shade of the thick redwoods. The chopper rested on the handle of his ax and listened. Tick—tick; very faintly the ticking sounded, but for all that, loud enough to be plainly understood. He looked about to see that no one was near enough to be endangered by the fall of the tree. The logging road was near; probably the top of the tree would reach it. All seemed clear. Suddenly, however, a clear, strong voice was heard.

“Whoa haw, come 'ere, Duke.”

Then the rattle of chains and creak of yokes were audible. The chopper—it was Burns—started and looked down the road. He saw the heads of the leaders appearing around a bend. Gradually the plodding team wound into view, moving in a veritable fog bank of dust. Then the rumbling trucks came in sight. Sitting on the hind bunk, was a girl. The driver of the team was walking beside the wheel cattle. An insane gleam came into the chopper's eyes as he gazed out, standing on the staging and almost concealed behind the huge body of the tree in which the ticking still continued and increased. He clutched the handle of his ax, braced himself, and stood like a statue, watching the slowly approaching team.

HAVE you ever seen the fall of a California redwood? The death of a hoary giant through whose veins the sap of life has been flowing for three thousand years? Nowhere does the woodman's ax bring about a mightier wreck, a more magnificent death. The tree, a giant seventeen feet in diameter, has been “gunned” and a bed prepared to re-

ceive it,—any irregularity in the ground being almost certain to cause a break and the loss of hundreds of feet of timber. The cuts have been made and between every stroke the chopper listens for the first signs of the coming fall. First there is a faint ticking; slow and measured, it is the death-watch. The ticking grows louder. Then it stops for, possibly, a minute; a faint breeze is playing for the last time through the leaves of the doomed giant, and as he feels its gentle pressure he struggles to regain his balance. The breeze lulls; the ticking recommences and grows in intensity. But it grows very gradually, for that immense bole stands as straight and is as evenly balanced as the most finely poised shaft of granite ever erected by the hands of man. The chopper has leaped from the staging to the ground and stands watching the last act in his work of destruction at a respectful distance, for it is unsafe to be too near the monarch in his death agony. Suddenly a quiver runs up the mighty stem, to which every twig and leaf responds. Before the mind can comprehend the cause of this tremor, there is a sharp, sudden report, as heavy as the report of a cannon and as sharp as the crack of a rifle. A second and a third follow; the great tree sways; there is a sound like the rush of a whirlwind, followed by a stunning crash and jarring of the ground like the passing of an earthquake, and there is a gap in the forest.

HANNAH rode contentedly along upon the trucks, unmindful of the clouds of dust raised by the shuffling feet of the oxen, while Howe trudged on by his team, his goad-stick resting across the shoulders of the nearest ox. Neither could hear the ticking of the death-watch in the trunk of the tall, straight redwood that stood by the roadside but a short distance ahead.

On plodded the team. The trucks were exactly in line with the bed prepared for the tree. Howe's quick eye detected the shiver which ran through the leaves of the redwood before the report of the rending wood reached his ears. The life of a logger is full of dangers, and to him a quick comprehension is often more valuable than an accident policy. The first crack had hardly started peeling through the woods before he was by the side of the trucks, had clasped Hannah around the waist with one arm, and was bounding back along the way they had just come. He was none too quick, for the cloud of dust, leaves, and twigs, sent out as the top of the tree crashed into the road completely enveloped them. But he and Hannah were safe. Mingled with the first thundering crash and just as he had turned to rush from its path, Howe imagined he heard a shout, but whether of warning, of triumph, or of despair, he could not have told.

Were this a love story, a chance for an affecting scene would now be offered. But both Howe and Hannah were extremely plain, common people. As the dust cleared away and they turned to look at the spot they had just left, Howe said, —

"Pretty close call that, was 'n't it Hanner?"

"Yes, and if you had n't lifted me off the trucks, I'd have been killed."

"I guess you would," modestly assented Howe. "I wonder why that" — but he checked himself, for he felt like expressing himself after the usual manner of ox-drivers when their feelings are wrought upon. "I wonder why the chopper did n't yell at us?"

The chopper would never tell him why he had not given warning of the impending danger. He was lying at the foot of his victim, the tree, with his skull crushed. A limb had fallen upon him.

There were repairs to be made after the accident and Howe had a little leisure time. He put in one day thinking and one day acting, and the next day was Sunday.

The dwellers in cities and towns know nothing of the restfulness the Sabbath brings to the modern hewers of wood. The worn and tired oxen are scattered about the barn-yard; some lie chewing their cud and giving great groans of satisfaction; others lazily rub some pet sore spot against the bark of a tree; while others have gone to the barber for a Sunday hair-dressing, even as their master is wont to do, and stand with lowered heads and looks of ineffable content on their honest faces while a comrade with his rough tongue combs their hair into little wavy licks.

The men enjoy the day of rest as fully as the dumb brutes. Some lie about in the shade and smoke and spin yarns; others sit on their bunks and do their week's mending; still others read; and all rest.

Tom Howe had spent a full hour at his toilet after the Sunday dinner. He appeared extremely nervous, so much so that Big Smith, watching him while shaving, had enquired, —

"What you trying to do, Tom?"

"Shave, — can't you see?"

"Oh; shaving are you? I thought the doctor had ordered you to bleed yourself."

Having completed his toilet, Howe went to the cook-house. The dinner dishes were washed and Hannah was sitting at the long table in the eating room, reading. She looked wonderfully attractive in her light summer dress, brightened up with ribbons. As Howe stepped in at the door, Hannah looked up and greeted him pleasantly, and her cheeks took on a deeper glow than that with which health and bright sunshine had already suffused them. Her feminine intuition told her

that Sunday afternoon in a logging camp did not call for such elaborate toilets as the one Howe displayed. She also noticed his uneasy, nervous bearing and a certain determined look on his countenance; but this she did not quite understand. As he stepped into the room his manner displayed both trepidation and determination; a combination of fearfulness and boldness. A coward will, in moments of extreme danger, sometimes exhibit what might be mistaken for extreme bravery, but which, in fact, is only the result of desperate fear. Thus, the course Tom Howe was about to pursue might be taken to be an exhibition of overweening self-confidence, when, in reality, it only came from an overwhelming bashfulness.

"Hanner," said Tom, in a rather shaky voice, "Hanner, I would like to speak to you a minute."

"All right," replied Hannah. "What is it?"

Howe fumbled in his pocket a moment and then drew out a paper which he unfolded and spread before Hannah, the determined look on his face meanwhile giving place to an anxious one. It was a marriage license, wherein the names of Thomas and Hannah appeared prominently. Hannah read, gave a little gasp, and looked up at Tom. With that look his anxiety left. Its message drove his bashfulness from him and he stooped over the upturned, rosy face and implanted upon her lips a rousing kiss. Then he slowly folded up the paper and returned it to his pocket. This done, he took one of Hannah's hands and said:—

"There's no use in waiting. Get your bunnit, Hanner, and we'll go and see the preacher."

And Hannah got her bonnet.

E. Lincoln Kellogg.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, AND ONE OF THE
SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET."



THAT the municipal government of San Francisco is a public scandal, no one disputes. Many of the supervisors have acted as the corrupt tools of bosses and corporations. Every function committed to their care has been inefficiently and extravagantly conducted, and public opinion is certainly now ready to adopt a charter present-

ing the prospect of reform. The question is upon what principle shall such a charter rest, so as to secure an efficient and an honest government, based upon the consent, confidence, and co-operation, of the citizens at large.

A new charter may be constructed upon either of two great principles, — the one autocratic, the other fundamentally democratic and republican. Under the first, the predominating power is concentrated in the mayor, who is held definitely and personally responsible for the efficient administration of the various departments. It is a periodically elected dictatorship.

¹An address to the students of political economy at the Stanford University, at the invitation of E. A. Ross, Ph. D., and H. H. Powers, A. M., Professors of Political Economy, etc.

It is the chief remedy proposed for removing the necessity for boards and commissioners not responsible either to the council or the people, and above all it is proposed as a defense against corrupt and untrustworthy councils like that of San Francisco.

In the words of Mr. Seth Low, "The mayor is made responsible for the conduct of the city government on its executive side and is equipped fearlessly with the necessary power to discharge his trust." The success of this system is said to depend on the principle of separating the legislative function of the council from the executive function of the mayor, a principle which is advocated by some very distinguished professors of political economy as being well adapted to the peculiar conditions of American cities, in many of which it has been adopted with considerable success.

The other system is founded exclusively on the principle of popular representation and control. The citizens are regarded as members of a great corporation, who unreservedly confide to an elected committee of their own body all the necessary powers and responsibilities for the maintenance of an honest and efficient government, both legislative and executive. This main committee, whether called a council or a board of supervisors, imposes and collects the taxes. It is charged with their safe keeping, due appropriation, and economical expenditure. Within the scope prescribed, it enacts the by-laws, enforces them, and punishes those who disobey them. It determines the number, qualifications, duties, and salaries, of all the executive officers. It appoints the heads of all departments but removes them only when there is cause for doing so, all the subordinate officials being subject to civil service rules.

The council so elected distributes the work of management to standing committees of its own body or to specially appointed officers, but retains its paramount control.

The taxpayers hold every member responsible for his vote and actions, all of which are carried on in public, and whilst the council is elected as a practically permanent body, new blood is infused by the election of a proportion of new members at every annual election.

The principles and practice of the two systems have been described and discussed by Mr. Albert Shaw, the only American who has personally investigated them both, and whilst he disclaims the intention of prescribing European remedies for American maladies and says rightly that Americans must deal with their own problems in their own way, he nevertheless leaves no doubt as to his preference of the English system and loses no opportunity of denouncing the illogical condition of American city government.

He says that American citizens have neither learned what in the experience of the world has come to be regarded as a sound constitution or framework of municipal government, nor have they made up their minds as to what positive tasks should be entrusted to its care. Contrasting the two systems, he says the first is unrepresentative, and does not solve the problem of harmonizing the authority of the mayor and the authority of the council. At best the relation between the two cannot be other than that of a shifting, unprofitable, and illogical compromise. Logically the mayor must ultimately swallow the council or the council must swallow the mayor. He says that municipal government elsewhere than in the United States, after having constituted a ruling power, do not erect a separate one-man power and give it the means to obstruct the ruling administrative body and to diminish its scope and responsibility.

The duties of municipal councils are chiefly administrative, and the line between legislative and administrative work cannot in practice be accurately defined. It is not easy to see where, in the nature of things, the proper functions of one authority end, and where those of the other begin. It is extremely difficult to apportion the duties and responsibilities between an American mayor and council, and between the two, definite responsibility too easily disappears. He says city government in America defeats its own ends by this division of authority and he regards this division as one of the principal causes of the comparative failure of city government in the United States.

Infinitely superior, says he, is the English system by which the people give the

entire management to an elected council. it is simple, logical, and effective. The location of responsibility is perfectly definite. Mr. Shaw declares their system to be worthy of practical attention in the cities of the United States.

It is strange, says he, that the present school of reformers on the autocratic plan should not have been earlier opposed by another school which would advocate the concentration of all authority and responsibility in the council.

Permit me to hope that you will study this important question, and that the Leland Stanford Junior University may have the distinguished honor of being the first to inaugurate such a school, for assuredly, no greater benefit would be conferred upon the citizens of the United States than by teaching them sound principles of civic government.¹

And now let us examine the special conditions of American cities which are offered as the excuse for the failure of American as compared with English city government and are also used as argument in favor of an autocratic mayor. Mr. Seth Low is probably the best authority.

As to method of legislation. "American legislation," he says, "advances from below upwards, that of England from top to bottom. The people are divided into governors and governed." This is utterly untrue. Every great advance in English legislation originated with the common people and was wrung by force from an unwilling aristocracy. The Charter riots of 1846 were repressed by force, the leaders were imprisoned, and yet the main principles for which the common people then fought are embodied in the law today. The old municipalities, "rotten boroughs," were the creations of the aristocracy, who fought for their maintenance to the very last. Municipal reform came from the common people and was carried by them in spite of all the efforts of the so-called govern-

ors. One can hardly believe Mr. Low to be a democrat.

The immense tide of immigration is regarded as another peculiarity. "The immigrants," says Mr. Low, "come from the governed classes. Before long they are entrusted with the franchise, which they do not know how to use. This foreign element settles in the larger cities and impedes wise government." But this immigration to the cities is a feature of the age, and everywhere the immigrants belong to the lowest and most ignorant of the laboring class. The ignorant Italian peasants who flock to the cities of America also invade Milan and Genoa. There are proportionately more ignorant Irish in Glasgow and Liverpool than in any city of America, with the probable exception of New York, and yet those classes have never proved to be an obstacle to municipal development in either country.

These remarks do not apply to German, Norwegian, Swedish, or even English immigrants, who are for the most part sufficiently educated to take an interest in city government.

"Time," says Mr. Low, "is a necessary element in making a great city, and so far from condemning the imperfections of American cities, everyone should marvel that so much has been accomplished."

"Whenever, [says Mr. Shaw,] one ventures to suggest that American cities are meagerly provided with the best modern facilities and make but a sorry show in comparison with European cities, there comes the unfailing reply that our cities are yet in their infancy whilst those of Europe are of venerable age." But as regards municipal government they are often younger than their American counterparts. Their citizens are not as rich as ours. They stagger under heavier burdens of taxation. Their revenues are smaller, they have had to encounter and remedy the prejudices, mistakes and abuses of many generations,—and yet, in face of disadvantages far greater than our own, they have successfully grappled with the problems of municipal government and have solved them more promptly and successfully than we have.

The oldest city charter in America is that of Boston, granted in 1822, fifteen years before the introduction of municipal reform in England. Of the 303 English city charters now in operation only 178 date from sixty years ago. The charter of Birmingham was granted in 1838; but it was not until 1851 that

¹In reply to an inquiry as to the policy of separating the legislative and executive functions, Professors Ross and Powers have favored me with the following:

"All attempts to separate the two functions either end in governmental impotence or complete unification. The remnant of separation still existing in the Federal Government has only caused deadlocks which have made government for the time impossible. In Congress these difficulties have steadily led to this powerful government by committees of the House of Representatives. The two functions make together an organic whole, and in all cases of conflict the victory will ultimately remain with the power of the purse."

it attained its present completeness. "It is not easy," says Mr. Shaw, "to believe that a city which has attained such splendor of development and such perfection of administration could have accomplished it all within the working lifetime of one man."

Rapid Growth. Mr. Low states that American cities have grown with a rapidity to which the Old World presents few parallels and that London, Berlin, and Rome, are exceptions because they are the seats of government. But Mr. Shaw says this is an unconquerable delusion, and that many of the cities of Europe have grown much faster than those of the United States, amongst the examples quoted he mentions Milan, the population of which increased thirty per cent in ten years. The population of Amsterdam has been more than doubled. In 1890 Hamburg had 34,000 people and Boston 342,000. In 1890 Hamburg had 568,260, and Boston, only 448,000, the areas of both being alike. In the decade ending 1890 Munich and Breslau grew faster than Cincinnati. Manchester in 1838 had a quarter of a million. Today within a radius of twenty miles there are over three million souls. At the beginning of the century the population of Glasgow was about 100,000, and today in a district only four miles wide and seven long there are at least one million souls. In England, and in Europe generally, mere increase of numbers has in no instance prevented a corresponding development of a good and successful government. In San Francisco the population has increased seven hundred times in forty years, but there is no proof that this development is the cause of the bad government now complained of. On the contrary, it may be clearly shown that the real cause is the absence of any fixed and definite principle in the construction of the government itself. "Americans," says Mr. Shaw, "are forever overhauling, repairing, and reconstructing, their municipal institutions without any guiding principle or logical system, in a capricious and arbitrary way in each city and State according to its own designs." And this is well known shown in the history of San Francisco, which has had a number of charters thrust upon its citizens. They have been so altered and

tampered with by respective legislatures that definite responsibility is entirely lost.

The business of charter-making flourishes in San Francisco. They are made to order and with wonderful dispatch. It took thirty years to finish an English charter, but they started with a sound and substantial frame-work and each addition made the basis stronger and the entire structure more perfect. In San Francisco the workmanship and foundation must both be bad; for each successive attempt has ended in a failure worse than the one before it.

Thirty freeholders are chosen by the people. These gentlemen are for the most part owners of real estate, merchants, a few second rate lawyers, with a sprinkling of business agents and auctioneers. All of them are honest, amiable gentlemen, most anxious to do their best, but without any profound acquaintance with the business entrusted to them. Some have schemes of their own for remedying the evils with which they are personally acquainted. All have a profound faith in American methods of government. They have heard of Boston's great improvements and the wonderful reforms effected by the mayor of Brooklyn. They see no hope of securing the immediate adoption of any radical change and after a few weeks of dilettante deliberation they advise the trial of the "one man" power, and thus make one more attempt to control the conduct of corrupt and inefficient councilmen. No one proposes to take instructions from an authority like Mr. Albert Shaw, who tells them that the best American municipal governments are nothing but a compromise, weak, illegal, and inefficient, or from Mr. Bryce, who says, that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States; that extravagance, corruption, and mismanagement, mark their administrations.

"There is not a city," says he, "with a population exceeding two hundred thousand where the poison germs have not sprung into vigorous life, and in the smaller ones of seventy thousand it needs no microscope to note the results of their growth."

Mr. Shaw tells them Americans cannot wisely ignore the lessons that European cities have to teach; that there is

no substantial difference between the conditions of an English city population and our own ; that the problems are the same ; but the one sound principle of council government is fixed, uniform, and agreed upon, from one end of Europe to the other, with the single exception of France, where the institutions of the first Napoleon still prevail against it.

And we may add that in England abuses have been swept away incomparably greater than any that exist in San Francisco, and that after sixty years of trial the council system still retains the confidence and approval of the citizens.

It is thus demonstrated that there is no substantial difference in the conditions of any modern cities, and further that none of those conditions have obstructed the development and extension of good municipal government. And if council government is relied upon throughout Europe as the only condition of success, it becomes interesting to inquire why in America it is so generally regarded as the cause of failure. The explanation may be obtained from a close examination, and I propose to contrast the American with English and Italian city governments.

I select England first, because the franchise is there open to every one but paupers, and even that exclusion is only temporary ; because the English municipal government has been slowly evolved by a people remarkable for their adaptation of government to the means and requirements of the people ; again, because the municipal system is a proved success ; and lastly, because as a former member of two of the larger councils of London local government, I am acquainted with the methods employed and the results obtained.

Although the cities of Germany, Prussia, and other European States, are governed by elected councils, the mode of election, the franchise, and the powers conferred upon them, are so different and so far removed from democratic principles that any comparison between them would be useless and unprofitable.

Italy is chosen because the conditions of the suffrage are exactly similar to those of California, and because the municipal councils have been constructed with the greatest care and skill. A commission of able lawyers and statesmen was employed

to draw up the municipal code, — which render charters quite unnecessary, — and after two years of inquiry and deliberation their labors ended in the law of 1889. This law has already accomplished the greatest and most peaceful revolution of modern times. The vandalism which was steadily obliterating every vestige of Roman and Italian glory has given place to a careful preservation of all antiquities. The great cities are already in course of reconstruction. The harbors are being improved ; the streets repaved, sewered, and provided with tram cars of the latest type. A system of public education has been fostered under extraordinary difficulties, which has already resulted in an appreciable reduction of public ignorance. A sanitary administration has been constructed, the equal if not the superior of any in the world. Without in all cases acquiring the ownership of water works, gas works, and other public utilities, terms have been made with corporations, which will protect the public interests. Good men have been uniformly elected, and from one end of Italy to the other the modern spirit of practical progress and of sanitary reform is making relentless assaults upon the oldest cities.

The Franchise. It will be generally admitted that all good municipal government must be based on a just and honest franchise, broad enough to include the interests of the poorest citizen and sufficiently strong and well defined to exclude strangers who have no interests in the city's welfare. In California the municipal franchise is conferred upon citizens of the United States who have resided in the city ninety days prior to registration, and only persons are excluded who can neither read nor write. No property qualification is required.

In Italy illiteracy is the only effective disqualification. This absolute educational restriction has hitherto existed in no other country. The enrolment of citizens depends on house occupancy, service in the army, and tax payments, which are adapted to the condition of the people and which vary from four to forty dollars in the year. The electoral bodies of Italian cities include practically all the men who can read and write, and even the interests of illiterate citizens are to some extent provided for. The illiterate

father has the right to delegate his tax-paying qualification to his literate son.

The municipal franchise in England is somewhat different and is rarely understood in this country. There is no disqualification of the ignorant and the only citizens disqualified by law are pauper recipients of public charity. This restriction is, however, only temporary.

Wealth alone will not enable any man to vote. Residence is for all classes the only necessary condition. The owners of city property must reside within seven miles of the city hall. In the same way occupiers of city property must be tenants for a year and the rental qualification is made low enough to include the smallest shop keeper and the poorest laborer, one dollar a week. But provision is also made for the enfranchisement of people unable to occupy a whole house. In tenements, lodgings, and lower rented property, the landlord or proprietor is permitted to pay the local taxes, and as his tenants pay their share in rent they are entitled to register as rate payers and be placed upon the city register. A lodger who pays one dollar weekly for a year has therefore the right of registration.

It is thus evident that the English franchise does not depend on a property qualification. The poorest laborer, without a cent of capital or a foot of land, who lives on weekly wages and pays one dollar weekly for a single room, is qualified exactly on the same condition as the millionaire, and that one condition common to them all is residence for one year.

The first important difference in the franchises thus described relates to the proof of residence for the period prescribed. In America registration depends only on the affidavit of the applicant, whilst in Italy and England no affidavit is sufficient and the only acceptable evidence in Italy is the annual payment of the lowest tax rate and in England of the lowest grade of rent.

The result of this difference is that in America there is no security that the municipal suffrage is confined within its proper limits. Lying in politics is not considered an offense and the register is crowded by corrupt persons not qualified as the law intended. The short period of residence makes it easy to evade the law without detection. Crowds of strangers

who have no intention of becoming citizens and who have no city interests have their lodgings paid for them by bosses and political partisans for improper purposes. The register is systematically stuffed with the names of tramps and vagabonds who hope to vote without detection and receive reward. Just before election a posse of policemen goes out on a voyage of discovery to detect the stuffers. This is like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The stuffers are already registered and the police fail to find them. As the very foundation of representative government is thus made rotten there is no firm and honest superstructure. It is to the exaction of unimpeachable evidence of continued residence, in other words of real interested citizenship, that the Italians and English owe much of their success.

But the continuous payment of a small rent, whilst it has no restrictive effect in Italy, has the effect of purifying the English system by excluding the ignorant and careless class of citizens. In Glasgow one third of the householders evade the payment of rates and so forfeit their claim to the franchise. Thousands of families live in tenement houses for which the landlord pays the local taxes. It is within the power of all such persons to obtain the right to vote, but they have neither the ambition nor desire. In England the poorer classes have not long enjoyed the advantages of public schools. They have no political education, no political ambitions. The ballot and an extended franchise were only granted twenty-eight years ago, and it is therefore not extraordinary that so many should be disfranchised by their own neglect. But all this is changing rapidly, and the day is imminent when political interest will be as general as it is here. Meanwhile in all the great cities of England, including Glasgow, working-men pay the city taxes either directly or indirectly in the form of rent, take an interest in public affairs, and do not fail to vote.

This is especially the case when they live in separate cottages as in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Leicester. In Birmingham there are 95,500 inhabited houses and the municipal register contains 92,700 names. In Leeds with 78,000 inhabited houses there are 67,500 voters.

But in England the municipal suffrage is broader, wider, and more truly universal than that of San Francisco. The Constitution of California protects the rights of the poor but fails to recognize the rights of the rich. Hundreds of merchants, professional men, owners and occupiers of city property, and even artisans, all of whom do business in the city and who are most deeply interested in its good government and welfare, are denied the city franchise simply from the fact of residing outside the city limits. The city government is elected under a selected suffrage. At one end the worst and most venal are illegally put on the register. At the other end the best and most intelligent are excluded. The influence of the excluded class could not be otherwise than salutary, and a reform in this direction would tend to counterbalance some of the objectionable features of the present plan.

In all English cities, resident females owning or renting city property are entitled to the franchise. In Birmingham 11,600 voters are females, and if representation and taxation are to go together this privilege is right.

Before leaving the subject of election, it may be desirable to note that in Italian communes of over ten thousand population, the law provides that the elector shall vote only for four fifths of as many names as there are councilors to be elected. This arrangement gives considerable opportunity for the representation of minorities, a positive advantage in city government. In London the county council faithfully represents the people, and minorities are certain of representation. Six working-men sit side by side with lords and millionaires, and have an equal vote. Their services have been most valuable not only to the citizens but to their fellow workmen.

Doctor Gavin advocates the adoption of the single vote which he says is the only form of proportional representation that can be adopted in most States without a constitutional amendment.

If then, the success of English and Italian city government in any degree depends upon the suffrage, it is largely if not entirely due to the rigid and exact enforcement of the residential qualification, and to such an extension of the city limits so as to include the more pros-

perous class of citizens. I would therefore suggest the possibility of devising some test of residence not dependent on property or assessment for the local taxes. If the time of residence could be prolonged, the proof would be more reliable and the detection of stuffers would be easier, or perhaps a notice of intention to become a citizen might be required some reasonable time previous to registration. Or the English system might be introduced. In England the register is made up annually and is exposed to public view. A revising barrister holds a public court at which objections can be made by any one, and when the objection is valid the name is officially removed. In any case there should be a separate city register.

The extension of the city limits is certainly within the power of the legislature. In these days of railroads seven miles is too limited a distance and it would only seem reasonable to give the right of voting to real citizens, say, at San Mateo and Menlo Park, thirty miles away.

The intermixture of municipal, federal, and State elections is a special feature of American city government. The franchise is the same; the register the same; the votes are given in the same booth; the names of the candidates are printed on the same sheet; and by this close association the municipal struggle is diverted from its true object to one of party politics. There is no reason why the government of a great city should be Democratic or Republican. Democrats and Republicans alike can be good citizens. Good citizens interested in honest municipal government must act together. Politics tends to separate them and paralyzes all efforts for good municipal government. Men are led by habit and association to take a partisan view of city politics, and it is largely on account of the agency of great political parties that the condition of municipal affairs presents so bad an aspect.

Instead of voting as a citizen of San Francisco, he votes as a citizen of the State or States. By this temptations to fraud are more than doubled. Once upon the register the American voter becomes part of a great political machine. He looks for political preferment and a sharing of the spoils. He expects to be repaid for

everything he does. He spends thousands to receive an office for which the salary is ridiculously small and hopes to recoup himself by means more or less corrupt. All this has been purposely changed both in England and Italy, where the municipal elections are kept entirely separate. There is a separate register. The expenditure of candidates is strictly limited. The nominations for office are unlimited. The municipal elections are annual and fixed so as not to coincide with the general. During the first years of municipal reform in England party spirit ran high and political influences were in full blast, but after a few years politics ceased to play the principal rôle in municipal affairs, and today whilst the political opinions of the citizens are fairly and rightly represented in the city government, men are not elected on account of politics but for their knowledge of business and their capacity for city government. There are no spoils to share, no monopolies to cinch. Jobbery is utterly unknown and there is always a reservoir of honest practical citizens ready to take office, who are certain to enjoy the confidence and respect of the entire community. Such men need no mayor to govern them, or to appoint chief officers in their behalf. They are not trammelled by checks and balances. None of their executive duties are turned over to boards and commissioners over whom they have no control, and they are assured that the officers they appoint will remain in the public service so long as their public duties are faithfully performed.

Biennial election is a special feature of the government of San Francisco. At the end of two years every supervisor vacates office, and the re-elections are extremely rare. In England every councilor is elected for three years and every alderman for six. The people elect the councilors and the councilors elect the aldermen. One third of the councilors retire by rotation every year and one half the aldermen every three years. In Italy every commune, or ward, elects five councilors, and one retires every year.

In San Francisco there is no settled government. No sooner does a supervisor begin to know his duty than he vacates

office. There is no fund of experience available for the newly elected. The government is sure to be overturned either by politicians or some temporary craze amongst the citizens. The supervisors have therefore no permanent interest in the city government. In Italy the annual election of one fifth of the council secures a stable government by experienced councilors, and in England the same result is obtained.

Italian councils acquire an abiding interest in the city's welfare and in England are continually re-elected by the citizens. Councilors are not uncommon who have served the city twenty years, and after serving the office of mayor have returned to the rank of councilmen.

The number of supervisors in San Francisco is twelve, one for each ward. In Italy five are elected from each ward and in England three. In Italy a city the size of San Francisco would elect eighty councilors. In Birmingham the council numbers seventy-two. In San Francisco the evil of so small a body has been repeatedly demonstrated by "the Solid Seven" and the "Solid Nine"; but in England such a thing as wholesale bribery is beyond conception. Council government requires the election of a sufficient number of councilors, to whom the committees which undertake the supervision and general control of the several departments.

The spoils system in the opinion of Mr. Chamberlain is one of the fatal mistakes of American city government and the best evidence of this is that the people are determined to get rid of it. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of civil service rules is the cause of the successful civic government in England, where the spoils system was never practised. Under the ancient rotten boroughs, when nepotism and political antagonism were rife, when incapacity and malfeasance were almost universal, permanence of appointment was the only protection against discharge, and when reform came on, thousands of incompetent officials lost their appointments and were paid to go away. The municipal government of England was established thirty-six years before civic service was heard of, and has only adopted it within the last few years.

J. H. Stallard.

LAST HUNT OF THE PAWNEES.

A SAVAGE CHEVY CHASE.



AN ACCOUNT of serious contentions and the probability of worse between the Western tribes of Indians in the summer of 1873, Major William Burgess, United States Indian agent in charge of the Pawnees at Genoa, Nebraska, had wisely concluded that his wards ought to abandon the idea of making a trip to the upper Republican country after buffalo and other wild game, which for years had been their regular practice, and to aid in dissuading them from this expressed purpose he summoned commissioners from Washington. In due time they arrived and a big council was held under the broad-spreading trees that shaded the agent's headquarters. Nearly every one entitled to speak had had his say, the excitement created by a hot discussion of the question had somewhat subsided, and it seemed about settled that the hunt should be "declared off," when suddenly "Te-lah-hut-la-sharo" (Sky Chief), a prominent and favorite leader, who thus far had refrained from participating in the controversy, sprang to the space reserved for the speakers in the center of the throng. In a ringing voice he said:—

"Brothers, you have spoken; we have heard. It will never be as you say. The Great Father of the white man and the red man made you what you are, made us what we are. This country belongs to us. No man can say to me, 'You shall do this,' or 'You shall do that.' While I live I expect to be as I was born, an Indian. As an Indian I am proud and I will do as I please. The buffalo, the deer, the antelope, and the

streams and prairies where they stay,—all are ours. I go on this hunt ere many moons have passed, though I never go again; many warriors and women and children go with me. I have spoken."

A shout of universal applause and approbation greeted this eloquent outburst of oratory, and forthwith the council adjourned without day.

For several days thereafter the head village of the Pawnees, situated near the agency, was in the bustle and excitement of preparation. Those who were not to join the hunting party, anticipating a share in the benefits of it, cheerfully aided those who were.

At evening and far into the night religious and other ceremonies were enthusiastically observed. Singing, dancing, feasting, praying, and conjuring, was the order during those nocturnal hours. The gods were invoked at every step in the preparatory proceedings, their wrath propitiated and favor besought in the customary manner; and at last, every thing being ready, the date for departure was fixed.

On the morning of July 11th, a most favorable and auspicious day, the hunting party, composed of 150 fighting men and their women and children,—nearly five hundred in all,—left the village, crossed the treacherous Loup river without serious mishap or notable incident, and leisurely wound its way over blooming prairies toward the southwest. Being in no hurry, the members of this caravan were prepared to have a pleasant as well as profitable time. They laughed and chatted gleefully, and gayly chanted snatches of war and love songs. Fairly intoxicated with the invigorating breezes,

charming scenery, and anticipation of joys in store, they seemed like beings possessed, giving vent to an exuberance of spirit by playing petty practical jokes upon each other or by indulging in athletic sports and games as they traveled. Even the stern old warriors, who, when occasion demanded, could instantly be transformed into demons, relaxed their wonted rigidity of manners, condescending to laugh heartily at the pranks of their progeny.

A number of prominent chiefs accompanied this expedition, but though not divested of the ordinary authority according to rank or grade, the Indians were all under direct command of John Williamson, a popular employee, selected by Agent Burgess to go with them and head the line of march to the hunting grounds, so as to preclude the possibility of trouble with white people in the few settlements then springing up in the western part of Nebraska. Williamson was just the man to trust with such an important mission. He had the confidence and respect of the chieftains, and through them found no difficulty whatever in keeping the young warriors from making predatory raids. A man by the name of Platt was permitted to accompany Williamson. These two were the only white persons with the party.

After traveling a distance of less than ten miles, the caravan halted, and an encampment was made on the green, velvety banks of Prairie creek, a cool, sparkling little stream that meanders in graceful curves through grassy meads and flowery vales, along the southern border of the old Pawnee reserve. Tents were pitched in a hurry, and in less than an hour's time the Indians were as much "at home" as the average white settler would be after six months of hard labor.

While the sun was still high, "Pucks-kud-y" (Williamson's Indian name for

Curly Head), "La-rook-la-sharo" (Sun Chief), "Ke-wah-koo-che-rish" (Mad Bull), and a dozen other expert marksmen, rode swiftly up the creek to where a herd of antelope had been discovered. Leaving their ponies in charge of a couple of men, the others managed to get within easy range of the unsuspecting animals. A deadly fusillade was then opened, and only one out of seventeen escaped. These sleek, fat fellows, with a goodly number of jack-rabbits and wild fowls, also small fish taken from the brook, formed the principal portion of the evening meal. Supper finished, the time was given over to fun and speech-making. Young and middle-aged men in turn boasted of their prowess in war, skill in the chase, or cunning in horse-stealing ventures. Anon they danced and sang. Then, gesticulating wildly, they told vauntingly of what they would do in case of meeting with any stray war parties, emphasizing their threats with movements indicative of a clever use of tomahawk or scalping knife. Meanwhile the venerable warriors reclined upon the earth, enjoying their pipes. They blew wreaths of smoke toward the starry heavens, and from omens read in the fantastic vapors prognosticated happily of the hunt.

"Id-it-too-et!" (It is so), they cried. "The gods are with us. The Great Spirit loves his children. We shall be happy."

Day after day the Pawnees kept on their southwesterly course. "Pucks-kud-y," familiar with the entire country, carefully avoided all settlements, and each day led the way by easy marches, along pleasant paths, to cheerful camping grounds. And every night, having little and needing less, these children of the prairies found themselves at home. Care-free and light-hearted, they borrowed no trouble of the future. Everything fav-



"HE HAD WOUNDED A LARGE BISON."

ored them on their journey. The weather was exceptionally fine, and small game abounded.

Thus the days passed pleasantly, and near the close of the third week the Pawnees were well up the Republican river, not far from the great buffalo ranges. In a secluded nook they went into camp the forenoon of the last day of July. That night the scouts came in with the tidings that buffalo in large numbers were in the immediate vicinity.

At early dawn the camp was a scene of animation. By six o'clock nearly the entire hunting force was moving cautiously over ridges and up ravines toward the spot where the buffalo were known to be. Sky Chief conducted the hunters. In accordance with custom he carried a long spear conspicuously adorned with swan and eagle feathers, the dropping of which was to be the signal of attack. This was done to give all an equal chance in the first rush on the game. The Indians passed to windward of the buffalo and gained the base of a small intervening ridge within shooting distance. Here they dismounted and gave the ponies breath for the grand charge. Trembling with suppressed excitement, the eager hunters remounted and crowded forward close behind and abreast of the standard bearer. The buffalo began to scent danger. First one, then another, raised its head, suspiciously sniffing the air and moving restlessly, then, catching a partial glimpse of the approaching horsemen, they turned for flight. Down went the feathered spear.

It is difficult to describe the wild tumult that ensued. With a chorus of deafening yells the hunters poured down on the affrighted animals like an avalanche. The big game scattered and fled in every direction. The twanging of bowstrings, the sharp cracking of rifles, and the banging of revolvers, combined with shouts and whoops and exultant cries—as a fatal shot

terminated some huge bison's career—to make a din strictly in keeping with the bloody spectacle. As if to vary proceedings, occasionally a horse, by stumbling, or colliding with a buffalo, would pitch its rider headlong to earth. These accidents, however, were comparatively few, for an Indian pony, trained thoroughly to the chase, knew its business as well as, or better than, the rider, and with wonderful agility, persistency, and care, bore the hunter alongside the lumbering, though active bison, in position where a shot could best be obtained.

Such of the buffalo as had not been killed or disabled in the first onslaught were now dispersed among the hills and cañons. Still the slaughter continued. The Pawnees were there for business, and while game was in sight they took no rest. But in the course of two or three hours the hunters commenced to straggle into camp, and by noon the last loiterer had made his appearance.

A thrilling incident occurred this day that might have resulted seriously for "Keats-ka-toos" (Platt). He had wounded a large bison and was pressing the fellow hard for the purpose of giving him a finishing shot, when the enraged animal turned suddenly and made a vicious lunge at his persecutor. To avoid the charge, the horse leaped quickly aside, throwing Platt to the ground with such force as temporarily to deprive him of the power to rise. The bison then made for the prostrate man with the evident intention of squaring accounts, but a timely shot from "Pucks-kud-y," who fortunately happened to be near, thwarted the furious bull in his design, and gave to "Keats-ka-toos" a new lease of life, which he cheerfully accepted.

Nearly three hundred of these kingly animals were killed in this first chase. As usual, the squaws and larger children took charge of the carcasses. On pack horses they bore the meat and hides, also delect-

able internal delicacies, to a new camping place established conveniently near. There they cut up the meat and dried it in the sun or over slow fires.

A somewhat monotonous program was varied that night with a royal barbecue. To indulge in a "big eat" is the wild Indian's highest ambition, his greatest glory; and there was no occasion to economize the food supply. A whole buffalo was sacrificed to the Great Spirit with conventional and imposing ceremony. While the animal was being consumed on a rude altar, a red-stone peace-pipe was passed around the encircling throng of warriors. But first it was handed to the medicine-man, who blew whiffs of smoke up and down, then to right and left, invoking the Great Spirit the while.

"Thou art our Father," said he. "Look on us, Thy children, and still give us Thy aid. Without Thee, we can do nothing. We thank Thee for all these fat buffalo. Send us many more, O, Father! and we will thank Thee much."

Here the impromptu speaking again began. These oratorical exhibitions are as indispensable in the red man's feast as at the white man's banquet. The midnight hour passed by, yet the revelers gave no indication of weariness. A few sentinels posted about the camp kept vigil against intrusion of prowling enemy. They made no report, they gave no ocular evidence as to their whereabouts, but ever and anon, from cliff or glen or neighboring hill, the hoot of an owl, the shrill scream of the panther, the barking of a coyote or mournful cry of some lone whip-poor-will, bore to the savage feasters the cheerful information that they were still as secure against disturbance as the beasts and birds in the adjacent grove.

A smiling August sun greeted the hunters when they aroused from the lethargy into which the excesses of the previous night had thrown them. They were stu-

pid and cross, and correspondingly inactive. As a result, the inefficient efforts of that day did not greatly increase the supply of meat and hides. But the following day, and the next, the potency of their "medicine" was evinced by unprecedented success in the chase. In fact, they met with such exceeding good luck that on the evening of August 4th it was unanimously decided to devote one day more to hunting and then prepare for the homeward journey.

Excessive confidence and superabundant self-reliance are too often the direct cause of stupendous misfortune. The calamity which befell the Pawnees on this occasion sustains that proposition. Sovereigns in their realm, acknowledged superiors of all tribes, they scorned and defied their hostile neighbors. Proud of their strength and confident of their ability successfully to resist the assaults of any or all foes, they neglected to take even the ordinary precaution against surprise. True, they indifferently guarded their camp at night, but that was all.

The Sioux Indians, who occupied all the territory lying north of the Pawnees' equally extensive possessions, had frequently quarreled with their southern neighbors, and in each encounter had been badly worsted. For this reason the Pawnees were regarded by them with intense hatred. They long had sought an opportunity to pay the debt of revenge, and not finding it, had cunningly contrived to make it.

The Sioux were cognizant of the fact that their inveterate enemy made annual visits to these hunting grounds, and though the buffalo were at that time being rapidly exterminated, they correctly conjectured that the Pawnees would return at least once more, and at the usual season. So a powerful war party was organized and rendezvoused at a point not more than fifty miles above the spot where the Paw-



"THEN IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, TAKE THIS!"

nees last encamped. This was done some time before the Pawnees departed from their reservation.

In order to "make assurance doubly sure," removing the remotest doubt of a complete victory, the crafty Sioux entered into negotiations with the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches, and other western and southern tribes not conscientiously opposed to the elevating of Pawnee scalps, and secured the enlistment of their combined services in the proposed warfare. These allied forces numbered not less than nine hundred fighting men, mostly from the Sioux nation.

While the main body of this army remained concealed in a deep cañon near the Republican river, small hunting parties were regularly detailed and sent for game supplies in a southwesterly direction, exactly opposite from that in which the Pawnees were expected to appear, and a number of the most cautious scouts

were dispatched down the river and north-east, over the divide, to locate and keep track of their movements. The Pawnees were first seen while crossing from the Platte valley to the Republican, and thenceforth regularly reported at the headquarters of the allied army.

On the night following that first day's hunt, a daring Kiowa brave (who years before had married into the Pawnee tribe, and later had been sent back to his own people for rascally conduct that could not be countenanced) eluded the sentinels and entered the Pawnee camp. Being able to speak their tongue, without arousing the slightest suspicion he enjoyed their unrestricted hospitality, which was poorly requited by information furnished the Sioux.

It may be wondered why the Pawnees were not at once assailed. It was simply because an Indian, the same as a white man, places an exorbitant value on

his life and will not rush heedlessly into danger. The Sioux well knew that a week's hunt would greatly diminish the enemy's supply of ammunition, as well as considerably damage the implements of war, thus reducing to a minimum the liability of "accidents," which not infrequently occur in bloody encounters. The Sioux were admirably sagacious, not to say commendably humane. But when they learned that the Pawnees were planning to bring their hunt to an early close, then straightway the rendezvous in the obscure cañon was deserted, and hundreds of naked and painted savages rode swiftly toward the doomed Pawnees.

August 5th, 1873! From Time's vast wings a signal day is flung!

Before the sun had tipped the clouds with a tinge of gray—precursor of a fair morning—the old medicine-man aroused the sleepers and filled their superstitious souls with terror by his cries of warning.

"We-tah-rah-wits! We-tah-rah-kits-chis!" (The time has come! The waiting is over), he shouted repeatedly. "Ye sleeping people, awake! danger is near! Men who are brave, let your deeds now speak for you!"

What had been revealed to the medicine-man thus to affect him, Williamson could not ascertain. The priest kept the secret locked in his breast and died with it that day. Certain it is, his untutored mind was filled with a strange presentiment of something terrible about to happen to his people; yet whether it came through the "influence" upon a "good" heart or a "bad" stomach, who can say? However, the cheerful presence of the rising sun, combined with the exhilarating effects of a sumptuous repast, dispelled the gloom that had fallen over the Indians on account of the revered priest's warnings. But ere the huntsmen had gone forth to their day's work, Sky Chief

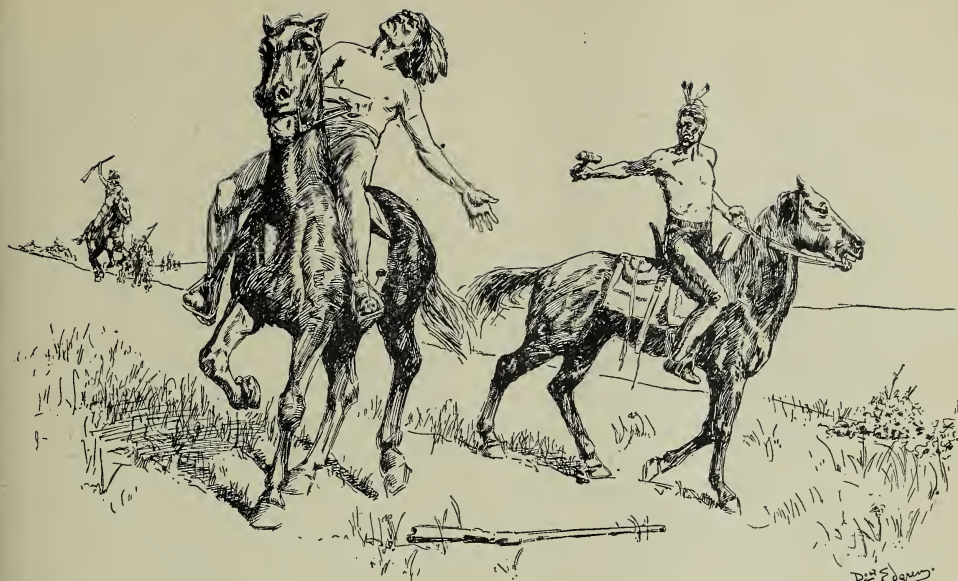
directed Fox, chief of the scouts, to repair to the peak or a conspicuous mound some five miles west, where a sweeping view of the country could be obtained. While Fox was executing the order of his superior, Williamson, Platt, and several of the Indians mounted their steeds and rode in pursuit of a small herd of buffalo which had appeared a little more than a mile to the northward. The animals, it fortunately transpired, were readily overtaken and rapidly slain.

Sky Chief did not join the hunters in this chase. No sooner had they departed than he mounted a knoll near by, where, with arms folded across his massive chest, he stood for perhaps half an hour, immovable as a statue, gazing toward the western horizon. Suddenly there came into view of all, on a rise of ground not more than three miles distant, a dark, indistinct mass, taken at first for an immense herd of buffalo, which moved directly toward the Pawnees. They did not know for a number of minutes that it was composed of horsemen lying on their animals' necks with blankets drawn over their heads to give them the appearance of buffalo. For a brief season they were deceived by the ruse.

For fifteen or twenty minutes the Pawnees watched the supposed herd of buffalo coming leisurely toward them. It passed out of sight in an intervening swale, reappearing soon after much nearer.

"The gods send buffalo to meet us," remarked a youth.

The gray-haired medicine-man shook his head. At this moment Sky Chief, who had not stirred from his position on the hill, caught sight of Fox, just galloping into view. At highest speed his fiery mustang was urged to the nearest hill top and thrice ridden in the double circle of a lateral figure "8." Upon witnessing that significant act (which according to the Pawnee interpretation meant, "The



"ONE BLOW FROM SKY CHIEF'S AX CLEFT IRON SHIRT'S HEAD."

Sioux — they come!") Sky Chief started as though a sentence of death had been pronounced from the clouds. He read the pending doom of all. He now knew, what before he had barely suspected, that the dark mass before them was an overwhelming army of mortal foemen.

Sky Chief was no recreant. Sounding the Pawnee war cry, he bounded down the declivity. Directly there was a scene of utter confusion. Sky Chief soon established order, however, and the Indians then began piling up at the outer circle of the camp everything that would prove a barrier against the coming onset. They made among the stacks of meat and skins the safest possible shelter for their women and children, and close-fettered in the center many of the best horses. Then with weapons in hand they stood grim and silent, while old men chanted the death song, and women, with weeping children clasped in arms, gave vent to their feelings in loud lamentations.

When the Sioux observed that their trick had been discovered, they came forward at a rapid pace. And very opportunely, Williamson and his followers, who

had noticed an unusual commotion at the camp, by hard riding arrived just ahead of the hostile band. A hurried consultation resulted in Williamson's volunteering to try his influence in restraining the Sioux from their murderous intent. Agreeably to this hasty though hopeless plan, with Platt he rode out to meet them.

Seeing the two white men advancing, a dozen or more Indians galloped ahead of the main body. When these fellows were yet fifty or sixty rods away, Williamson, waving a white handkerchief over his head, shouted at the top of his voice in the Sioux tongue: "Halt! Halt! in the name of the great father at Washington, I order you to halt!"

The leaders hesitated; then, as their followers came crowding on, responded with a few rifle shots that made the dust fly in unpleasant proximity to the great father's self-appointed mediator between the unfriendly hosts.

"Halt! I command you to halt!" shouted Williamson again in tones of desperation.

A shower of bullets dangerously near was the prompt reply.

"Pucks-kud-y's" dignity was seriously offended and his ire forthwith enkindled. He made a sign to "Keats-kattoos," and throwing his repeater into a horizontal position, glanced along the sights, exclaiming, "Then in the name of the United States government, take this!" Simultaneously with the report of Williamson's unerring rifle Platt's gun was heard, and two paint-besmeared warriors pitched out of their saddles. Twice again the shooting-irons spoke in rapid succession, and instantly twice three brawny braves were weltering in their gore, while half a dozen riderless ponies turned and scampered across the plain. Wheeling their horses quickly, the men dashed back to the enclosure. For the Pawnees there was nothing now but to "do and die." How faithfully those glorious heroes performed their last earthly duty, this record shows.

When fear has flown, and hope is dead; when resignation calms the startled soul, and vengeance takes possession of the mind; when weakness of despair gives place to giant strength born of a fierce desire to measure swords with Death, then the red man at bay becomes a more dangerous antagonist than Saracen found in armored knight of old. Sans hope, sans fear, but with savage desperation bracing mind and nerving muscle, the Pawnees now eagerly awaited the unequal combat.

Enraged by the fatal shots, the Sioux rode furiously forward. They were answered by the defiant war cries of the Pawnees.

Like a whirling tornado the foe swept upon and around the Spartan band, raining bullets and arrows, intending to crush it out of existence in a moment. The Sioux crowded so close that, as a matter of self-preservation, they were compelled to slacken their deadly fire, thus giving the Pawnees an advantage sorely needed,

and the battle changed to a furious and terrible hand-to-hand conflict at every point. Spears, tomahawks, lances, war-clubs, and knives, clashed noisily and incessantly, while cries and imprecations filled the air. And as though the mantle of ancient war heroes had dropped upon them, lending supernatural strength and preternatural powers of resistance, for many minutes the Pawnees held their own against the fearful odds of six to one. Though one by one they fell, it seemed that for each victim slain a dozen of the assailants paid the penalty with their lives. Here and there lay the Pawnee dead; their enemies were piled in heaps and ridges. The deeds of valor there performed were never excelled on gory field, yet one might scarcely note them in that awful hour.

Such a struggle could not last long. The disparity in numbers was too great. Already chiefs Mad Bull, Medicine Sun, White Eagle, and Big Hawk, lay dead or dying upon the blood-drenched sward, together with fully one half of the common warriors; and all the others were more or less severely wounded. Of the commanders, Williamson, Sky Chief, Sun Chief, and the invincible Fox, alone were fit for further service. Still these gallant leaders fought with undaunted courage and unaccountable success. Stationed one at each side of the enclosure, they calmly urged the bleeding men to continued resistance, and grandly set the example themselves. With each a bull-hide, brass-studded shield upon the left arm, adroitly wielded to catch the deadly blows of the swarming horde about them, and a heavy double-bitted ax in the right, they persistently hewed the human forest; and every stroke of the resistless weapons made either a "good Indian" or a very sick one.

Surprised at the persistent defense made by the Pawnees, wearied with their

unavailing efforts to crush them, and disheartened at the astounding loss of life sustained, the attacking party withdrew a few rods to rest and take counsel. It appears that they quite suddenly came to their senses, for a scathing fire was almost immediately opened on the poorly protected camp. The Pawnees were powerless to defend themselves. There was not a loaded rifle or revolver, nor even an arrow in their possession by this time. The women and children had not suffered severely before, but as the deadly missiles now tore their limbs and bodies, terror seized their minds and a panic ensued. All who could do so rushed frantically for the nearest cañon leading away from the enemy. With blood-curdling whoops the Sioux made for the point of escape. For a few minutes the Pawnee warriors still able to fight struggled manfully to restrain them, so as to give at least a few of the fugitives a bare chance for life. Vain attempt. They could not prevent the determined pursuit, and soon joined in a general stampede, each one for himself, and a dozen howling demons after each one.

A number of men, women, and children, mounted ponies and by hard riding through deep and ragged ravines reached the Republican river, waded through, and after many hardships finally arrived at the reservation in a deplorable condition. Several other men and two women (the latter left by the Sioux for dead) managed to reach a place of safety on foot.

As to the women and children that ran to the cañon and were there overtaken, in consideration for the feelings of the sensitive reader, there will be no mention of their fate. Too well we know the savage custom in such cases.

Platt was captured and reserved for artistic torture at the stake, but through the aid of a friendly Indian, escaped and reached the nearest settlement with an

unsinged skin, though nearly dead from wounds and exposures.

Williamson, Sky Chief, Fox, and fourteen others, mounted ponies and fled over the hills toward the river. They were twice intercepted by squads of the enemy, and twice fought their way through, each time leaving several dead comrades. In the last of these encounters the notorious Cheyenne chief, "Iron Shirt" (so called because he wore an old coat of mail) recognized Sky Chief and engaged him in single-handed conflict. The struggle was short. One blow from Sky Chief's ax cleft Iron Shirt's head to the shoulders. Williamson, near the end of this running race for life, was made a special target by a big Sioux warrior, who fired at him six times in rapid succession, the last shot knocking the pommel from his saddle. And the noble Sky Chief, sad to relate, was instantly killed by a rifle ball when almost beyond reach of the pursuers.

The scenes enacted at the agency, after the first returning stragglers brought news of the awful calamity that had befallen the tribe, were distressing in the extreme. Men raved and women went mad. They rent their clothing, tore their hair, and gashed their limbs with knives, — a few inflicting upon themselves fatal injuries. Wailing for the dead continued during many months, and the nights were made hideous by doleful howlings.

By this direful disaster the Pawnees were crushed in spirit and physically disabled as a nation. They never again exhibited that happy disposition, contentedness, independence, and dignity of bearing, — traits of character which had distinguished them above all other Indian tribes. In a few years they were removed from the land of their fathers to Indian Territory, where a degenerate band now constitutes but a mournful remembrance of former greatness.

J. F. Bixby.



TOWING OUT PAST THE SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT.

OUR PILOTAGE LAWS.

BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR.



HALL we contemplate with indifference the spectacle presented in the gradual but certain extermination of our merchant navy and the disappearance of our flag from the highways of commerce through the agency of unwise legislation? As well ask: shall we deny our mothers and disown our children?" Every law that is helpful to commerce is a direct benefit to the State and Nation.

There are laws and laws regulating the pilotage question, and the laws of California on this subject, which are slightly original in some features, although mainly imitative, present a curious exhibition of human mutability.

Of their origin and development (by retrogression) towards perfection (?) and

justice (?) there is no panegyric to offer. The wide departure from the fundamental principle engrafted upon the organic law of the State is noticeable when we read in the Constitution that the Legislature is prohibited from ever "granting to any corporation, association, or individual, any special or exclusive privilege or immunity," and further in section twenty-one of the Constitution the following,—

Nor shall any citizen be granted privileges or immunities which upon the same terms shall not be granted to all citizens.

This would seem to prohibit the creation of a monopoly in any special privilege.

Then we read in the statutes passed pursuant to this edict of the people, in effect:

There shall not be over twenty pilots appointed and licensed for the harbor of San Francisco, and these twenty men shall have the sole privilege of hiring out as pilots to ships entering or leaving that harbor;

and within a very liberal maximum these twenty may fix arbitrarily their charges for this service, favoring whom they please; and that if any other man dare to hire out for or render a similar service, no matter how capable, he shall be fined five hundred dollars and imprisoned; and that these favored twenty shall render no account whatever to the public of their collections; and that if any vessel coming from or going to a foreign port refuse to employ one of these twenty men such vessel must pay to these twenty men upon demand a sum equal to one half the amount they would have been permitted to charge if the service had been actually rendered, and that even a ship in tow of a tug coming or going is not exempt from this exaction.

When we find this to be the letter and spirit of our statutes we may be excused for wondering what is the intent and meaning of the provision in the Constitution just quoted regarding "special privileges," if it does not apply to this particular case.

These statutes do not impress one as noble monuments of modern simplicity and an honest compliance with the wish and will of the people, but rather as peculiar examples of latter-day legislation, addressed more to a tender care for political appointees than to the prosperity of the State through the agency of commerce, which they should have been formulated to promote.

It is not the fact alone of the creation of special privileges that I would criticise, because, while such privileges should be avoided so far as possible in our popular form of government, still within reasonable bounds it becomes important to the general welfare at times that special privileges should be granted in some cases; because from the nature of the thing to which they apply there could not be a general participation. But it is right as the Constitution has it, which read be-

tween the lines expresses this sentiment, "No monopoly shall be created by the Legislature through the granting of privileges or immunities on an exclusive basis." Under free competition, controlled by proper rules and restrictions, pilotage charges would probably be reasonable. As the law is now, a pilot once appointed cannot be removed except for cause after due trial; his position is worth in the market from five to six thousand dollars, and will sell for that. This is, of course, a result of his legalized "special exclusive privilege" of exacting from shipping a large amount of property without any compensation.

Now let us look backward for a few years and discover, if possible, to what extent our present California pilotage laws have evolved from the crude to the refined, and observe also what treatment natural justice has received by our lawmakers at the behest of interested politicians:

First. The third act of the first session of the California Legislature passed January 8, 1850, was an act in relation to pilots and pilotage. It authorized the governor to appoint not to exceed twelve pilots for San Francisco harbor; established a rate of eight dollars per foot draught; required vessels to pay one half rates when pilots were not employed; exempted all vessels trading between California ports from the half rate charge, and exacted a bond of ten thousand dollars from each pilot for faithful service. Remember, in reading these early statutes and comparing them with the later statutes, that our harbor was but little known, and very inadequately protected by safeguards in those days.

Second. On February 25, 1850, a second act was passed by the same Legislature providing for the creation of a pilot commission to consist of two merchants, two shipmasters, and the harbor master,



THE SAN FRANCISCO FERRIES.

with a paid secretary, etc. This commission was authorized to appoint pilots at pleasure on due examination; to charge fifty dollars for each license; to issue pilots' licenses to American masters of coasting vessels of 175 tons measurement or less, to apply to their own vessels only; and to exact a five thousand dollar bond from each general pilot. The rates of pilotage were fixed at ten dollars and eight dollars per foot according to the distance the vessel was piloted; foreign vessels were to be charged twenty-five per centum more unless contrary to a federal treaty. One half pilotage was made compulsory when a pilot was not employed, except that vessels of 175 tons or less trading between ports in California and Oregon only were exempt from this compulsory feature. Bear in mind the fact that not a dollar of the money collected by pilots or commissioners ever goes into any public fund, or is accounted for to any public official.

Third. On April 21, 1851, during the session, the State Legislature passed an amendatory act by which all vessels, steam or sail, trading within the limits of

California were exempt from all pilotage unless a pilot was actually employed.

Fourth. On April 27, 1852, the third session adopted a new provision creating a pilot commission of four to be appointed by the governor and to include the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

This commission was authorized to issue pilot licenses to all applicants having the proper qualifications; other conditions not changed materially.

Fifth. On May 11, 1854, during the fifth session, an act was passed providing for a commission the same as the 1852 act, with authority to appoint pilots at pleasure (on examination, of course), not to exceed thirty in number; each pilot must be an American citizen over twenty-one years of age; bond, two thousand dollars; all other persons than these thirty licensed pilots were forbidden to pilot a vessel for hire under a penalty of five hundred dollars. The rates were limited to eight dollars per foot for vessels less than fifteen feet draught, ten dollars from fifteen to eighteen feet; twelve dollars for eighteen feet and over; twelve dollars for American and foreign war ves-

sels, to which rates the pilots were authorized to add five per cent, which was to be turned over to the pilot commission to cover their expenses and compensation.

One half pilotage was compulsory except on coasters in California trade and whaling vessels coming into port for repairs and supplies.

Sixth. On April 16, 1855, a new act made no material changes except to establish a pilotage rate of one dollar per foot to be charged whalers and subjecting them to compulsory pilotage of half rates when no pilot was employed.

Seventh. On April 16, 1858, the Legislature passed an act by which the number of pilots that might be licensed was reduced to twenty; and the qualifications prescribed, which have always been about the same, were: two years service on a pilot boat or three years on a square-rigged vessel in the coasting trade with San Francisco; familiarity with all shoals, rocks, bars, points of land, and night lights, of the bay and harbor. Penalty of five hundred dollars, or sixty days' imprisonment for piloting by an unlicensed pilot or a pilot not attached to a pilot boat. The penalty applied also to masters of vessels who employ such outlawed pilots.

Eighth. On April 21st, 1860, the acts of 1854 and 1858 were repealed, and a new act passed in which the only changes of importance were as follows:—

The pilots must pay to the commissioners five per cent of their legal charges, and add five per cent to such charges, collect, and pay that to the commissioners also, making ten per cent in all.

The rate of pilotage was fixed at seven dollars per foot on all vessels from a foreign or Atlantic American port and on all other vessels not sailing under a coasting license between Pacific Coast ports of the United States. For these coasters the rate was three dollars and a half per foot. For whalers the rate was continued at

one dollar per foot. Half pilotage was made compulsory when pilots were not employed except that all coasters (which must be American vessels) were exempt from this provision. The rate for government war vessels was made ten dollars per foot.

Ninth. On May 20, 1861, all previous acts relating to pilots and pilotage of San Francisco harbor were repealed and a new act passed. The noticeable changes are here given as follows: The number of pilots was fixed at a minimum of fifteen and a maximum of twenty. A bond of five thousand dollars was required. The rates of pilotage were fixed at seven dollars per foot for vessels between one hundred and fifty and five hundred tons measurement; over five hundred tons, seven dollars per foot and four cents per ton. Whalers one dollar per foot. One half rates compulsory except as to coasters between California ports, and except as to vessels outward bound in tow of a tug-boat, in either of these exceptions no pilotage was permitted to be charged unless a pilot was voluntarily employed. Ten per cent of all receipts of all pilots must be paid to the commissioners for their services and expenses of office. In Boston the commissioners get a part of four per cent.

Tenth. On April 11, 1863, an act was passed making no changes of note, except that all coasters trading between ports in California, Oregon, and Washington, if registered in California were exempted from the compulsory pilotage charge.

Eleventh. On April 4, 1864, all previous acts were repealed and a new act passed. Its provisions were similar to the existing laws, except as noted:—Instead of "commissioners," three "examiners" were provided for, who were placed under oath to appoint only loyal citizens as pilots (evidently a war meas-

ure). The number to be appointed should not be less than ten nor more than fifteen (getting down to a close corporation). The bond was reduced again to twenty-five hundred dollars. Five per cent only of the receipts were to go to the examiners. The rates of pilotage were established at six dollars per foot for vessels under five hundred tons and seven dollars and four cents over five hundred tons. Whalers one dollar per foot. Half pilotage compulsory when pilots were not employed, except as to coasters between California, Oregon, Washington, and all vessels outward bound in tow.

Twelfth. On March 22, 1870, all previous acts were repealed and an entire new act passed, of which the following are the salient features:—The governor was empowered to appoint three commissioners with power to appoint and license not less than fifteen nor more than twenty pilots and to exact a bond of twenty-five hundred dollars from each and to supervise their acts. Commissioners term of office at pleasure of governor, not over four years. Pilots of steam tug-boats were also to be licensed by the commissioners. Rates of pilotage: if vessels were not spoken inward bound until inside the Heads, the charge must be agreed by the parties; otherwise the regular maximum rates were fixed at five dollars per foot for vessels under five hundred tons and five dollars per foot and four cents per ton on larger vessels, which charges might be varied at the pleasure of the pilots. Whalers and fishing vessels one dollar per foot. Half pilotage compulsory except as to coasters between ports of California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, and vessels outward bound in tow. Steam tugs not allowed to charge towage or pilotage unless actually employed. If a pilot were employed by an outward-bound vessel in tow of an unlicensed tug only half pilotage allowed.

Thirteenth. The political code which took effect January 1, 1873, practically continued in force the act of March, 1870, as given above, but increased the bond to five thousand dollars for pilots.

Fourteenth. On March 29, 1878, the Legislature amended the code by entirely exempting whalers and fishing vessels from the exactions of compulsory pilotage, but removed the exemption of vessels outward bound in tow, compelling them to pay half pilotage if a pilot be not employed, in addition to towage charge. (Was this in the interest of commerce?)

Fifteenth. On April 6, 1891, an act was passed by which all American vessels under United States register, which vessels are privileged to sail to foreign ports, were placed in the list of those which must pay one half pilotage if a pilot be not employed.

This last act was passed at the behest of interested politicians of powerful influence, who are said to control the appointment of pilots, and in defiance of the expressed wish and unanimous petition of the best men engaged in the business of ocean commerce, and for the purpose of preventing American ships from sailing to another coast port and from there to a foreign port without paying compulsory pilotage for no service rendered when leaving San Francisco harbor.

The English pilotage laws provide for the licensing of all masters and mates of vessels, who are familiar with the harbors of the country, and such vessels are exempt from all charges unless a pilot be actually employed. The Board of Trade (similar to our Chamber of Commerce) as a business men's organization has charge of pilotage matters, which are managed on business principles and not in the interests of any political ring,—no preferences are permitted. This system might be commended to our Legislature as a sample of fairness worthy of emulation.

One must naturally inquire, why should a particular business be required to maintain an expensive not to say extravagant establishment for which it has no use? The shipping interests are now compelled, they tell us, to contribute in the shape of excessive port charges all the money needed and used in water front improvements, for the use of future generations through a political spoils' system presided over by State Harbor Commissioners, the amount thus paid for wharfage, dockage, tolls, etc., being more than half a million dollars per year; and in spite of the fact that the State owns the water front and that the city must always depend to a large degree upon ocean commerce for her prosperity and greatness, neither the commonwealth nor the municipality are put to any expense on this valuable property, although both levy direct taxes upon American ships in addition to the excessive charges above enumerated.

If the shipping must pay for the privilege of bringing this prosperity to the State and greatness to the metropolis, then we should introduce business methods and management and allow the people who furnish the money (those engaged in shipping) to regulate to some extent its outlay and the charges by which it is collected.

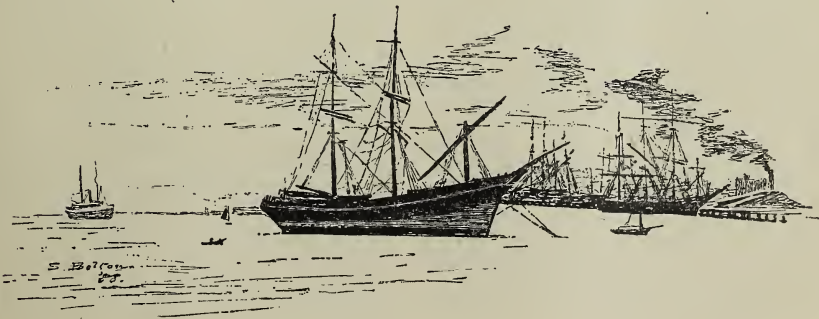
There can be little doubt that a properly organized harbor commission, super-

vised to some extent by the Chamber of Commerce, could easily attend to the business now under the charge of the present commission and look after the pilots as well, or it could be left entirely to the Chamber of Commerce or the Merchants' Exchange. Then, if the pilots were given liberal pay, required to collect a uniform charge from all vessels to whom service is rendered, and account for all receipts, whatever surplus there might be would at least be devoted to legitimate public purposes. If it should go to the Chamber of Commerce, as is done in Boston, some practical good would be accomplished.

No valid excuse can be offered, it would seem, for compelling our ocean commerce to pay \$150,000 to \$200,000 per year to private individuals who are protected by law in a monopoly when we are assured on good authority that equally efficient service can be secured for \$50,000.

Although the changes in our pilotage laws have been numerous, they have generally been in the direction of a stronger political grasp and a more complete monopoly. National pilotage laws would cure the trouble, but as Congress will probably not enact such laws it would seem that now is a good time to make a radical change in emancipating our American ocean commerce, so far as California is concerned, from this shameful abuse. Let the Legislature act.

Charles E. Naylor.





CREAM ROCK, FISH CREEK CAÑON, SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

V. SOME NEW YOSEMITES.



OUR Eastern friends, when we speak to them of California scenery, think of the Yosemite valley and of the Big Trees. Among the people of the State itself, the term is understood to refer also to such

wonders and beauties as the Geysers, Mount Shasta, Lake Tahoe, the Blue lakes and Monterey. Famous California scenery, it appears, is that part of our finest scenery which is adjacent to hotels. Hence the numerous other Shastas, Tahoes, Blue lakes, and Yosemites, of California, lacking the proximity of hostleries, are not famous. Some of them are thankful for a narrow local celebrity, while others are quite unknown except to a few unintelligent persons.

Speaking alone of the yosemites, the original valley was, of course, the first to be discovered, and its fame was rapidly spread through the United States, England, and finally, continental Europe. Trails, and afterward, roads were built, hotels were erected, and tourists from afar flocked to the new shrine of Nature. By the way, it is doubtful whether this same discovery would have attracted so much attention had it come twenty or thirty years later. At that time the ear of the whole greedy world was turned toward the Pacific, and though the news was of the finding in those golden mountains of a different sort of treasure than gold, the ear was listening eagerly and it could not but hear. At present it is not an easy matter to advertise new discoveries in California. Is it possible that the world is coming to think us — a chestnut?

If the stronghold of the Indian desperados against whom Captain Boling marched his men into trackless mountain wilds had been the Tehipite, for instance, instead of the Yosemite valley, the fame of Tehipite would have gone abroad, roads thither and hotels would have been built and thronged; it would be the image of Tehipite that would rise in the minds of our Eastern friends to whom we might speak of California scenery, and Whitney and Muir would probably have had nearly as hard a time of it in arousing public interest in the Yosemite valley as in fact they had in drawing attention to the Californian Alps.

As it is, how many people have heard of Tehipite, the yosemite of the Middle Fork of King's river, or even of the yosemite of the South Fork, called the King's River cañon? Perhaps a few thousand have heard of the latter, a few hundred of the former. How many who read this magazine have ever heard of the yosemite of the upper Tuolumne, of that of the San Joaquin, of Fish creek, Mono creek, Goddard creek, the upper South fork of the King's river, Bubb's creek, or of the cañon of the Kern. All of them are in the unexplored Sierra except the latter two, which, because of their proximity to the King's River cañon and Mount Whitney, respectively, are somewhat known to visitors to those localities.

Before speaking of these new yosemites, it may be proper first to justify the use of the word yosemite as a generic term. I think Mr. Muir was the first so to use it. In his ramblings through the cañons of the Sierra, Muir found several localities in which the walls were very lofty and nearly perpendicular, and the floor wide and level. These are the principal characteristic features of the Yosemite valley, considered as a gorge or valley alone, or aside from those special adornments of waterfalls and domes by which

the sum of its grandeur and beauty is so greatly augmented. Instead, therefore, of speaking of these localities as Yosemite-like valleys, it was natural that Muir should have called them yosemites.

As a matter of fact, neither is the Yosemite valley an exceptional creation nor are these other yosemites, taken collectively, exceptional creations. In many other mountain ranges where large areas of granite have been exposed by denudation and subjected to long-continued erosion by swift torrents, valleys have been sculptured presenting the characteristic features of the Yosemite valley, but in what may be expressed as a less typical degree. In Norway, especially, such valleys are not uncommon. But it is only in the Sierra that the conditions necessary to their formation have been most perfectly fulfilled, and it is to the Sierra, therefore, that the Yosemite type of valley really belongs.

Taking the original Yosemite valley as the type or ideal member of the group, we find the other members exhibiting different kinds of variation from this ideal. In one, however, namely Hetch-Hetchy valley, on the Tuolumne river, the variation is only as to size. Of all the group, therefore, this valley offers the greatest likeness to Yosemite. The average steepness of the walls is as great; there are domes and waterfalls; the floor of the valley is similar, and there is even the suggestion of a similarity of arrangement of the principal features. But the dimensions are only half those of Yosemite, or its area less than a quarter, and the walls are only about two thirds as high.

Farther up the cañon of the Tuolumne there are localities exhibiting Yosemite-like features. In certain places the walls are much higher and often quite perpendicular, but there is no valley floor. In other places there is a very fine valley floor and also Yosemite-like walls, save

that on the south side they are not continuous. In one of the yosemites of the San Joaquin, or at the Notches, there is a departure in the inferior height of the walls, in the steepness of one wall and in the absence of a wide valley floor. In another the walls are defective. In that of Mono creek the steepness of the walls is not great enough on one side; in the yosemite of Goddard creek the sculpture is too various for perfect similarity, steepness is occasionally wanting and there is not sufficient width; the same is true of some Yosemite-like gorges of the upper Middle and upper South forks (King's river), though in the case of another of the upper South fork — Paradise valley — nothing is wanting but a nearer approach to verticality. In Tehipite there is insufficient length of valley floor and an absence of brink, the walls rounding back to a great height. In the King's River cañon there is narrowness of bottom and in the walls less steepness and an absence of brink, except in certain parts. In Bubb's creek it would be more correct to speak of the points of resemblance to Yosemite in this splendidly long cañon than of the points of departure. In the Kern the walls are not sufficiently bare and steep.

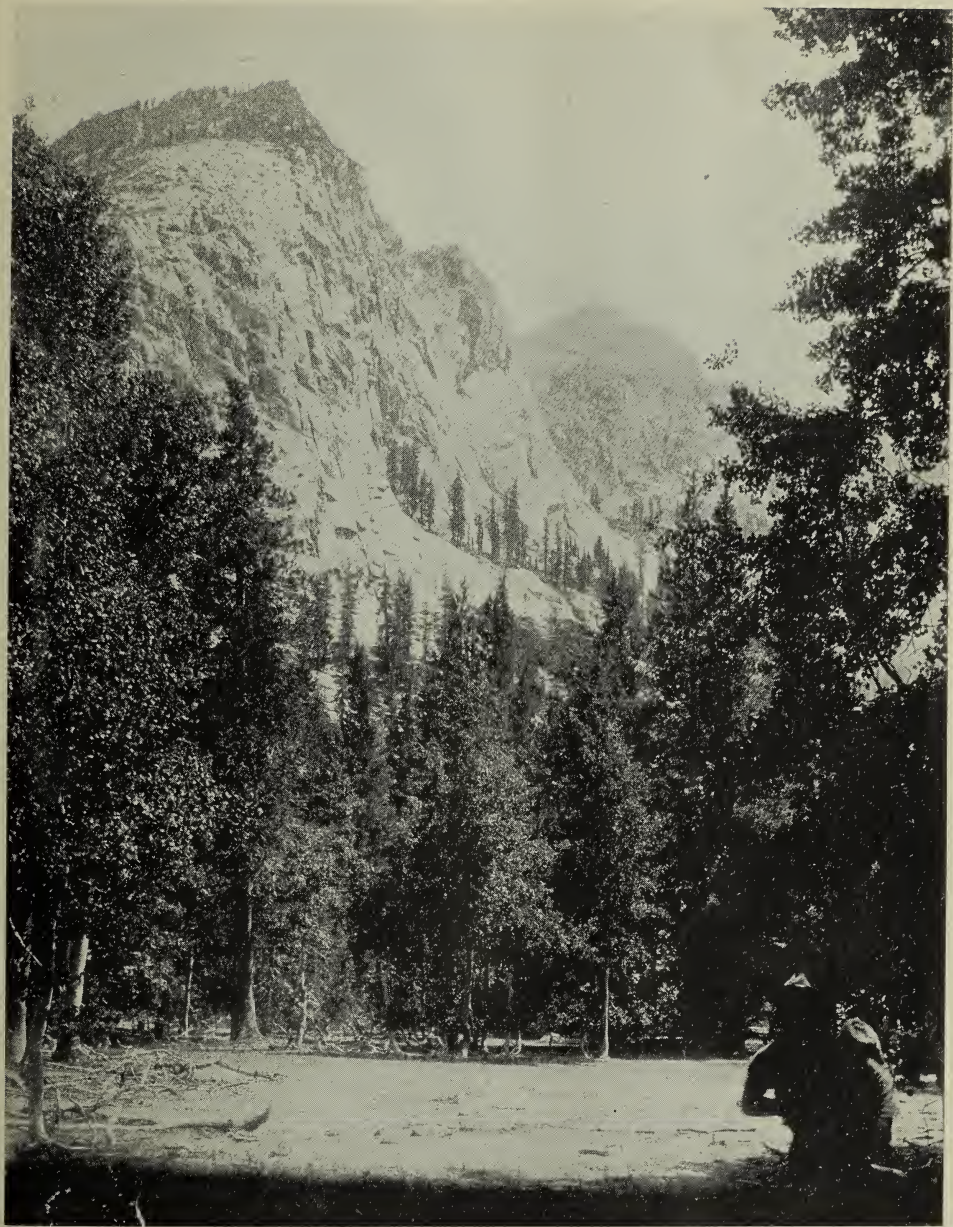
But though no one of these yosemites exhibits all of the distinguishing features of the Yosemite, on the other hand each of them is possessed of individual beauties and elements of grandeur, and in the case of at least three, the Tuolumne cañon, Tehipite, and the King's River cañon, these lacks — if we are to call them such — are so far compensated for by the possession of other features of superior scenic value, that it is an open question whether these localities will not some day be more highly prized among our mountain treasures than Yosemite itself.

I should have wished to be able to entitle this article so as to include not merely some but all of the other yosemites, but

from personal knowledge I cannot speak of those of the Kern, of the upper South fork of King's river, nor of Bubb's creek, except in general terms. These, however, do not really belong to the unexplored Sierra. Of the remainder of those mentioned I have pretty thoroughly explored and photographed all but one or two. In addition to those enumerated, there are probably other yosemites of minor resemblance and importance, making in all something like fifteen to eighteen in the range.

The more important of the new yosemites I have thought worthy of separate treatment in this series. I refer to Tehipite and to the Grand cañon of the Tuolumne. The King's River cañon, also, would be entitled to separate description, but that it does not lie in the unexplored country, and what is still more to the point, it was the subject of a long and careful article in the *Century* by Mr. Muir, who spoke of it as a "yet grander cañon" than Yosemite, a judgment which has been much criticised by visitors to both localities. Personally, I think Mr. Muir's compliment justified in one sense but not in another. Judging it in its qualitative relation to Yosemite, it most distinctly is inferior. That is, the features it possesses in common with Yosemite are, for the most part, inferior as such. But if it be judged on its own merits there is some reason for considering it on the whole a grander piece of scenery.

Beginning on the north, there was said by the old survey to be a yosemite on the North fork of the San Joaquin. This I have not seen, and have only tentatively indicated on the map, for the reason that there is some doubt as to its location, Brewer having called the Main fork the North fork. The locality called The Notches, at the junction of the Main and South forks, I have already described in the preceding paper. I speak of it here



IN MONO CREEK YOSEMITE.
SOUTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. MOUNT MCLEAN IN THE DISTANCE.

because I have reason to believe from some photographs I got of it last summer that below the intersection of the two forks the cañon assumes a Yosemite-like form, just as at the junction of the Merced river and Tenaya creek is situated the Yosemite. All that is necessary is that

the walls of the Notches should be found to have separated, which is probably the case. Last summer I had no time to investigate the gorge here, nor are its depths visible from any easily reached point; but two years before I made an unsuccessful attempt to explore it. Directed,



LOOKING DOWN MONO CREEK CAÑON TOWARD THE MONO CREEK YOSEMITE AND THE FIRST RECESS.

or rather misdirected, by a sheepherder, we started toward the Dome which rises from the angle of the intersection of the Forks. When near this rock, my companion went north to descend to the main river to fish, while I went west toward the South fork, intending to follow the stream down to the junction, take a survey below, and ascend the other fork until I reached my friend. I hurried along, my camera knapsack jolting loosely on my shoulders, and descended the Notch of the South Fork gorge by a steep gully that led to a little flat on the river. Confiding in my sheepherder, I made down the stream rapidly, climbing over the little promontories of rock that occasionally jutted into the water, until, in about half an hour, after I had several times slid down rocks which I could not possibly scale in the event of an attempted return, I found my Notch was bent on crowding me quite into the river.

To make a long story short, I worked just five hours up and down stream and on the wall before I got out of a perfect natural Bastile. At noon, some two

hours before my liberation, I ate lunch with my legs dangling over the face of the cliff I had managed to surmount, and my back resting against its continuation upward. On finally gaining the ridge I photographed the Dome,—and later had to abandon the plates,—and it being then too late to look for my companion, hurried to camp and found him there ahead of me.

After we parted, it seems he had nearly forfeited his life in climbing down to the river by the route advocated by our host (who, I am bound to say, was hospitable if he was a liar), and when he did get to the bottom—more dead than alive—the fish would n't bite. In fact, he strongly suspected that there were none. In returning, he picked his own way and made the ridge without accident.

Fish Creek cañon, the next in order of the yosemites, may be located on the sketch map which accompanied the first article (published last May). The stream is the largest tributary of the Main fork of the San Joaquin. I have only seen it

once, but, unless I can go afoot, I shall be perfectly reconciled never to visit it again. The fact is, the trail into it and out again is a thing to be despised and shunned; and though I succeeded in dragging my mule into the cañon,—I was alone that year,—I got incipient nervous prostration in getting him out of it on the other side. On the afternoon of my arrival I went fishing. I pause here to remark that those stories of fish-catching which imperil the souls of our angling friends may be told of this particular stream with the most perfect spiritual safety,—though with danger, perhaps, to the reputation. For fear of imperiling my own, I will not go into the particulars of that day's excursion.

That night, just as I was turning into my blankets, I heard the stealthy tread of a panther. I had never met in the Sierra any member of the cat tribe larger than the ordinary mountain lion, so I thought my visitor was one of the latter species, or only a wildcat, until I measured with my eye the distance from the glowing orbs that were his eyes to the white and just visible aspen trunk on which he seemed to be standing. I had a large stock of uncooked trout lying about—how large I still refuse to say—and I shall always believe he smelt fish. Now I usually carry a rifle, though I seldom bother to hunt as long as provisions last, and it occurred to me I had better intimidate my visitor, lest he make a descent on my trout while I should be asleep. But as I rose, gun in hand, he turned and trotted down the stream, occasionally turning, (when I could locate him by the glowing of his eyes,) but not long enough to get a deliberate shot. Soon he turned abruptly up the hill, and I followed, but the brush growing thick, I prudently withdrew just about a minute before I should have. For next morning I found the varmint had been following

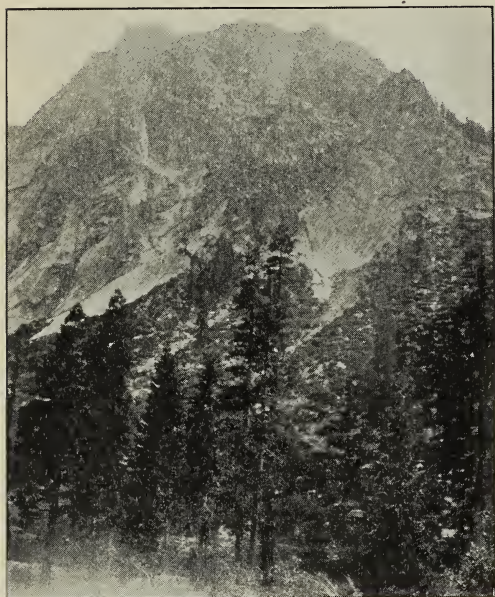
the trail out of the cañon and had led me within a few rods of the solution of the Chinese puzzle department of it.

I never knew a trail to be so tied up in a knot. Its parts were so elusively connected, or rather disconnected, that it might well have led to the stronghold of a band of freebooters, if there had been anything to steal within a hundred miles. When I had mastered the combination, I followed the trail up the hill-side, which was so steep and sandy that, though I was entirely unburdened, I could hardly make my way up. Returning to camp, I took a long look at Whitney and temporized. Then I took a day to think it over, during which I made an excursion up the cañon; and it was to the fact that I was thinking it over that this article owes the embellishment given it by the photograph of Cream rock. From five o'clock to dark I led the mule here and there, tempting him to feed on the choicest morsels, and then gave him a little salt, which is a kind of moral suasion to a mule—the only kind, parenthetically, to which he is at all susceptible, unless it be a gatling-gun.

Next morning we tackled it. The only thing that saved us was Whitney's perception, as clearly evinced in every movement he made, in every breath he drew, that there was not grass enough in the whole of Fish Creek cañon to keep his ribs decently concealed a single week. Never did mule toil so before. He literally humped himself in his efforts to ascend. Every five minutes I gave him a rest of about ten. It was often necessary for him to rear up on his hind legs, hook his forefeet over the ledge above, and spring up. We reached the summit and got perhaps two miles on our journey before dark.

In spite of all which, Cream rock is one of the most beautiful faces of granite in the Sierra. Its resemblance to El Capitan

will be apparent from the photograph. The best of the wall surface of the cañon is therein shown. The valley itself is about half a mile wide, five or six miles long and in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a mile to a mile deep. The northern wall recedes rapidly.



PORTION OF THE SOUTH WALL OF THE GODDARD CREEK YOSEMITE. MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER. CRAGS, FOUR TO FIVE THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

Mono Creek cañon, of which I have treated in a very general way elsewhere, includes a very pretty little yosemite, the best parts of the walls of which are shown in the photograph. On the south the wall is nearly perpendicular in several places for about two thousand feet and exceedingly steep for perhaps fifteen hundred feet more. The valley floor is level, and as in the Yosemite, composed of meadow sward, sandy groves, and talus heaps overgrown with oak and manzanita. The rocks of the First Recess, which opens southward just above the valley, have a striking individuality. The granite is very pure and creamy in

appearance. Mount Hilgard, named in honor of Professor Hilgard of the University of California, stands at the head of this splendid side gorge.

Jackass Flat, on the main South fork of the San Joaquin, is Yosemite-like in its floor and in the character of part of the eastern wall. A fine bluff of rock in Lost valley, three miles farther up the river, is quite up to the El Capitan level of grandeur. In these valleys there is just enough resemblance to Yosemite occasionally to suggest it.

Leaving the San Joaquin, and crossing the divide to the King's river, we enter a region of cañons, gorges, and valleys, nowhere rivaled on the American continent, and perhaps in the world. The gorges and cañons I have spoken of in the preceding article. It remains only to say a word as to the occasional modifications of the forms of the gorges by which they are constituted yosemites.

On the 21st of July, 1895, Mr. Ernest C. Bonner and myself emerged from the Enchanted gorge and found ourselves in something very like a Garden of Eden. Making the last steep descent from the gorge, we stood on the edge of a wide floor carpeted with all the pretty grasses, small growth, and picturesque litter, of a stately grove.

In front of us, directly opposite the gorge mouth from which we had just emerged, was the Yosemite-like wall shown in the photograph, which, however, wholly fails to represent it. The rocky cañon of Goddard creek above, and its continuation below, our flat, confined this paradise on the east and west, while on the north, the opposite wall of the cañon, broken only by the narrow entrance of the gorge, rose black and terrible, at least four or five thousand feet into the clear air. It is in such a spot that the traveler may deceive himself with the image of Yosemite. Above and below, the walls are quite as



Mt. Gardner. University Peak.
 PORTION OF CAÑON OF SOUTH FORK OF KING'S RIVER.
 A—Glacier Monument at the Head of King's River Cañon, B—East Wall of Paradise Valley.

Mount King.

lofty and often as nearly vertical. Indeed, above, on the granitic, or south side, the wall is possibly much superior in sculpture and far loftier than in Yosemite, but unless at the base of this wall there are bits of valley floor, the likeness to Mariposa's Yosemite will not hold true. In our Paradise, as we called it,—and we lingered therefor hours, supplementing our contemplations by the achievement of a fine apple pie,—one need only fling himself on the sod of the meadow's edge, and the deception is complete. Rippling smoothly down its gravelly bed, caressed by bordering carices and banks of azalea, it seems to be indeed the Merced river that curves and glides through the rich, alluvial meadow. Bordering it are aromatic groves composed of many of the forest trees, the red fir, the Douglas spruce,—than which, perhaps, there is no conifer of so great beauty of foliage,—and the “ponderous” pine, standing well above the other trees, with here and there in sunnier spots, bright fleckings of flowering shrubs, and the warm tones of the peeled red bark of the cedars, standing and supine. Farther in the background, the rounded forms of the deciduous trees, the several species of oak, the maple, and laurel, rise on the lower terraces of the talus, the green and black of the oaks setting solidly among the lower growth of wild roses, raspberries (the beautiful *Rubus nutkanus*, not the thimble berry, which grows in the shade by the water), brake and manzanita,—these growing sparser on the rising talus, until, failing altogether, the naked slope sweeps, white and broken, four and five and six hundred feet to base of the cliffs. Then gray granite stretching upward, fractured and sculptured like true Yosemite cliffs, with deep, vertical gorges, scoured by torrent and avalanche; dark, horizontal lines of shrub-grown cracks, and terraces, so high above that the great trees they bear seem

to be the inch-long toys that children play with. Finally, turrets and crags like the Cathedral rocks, the Three Brothers, and the Sentinel. Nowhere in this paradise a marring track, except those sly, hidden paths the wild creatures make; not even an abrasion of a tree trunk; not the sign, anywhere, of a human being.

It is through much the same sort of a gorge as that of Goddard creek that the upper south fork of the King's speeds its longcourse toward the King's River cañon. There are several little Yosemite-like expansions of this gorge, of which Paradise valley, a few miles above the great cañon, is perhaps the most perfect. It is said by Professor Bolton-Coit Brown, of Stanford, to have very high, bare, granite walls and a spacious floor which, however, has been greatly spoiled by sheep. The photograph reproduced on page 75 shows a section of the cañon, nearly to the head of the stream, though the lower part of the trench is hidden from view. Above the section shown the wall continues Yosemite-like and there is probably a fine little valley there. The similarity of the sculptured wall surfaces lettered A and B is very significant. A is Glacier

Monument of the King's River cañon, B is the east wall of Paradise valley.

Of Bubbs Creek cañon I have obtained only distant views, but from photographs and descriptions furnished by Mr. J. N. Le Conte, who has explored the tributaries of Bubbs creek very thoroughly, it appears certain that the Yosemite type is represented in several parts of this splendid cañon. Many of its visitors agree in pronouncing the scenery superior to that of the King's River cañon.

Some of these Yosemitees are easily reached by well worn sheep trails; others are approached by less used or by rougher paths; and others still, among them the cañon below the Notches, the Goddard Creek yosemite and those of the upper South fork of the King's river, are at present so difficult of access that many many years are destined to pass before they shall become the objective points of regular tourist travel. In the case of the King's River cañon, Bubbs's creek, and Tehipite valley, there is reason to hope that before very long they will divide honors with Yosemite and share equally the attention of campers and sightseers.

Theodore S. Solomons.





HIGH TRESTLE, FLUME OF THE BUNKER HILL MINE, KLAMATH RIVER.

MILLIONS IN GOLD.

SISKIYOU AND ITS WEALTH. I.—HISTORICAL.

IN A bleak November day in 1851 a company of brave pioneers, plowing their way through a drenching rain, disheartened by their many hardships, unnerved by their long journey over rugged mountains and

through muddy valleys, set their camp on the edge of a small basin hemmed in by wooded hills. On that dreary November night this little group of pilgrims, whose thoughts wandered back to their homes in the far east, ate their evening meal in silence and made their beds as best they could with their disagreeable surroundings.

After weeks of weary toil and exposure, weeks that had tried the patience and manhood of every member of their party, they went to rest without one ray of hope for the morrow. The hand of fate had beckoned them on and on, until now they had reached a period when the future seemed to hold for them only failure and further hardships. All night long the sky was strewn with filmy clouds, through which a wet moon shone, and as the dismal wind howled through the little valley below them, with its weird, comfortless moaning, these sturdy men drew their blankets closer about them and tried to dream of the loved ones they had left to seek a fortune on the shores of the Pacific.

As the cloud which is darkest is the first to show a silver lining, so with the coming of the morn of the 5th of Novem-





YREKA, COUNTY SEAT OF SISKIYOU.

Photo by C. A. Lare.

ber in 1851, the snowy sides of old Mount Shasta gleamed in the bright sunshine, for the first time in two weeks, and our ten prospectors rubbed their eyes upon awakening, fearing that the dazzling scene spread before their gaze might still be a portion of their dreams. For miles around, the lofty mountains with their evergreen trees freshened by the heavy rains, stood out in bold relief, while towering high above them all with its imperial head rearing itself in majesty, the splendor of Shasta was seen in all its magnificent grandeur. What soul so dead to the beauties of nature as not to feel new life surrounded by such noble works of God? And so the withering hopes of our pioneers took in new life, their drooping spirits were revived, and they set about the preparation of their breakfast with lighter hearts. The rainbow of promise had again crossed the western horizon.

The youngest member of the party was a man perhaps thirty years of age who had left a newly-wedded wife in one of

the Eastern States, and the long journey which had as yet resulted in nothing, weighed upon him heavier than on his companions. At all times restless, he appeared more so on this bright morning and in his nervousness he pulled a couple of bunches of grass, which surrounded the camp in abundance, scattering the earth from about the roots upon the blankets of his neighbor, who, much disgusted, proceeded to shake them clear of the mud. A gleam caught the eye of the owner of the blanket, and kneeling, he took a handful of the earth and carefully examined it. An exclamation of joy, and he stood before his startled companions like a man in some terrible dream. There, mixed in the handful of earth, were the glittering grains of gold which told this weary band of pilgrims that their days of search were over. The bacon grew cold in the pan, the "sinkers" were left untouched, and all day long these men, intoxicated with success, toiled until the shadows creeping down the side of Humboldt mountain

reminded them that the day had gone. It was a merrier crowd that gathered around the campfire that night and the shouts of laughter and joy as tales of by-gone days were told testified to the light hearts of the men who had discovered the first gold in Siskiyou.

Siskiyou county is over sixty miles wide and about one hundred and fifty miles long, covering about 4,000,000 acres, nearly as large as Massachusetts. Nearly one million acres are covered with valuable timber, and there are some 200,000 acres of fertile agricultural land in this large county. There are also fine mountain and valley ranges for stock raising, most of them in the eastern part of the county, bordering on Modoc county and southeastern Oregon. A large portion of Siskiyou is interspersed with high, rugged mountains, deep cañons, and barren tablelands. Mount Shasta, one of the highest mountains, and perhaps the most beautiful, in the United States, is situated in the southwestern part of the county, towering 14,444 feet above the level of the sea.



HIGH SCHOOL, YREKA.

All the upper branches of the Sacramento river, known as the main Sacramento, Fall, Pitt, and McCloud rivers, with their tributaries rise in Siskiyou east of Mount Shasta, while from the west runs Shasta river, emptying into the Klamath. Siskiyou at first comprised what is now Modoc county, extending to the Nevada line, and it was then the largest county in the State.

Siskiyou is well adapted for successful



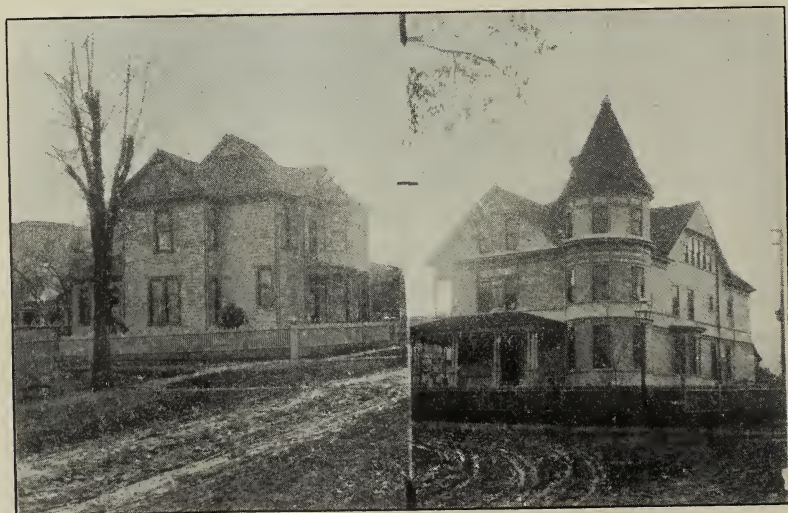
STREET SCENE IN YREKA. STAGE LEAVING FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL FOR FORT JONES AND ETNA.



mining operations, thousands of acres of good mineral land being still vacant and open to location. For years mining was conducted on a small scale, and it has been only in the past few years that capital has been gradually invested and the result is shown in the largely increased production of gold, the output of Siskiyou last year having been about one million dollars. During the present year, 1896, about three hundred thousand dollars have been invested in the gold mines of Siski-

you, and some of the most extensive plants in California are now in operation.

Since the railroad entered the county the growth in population and wealth has been phenomenal, the population having increased from eight thousand to nearly fifteen thousand, while the assessed valuation of property has more than doubled; the last assessment was over nine million dollars. The future of this country is certainly as bright as any in the State, for



HOMES OF YREKA.



GLIMPSES OF MINER STREET, YREKA.

Miner's Home, Henry Koester,
Churchill's Drug Store,

Wetzel's Block—Bee Hive, Paschburg's, and Clift's
lunker's, Brinzer's, and J. H. Wadsworth's.

it has varied resources, many of which are almost wholly undeveloped.

As the story of the discovery of gold by the prospectors on what are now known as the famous Yreka flats, where many a man found a fortune, spread over the

later changed to Ieka, an Indian name meaning Mount Shasta. The name of the place, through the forgetfulness of an assemblyman from this district, was inserted in an act before the Legislature as "Yreka," that being as near as the legis-



THE PACKING HOUSE OF J. H. WADSWORTH, YREKA.

State, enlarged as it passed from lip to lip, a rush was made for Siskiyou, and in the little valley on the edge of which the pioneer camp was pitched a town sprung up, which was first known as Shasta Butte city. The name of this little town was

latter could come to the Indian name, and so the town has since been known. It is the largest town in Siskiyou, and during its more than forty years has been the scene of many wild and exciting experiences.



The new mining camp grew in population until in a few years it contained more than five thousand inhabitants. The buildings, as in the greater number of mining camps, were irregularly constructed, with narrow streets, the main street, leading to the Yreka flats and familiarly known as Miner street, still bearing traces of this irregularity. With many characteristics of a mining camp, this little town nestling among

the hills of Siskiyou possesses a natural beauty that endears it to its inhabitants until they feel that there is no place like Yreka. The flats where the gold was first discovered have now been worked out and are covered with shafts, tunnels, and prospect holes. The town itself has settled down to a place of some two thousand inhabitants, with numerous substantial business



VIEWS OF THE WESTERN END OF MINER STREET, YREKA.
Home of Yreka Journal.
Walker-Avery Drug Co.



THE OLD STAGE CORNER, YREKA.

houses and beautiful residences, becoming the principal town of a county larger than some States. Once only, in 1871, was the place visited by a disastrous fire, and at that time was all but destroyed. It was soon rebuilt in a more substantial manner.

When the Southern Pacific railroad extended its line northward from Redding, Yreka was left to one side about six miles. With commendable pluck the citizens set about forming a joint stock company for the purpose of building a railroad of their own to connect with the main line, and

the little engine can now be seen making its daily trips over the hill east of town to connect with the Southern Pacific line at Montague. Nearly every property owner in the town owns stock in this little road and takes a pride in the fact that each year since it has been built it has more than paid running expenses.

Yreka has three churches, Episcopal, Catholic, and Methodist, a free public library, a cozy theater, three hotels, and other attractions that testify to the soundness of the place.

The court house in course of construction is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be unsurpassed in its architectural beauty by any public building in the State. For years this town was the home station of the California and Oregon and Idaho stage line. The majority of the residents yet remember the long rough rides over the mountains, when the railway terminus was at Red Bluff on the south and Roseburg on the north. Those were the days when the road agents often reaped a harvest, and the dust of



THE BEE HIVE, A YREKA DEPARTMENT STORE.



SISKIYOU COUNTY BANK AND CLARENDON HOTEL.

many an honest miner went to fill the coffers of Black Bart or some highwayman equally bold. Hawkinsville, two miles from Yreka, once a busy town around which were many rich claims, has relapsed into a quiet little village. There

is a mine of some importance located near here, however, and with the improvement in methods of mining, the town may one day awake from its slumbers and again be the bustling camp of the fifties.

It soon became evident to the numerous



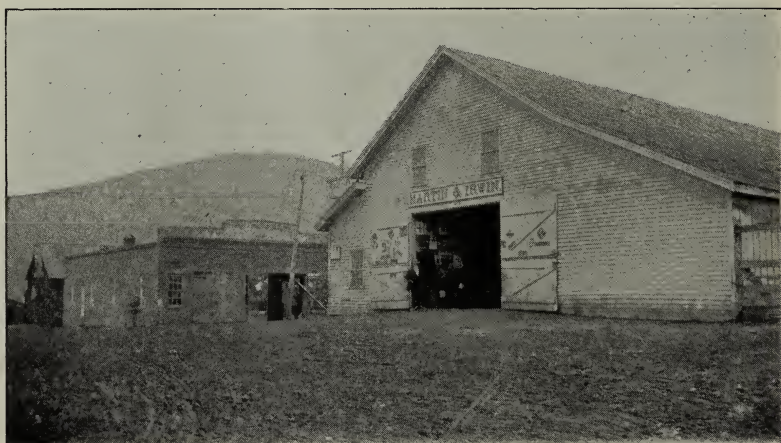
LOOKING EAST ON MINER STREET FROM FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL.
Maurice Renner's and the Engine House.



A BUSINESS CORNER OF YREKA.
Walbridge & Carr Mercantile Company.

miners who had been led to Yreka by the exaggerated stories about the wealth of the flats that they would soon work out, and so prospectors began to start out in every direction, and as story after story came back regarding their rich strikes, it was not long before every little stream in the western part of the county was teeming with miners carrying a pick, shovel, and pan, seeking their fortune. Down

the treacherous Klamath, which rushes in its mad course through great gorges and over immense bowlders, they found their way, and at first began mining on a small scale, gradually enlarging their methods until now along this turbulent stream more than a dozen river claims can be found in operation, with immense wheels at work hoisting the gravel from the bed of the river, which has been turned from its



YREKA'S WAGON FACTORY AND PRINCIPAL STABLES.
Nehrbass & Harmon and Martin & Irwin.

course by expensive wingdamming. The latest method for mining this stream is with an immense dredger that scoops the gravel from the bed of the river and deposits it in the sluices. This stream has without a doubt the richest deposits of gold of any in the State. During the past year two large companies have purchased claims on this river, and are now operating with expensive plants. All along the river small mining camps are found, all of which have reminiscences both interesting and exciting. Among the principal camps are Oak Bar, Hamburg Bar, Thompson Creek, and Happy Camp, the latter being the home of the jolly Martin Cuddahy, who is known throughout the State. Happy Camp is the terminus of the wagon road from Fort Jones, and is a supply point for miners located on the Klamath river. Some fourteen miles below is the Bunker Hill mine,

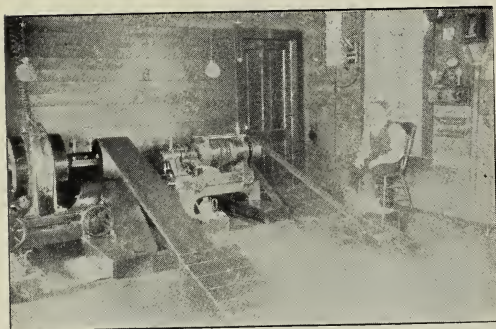


HAWKINSVILLE.

which promises again to become one of the greatest producers of the country. On Scott river the little town of Scott Bar is situated only a short distance from where the Scott and the Klamath join. It is one of the most prosperous mining towns in the county. The greatest drawback to the country along the Klamath and Scott rivers is the miserable condition of the roads, and the citizens of this county will welcome a law that will com-



WATER POWER DITCH OF THE YREKA ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT.



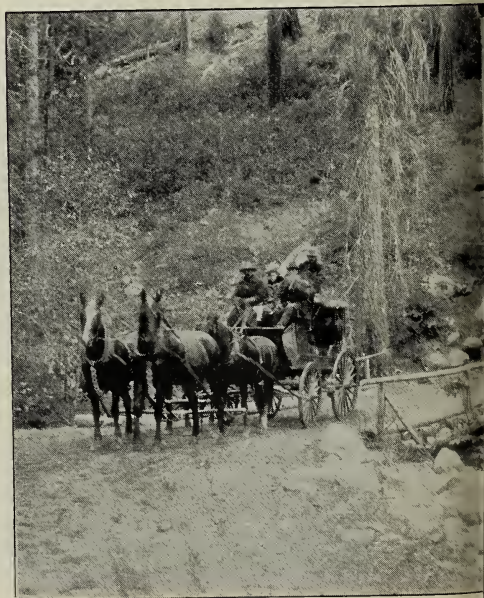
TWO VIEWS OF YREKA LIGHT WORKS ON SHASTA RIVER.

pel the keeping of the county highways fit for travel with some comfort, at least the greater part of the year.

Quartz valley and Oro Fino adjoin Scott valley, and are among the most notable mining sections of the county. At Oro Fino a number of large hydraulic mines are in operation whenever there is sufficient water to run the giants, which is usually from January to July of each year.

At the head of the rich and fertile Scott valley, where the farming and dairying industry has been enlarging from year to year, the picturesque little town of Fort Jones is situated. It was formerly an In-

dian fort, but was abandoned years ago and is now a prosperous little town of five or six hundred inhabitants. A bank, several stores, and numerous other business enterprises, speak for the condition of the town, which is surrounded by a large number of industrious and successful farmers.



HARRIS'S STAGE ON SALMON MOUNTAIN.



THE JULIEN RANCH IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT SHASTA.



JULIEN RANCH CATTLE.

Twelve miles south of Fort Jones the old town of Rough and Ready, now known as Etna Mills, is situated in the shadow of the Salmon mountain. This town to a great extent is fed by the rich mining section in the Salmon River country. It has made rapid strides during the past few years and is destined to be one of the most prosperous cities in the northern part of California. About a year ago a

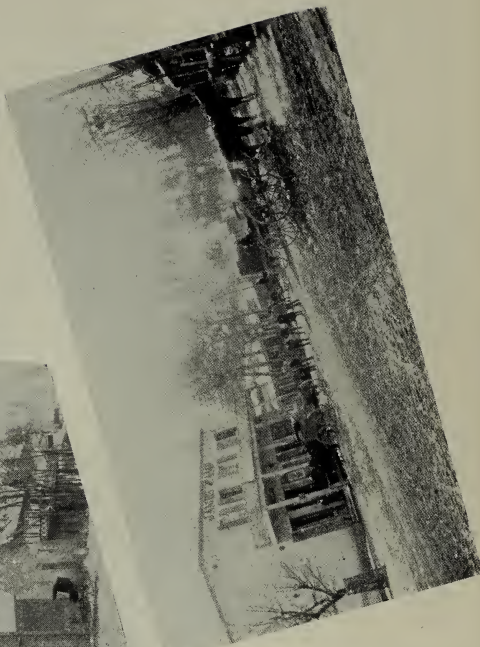
disastrous fire visited the town, and a large portion of the business section was destroyed, but it has since been rebuilt with modern and substantial brick buildings. Under the direction of the Etna Development Company numerous improvements are under consideration, among them being the introduction of an electric light plant and a city water works. Six miles from Etna is the flourishing little



COLONEL STONE'S STAGE, YREKA MOUNTAIN.



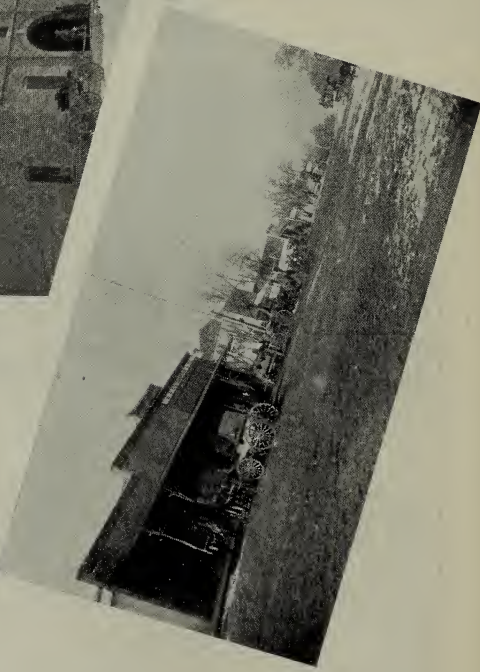
WESTERN HOTEL, FORT JONES.
MAIN STREET LOOKING NORTH, FORT JONES.
FORT JONES.



Kunz & Dudley's
James Camp's



FORT JONES.
A. A. Beem's Stables



Bank of A. B. Carlock
E. L. Reichman & Company





THE FERTILE FIELDS OF SCOTT VALLEY.

town of Callahans, where much is being done in developing mines. It is an important supply point for a portion of Scott valley.

Over the Salmon mountain the little town of Sawyers Bar is perhaps more like the old mining camps of '49 than any place in Siskiyou. It has only been within the past few years that a wagon road has been built into that country, all the provisions and supplies having been carried by pack trains, and even now the same trains are making their regular trips over the mountains to points south of Sawyers Bar. Fourteen miles below this mining camp, and reached only by the "county trail," is the little town called Forks of Salmon, the home of that sturdy old pioneer, William P. Bennett. His placer mining interests are probably the largest of any single owner in Siskiyou. It is in this district also that the famous Black Bear, Gold Run, Salmon River, Gold Ball, and other producing mines, are located. These will be described in a later article on the mining operations in Siski-

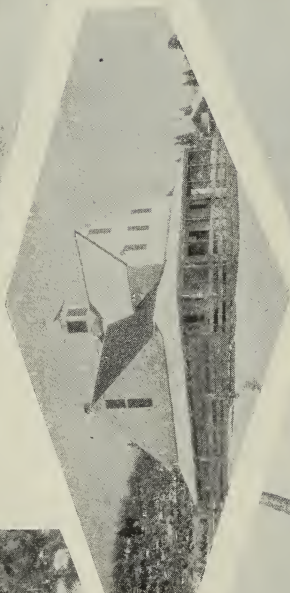
you. All eyes are turned towards the Salmon River country as that is where the rich strikes in the future are looked for.

The business interests of this country are widening every year and not a village in the county can complain that it does not receive its share of the profit. Merchants are extending their business to all sections of the county, and great teams drawn by six and eight horses are daily encountered on the mountains, loaded with freight for the miners and farmers.

Reminiscences of the famous Modoc war, which occurred in Siskiyou county in the fall and winter of 1872 and spring of 1873, are still recalled around the hearthstone of many a family in Northern California, and a marble slab in the little cemetery on the hillside surrounded by the waving pines marks the resting place of the brave hearts that perished through the perfidy of Indians even more treacherous than the bloodthirsty Apaches. The story of this tribe, which in 1872 roamed over the eastern valleys of



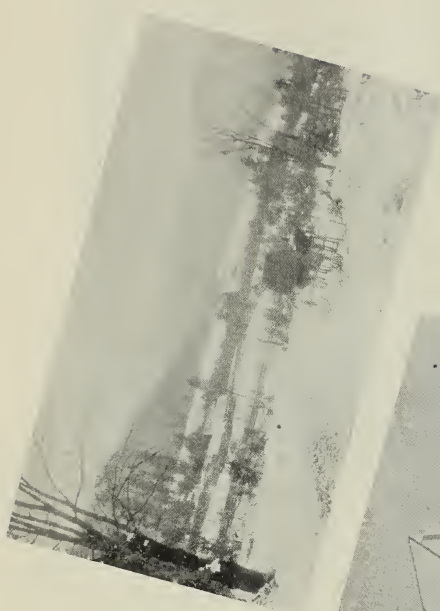
Lewis Mill
Lewis Quartz Mine



QUARTZ VALLEY, NEAR FORT JONES.
Siskiyou Creamery, Scott Valley



Quartz Valley
Erno Stamp Mill and Mine





ETNA.

Siskiyou, plundering the farms, and murdering the settlers and their families, will go down in history as the most ungrateful and treacherous warfare ever waged upon the whites on the Pacific Coast. The first treaty with the Modoc tribe was made by the people of Yreka in 1856, through Judge A. M. Rosborough and with the old chief of the Modocs, "Schonches," and it is to the credit of the old Indian that until his death he did all in his power to compel his people to live up to the provisions of that treaty. On the 14th of October, 1864, a treaty was made at Klamath Lake, Oregon, be-

tween commissioners on the part of the United States and the chiefs and the head men of the Modoc and Klamath Indians, by the terms of which those tribes ceded to the United States all their title to certain lands, and agreed to move upon what was known as the Klamath reservation. After a few amendments the treaty was finally proclaimed by the President of the United States on February 17th, 1870.

The old chief Schonches and more than half of his tribe immediately moved upon the reservation, but a band of about two hundred, under the leadership of



MAIN STREET AND ETNA HOTEL, ETNA.



THE ETNA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S DAM.

Captain Jack, Black Jim, and Scarfaced Charley, three reckless and lawless leaders, persistently refused to go upon the reservation in accordance with the treaty, but roamed about the country levying blackmail upon the settlers, demanding whatever they wanted, for the use of what they termed their lands. These acts finally became unbearable, and it was determined by the government that their insubordination and defiance should no longer be tolerated. Accordingly upon the recommendation of the Indian commissioners an order was issued to have Captain Jack's band moved upon the Klamath reservation, peaceably if possible, but forcibly if necessary. On

the 25th of November in 1872, a messenger was dispatched to Captain Jack to make an appointment to meet the commissioners, but the lawless chief returned word that his friends were white men in Yreka city and that, "No white man tell me what I do. I no go upon reservation. I done with talking."

Knowing that the Indians meant what they said, the commissioners turned the matter over to the military with the instructions that no blood be shed if it were possible to avoid it, and that not a gun should be fired unless the Indians fired first. Captain Jackson, in command of the troops, left Fort Klamath at noon on the 28th day of November and marched

until he reached the Modoc camp at seven o'clock the following morning. He at once called upon the head men to come out of the tents and talk with him. Scarfaced Charley was the only one to make his appearance, whom Captain Jackson assured that he did not come to fight but to ask the Indians to go upon the reservation. He told them further that ample provisions would be furnished them at Camp Yainox, and that they should be fully protected in all their rights.

After talking for about an hour, Scarfaced Charley finally said that they would not go upon the reservation, and at the same time remarked that he would "kill an officer anyway,"—and he shot several holes through the coat sleeve of Lieutenant Boutelle, whereupon Captain Jackson shot at Charley, and a general fight ensued.

This was the opening of one of the

most heartless wars on the part of an Indian tribe ever recorded. In conversation with Judge Rosborough Scarfaced Charley afterwards said that he did not fire the shot at the officer, but another Indian discharged his gun accidentally. Immediately after this first battle messengers were dispatched to notify the settlers, but the work was poorly done; a large number met with a horrible fate at the hands of the treacherous Modocs. The leaders of the Modoc war were ten in number and were the most heartless and brutal of their tribe. The famous Captain Jack was chief of the band and was second in the nation, old Schonches then being on the Yainox reservation. The old chief was very aged and Jack was the real head of the nation. He was described as having a sharp, aquiline nose, high, broad forehead, and was in every respect a typical Indian warrior and like-



THE ETNA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S FLUME, NEAR ETNA.



MAIN STREET, ETNA.

Business Buildings of Denny Bar Parker Company, Joseph Stevens, O. Wilsey, and A. Mani.

wise a man of remarkable mental power. He said he would never surrender, as the Modocs had never been vanquished by either their white or red foes. "Schonches John," a brother of the old chief, was a sharp, wily man, said to be great in council, and was renowned as a warrior, having always been a determined foe to the whites. "Black Jim," "Curly-Headed Doctor," "Shack Nasty

Jim," "Bogus Charley," "Young Schonches," "Scarfaced Charley," "Ellen's Man," and "Hooka Jim," completed the list, all as treacherous as any redmen that ever roamed the hills of America. Hooka Jim was perhaps the most brutal of the lot, and had more butcheries laid at his door than any other. Even the Indians themselves looked upon him as a bad man.



PACK TRAIN CROSSING SALMON MOUNTAIN FROM ETNA.



CARRYING THE MAIL ACROSS SALMON MOUNTAIN.

Captain Jack and his two hundred braves retreated to the Lava Beds, and here for several weeks the wily Indians parleyed with the commissioners until it became too evident that some deviltry was on foot. Rosborough, who had been appointed as one of the commissioners, had

several consultations with Captain Jack and his men, but they all resulted in nothing and an ultimatum was sent that the Indians must fight or surrender. The Lava Beds were an ideal natural fortress, and it was a perilous undertaking to conquer this handful of rebellious Indians.



CALLAHANS.



STREET SCENE, CALLAHANS.
Denny Bar Parker Co.

A few small battles had been fought with the Modocs up to this time, but few of the soldiers or Indians had been killed, the majority of the sufferers having been the defenseless settlers. "Tobe," a Modoc squaw who had married a white man named Riddle, was friendly to the whites and told them how she had heard Captain Jack and his followers planning to assassinate the peace commissioners,

then composed of Meacham, General Canby, Dyar, Thomas, and Rosborough. Most of the commissioners placed no faith in what Tobe told them. The Indians had for a long time been trying to get the commissioners to meet them for consultation when all the commissioners were present. On the 11th day of April, 1873, an appointment was made with the Modocs for the commissioners to meet them, General Canby, Doctor Thomas, Meacham, and Dyar, attending the meeting. Rosborough was in Shasta county holding court. Riddle and his wife Tobe went along as interpreters.

The commission found in the Lava Beds, where the place of meeting was agreed upon, about eight Indians to talk the matter over. The Indians asked the commissioners to go a mile further, and in the face of warnings from Riddle and his wife, who told them that treachery was in the air, they complied and followed Boston and Bogus Charley.



SCOTT BAR.



TOWN HALL, SCOTT BAR.

They found on the ground near Captain Jack's cave, sitting carelessly about, Captain Jack and seven of his followers. After talking for perhaps fifteen minutes, Jack stepped up to General Canby, saying, "Hetuck,"—meaning, "Already,"—and snapped his pistol at his head. The cap missed fire, but the treacherous red devil quickly snapped it again, and brave General Canby, loved by all his

soldiers, fell dead with a bullet through his brain. Schonches John shot Meacham, who was badly but not fatally wounded. Another killed Doctor Thomas, while Commissioner Dyar when the first shot was fired jumped and ran, and escaped.

The dread cry went through the military camp, a short distance away, that the commissioners had been attacked, and immediately the soldiers formed to



THE LARGEST GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORES IN THE SCOTT BAR AND KLAMATH RIVER COUNTRY,
A. & C. SIMON.



HAMBURG BAR.

sweep the Lava Beds, anxious to be led against the treacherous devils.

A sad sight greeted their eyes when they reached the place. First, they found Meacham, able to speak but a horrible looking sight. Next they came to the body of Thomas, shot, and stripped to the waist, but not disfigured. A little further on they came to the body of the brave General Canby, shot through the head and stripped naked. The Modocs from that moment were hunted down like beasts.

The Modocs managed to reach the famous Captain Jack's cave, and here they defied the soldiers. The troops were finally compelled to shell the caves and deep crevices in the lava beds, and finally drove the Indians out, but not until many soldiers had lost their lives. Finally, on June 2d, 1873, after months of desperate fighting, Captain Jack, Schonches John, and the other Modocs, surrendered. The services which the band of Warm Spring Indians from Oregon

rendered the soldiers did more than anything else to effect the capture of the redskins. Captain Jack, Black Jim, Boston Charley, and Schonches John, were tried by a military court at Fort Klamath, and were hanged, while the remainder of the Modocs taking part in the war were sent to the Indian Territory.

This northern county with its rugged mountains and fertile valleys has passed through many exciting scenes, recorded only in the hearts of her aged inhabitants. It will not be long until the pioneers who took an active part in this early history will have passed away, and the stories of pioneer life will then lose one half their charm. But future generations will reap the benefit of the years of weary toil and hardships passed in shaping this vast section of the Golden State, an empire within itself.¹

Robert J. Nixon.

¹All the photographs reproduced in this article and in its continuation in next month's issue, which will be specially devoted to the mines of Siskiyou, are by C. A. Lare of Etna.



Wash by Boeringer after Morelli.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY.

GREAT sound is echoing through the trembling air,
 And shadowy wings are hovering everywhere.
 A wondering girl holds fast a child, God given,
 O'er slumbering Bethlehem the clouds are riven.

The day awakes. O day of days, thy glory dawns!
 And flaming, pales the light of other morns.
 Whilst through the illumined arches of the sky,
 The sweep of wings like heavenly breaths come nigh.

In piercé wall a low-browed door is set,
 And high within the springing arches let
 The fitful firelight play among their shades,
 Deep in their somber depths it pales and fades.

In recessed stall, lo! a rude bed is spread.
 Here, too the friendly sweet-breathed cattle fed,
 And here, O Virgin chosen of the skies,
 On thy white breast the hope of nations lies!

The mother light is burning in her holy face.
 Like a white flame, it lighteth all the place.
 Resting upon her boy a crown of fire;
 The whiles that wondrous song is chanted nigher!

Ah gentle girl, so fair, so strange to see!
 A world has waited, agonized for thee!
 Lift thy sweet boy, high lift him o'er thy head
 By his pink hand its kingdom shall be led.

Harriet Winthrop Waring.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: May it be known that the OVERLAND MONTHLY is and always has been an open forum, in which all religions, societies, parties, and fraternities, have equal rights. No one is excluded save the reviler of God and the defamer of our country, and no one is favored for partisan or sectarian reasons.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

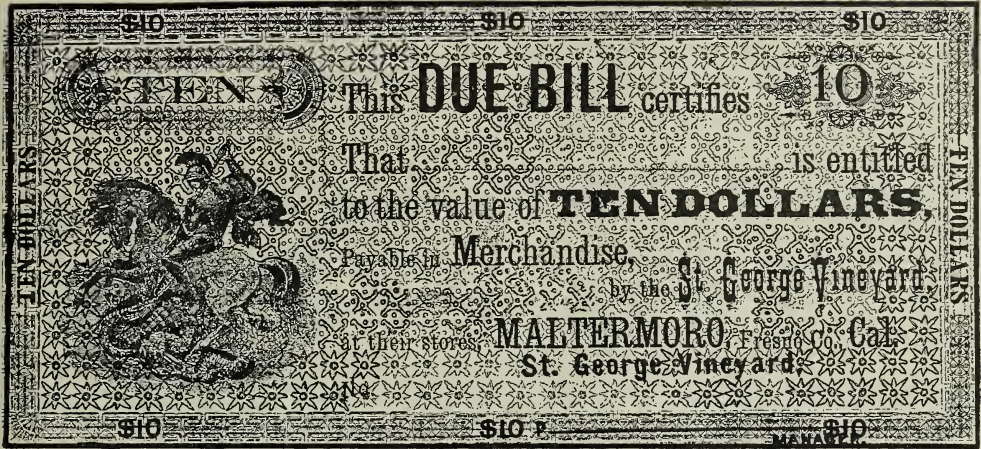
Editor and Manager.

**Charter Making
in
San Francisco.**

THE OVERLAND supported and did what it could to favor the adoption of the late "New" Charter. We think we can confess this much without being branded as "partisan," and moreover the writer is relieved that it did not carry. The statements are paradoxical but possible of explanation. Anything is better than the charter we are now living under. None at all is just as good. It is all powerful and yet has no power whatever. The election of city officials is a perfect farce when the party bosses pick out the delegates to nominating conventions and instruct the delegates to vote for the men they name. The citizens go to the polls, they vote for Democrat, Republican, or Independent, according to their party affiliations, but they always vote for the creature of some boss. If the intelligent voter would attend the nominating conventions of his party, even as a spectator, every two years, he would soon find out how little his vote at the polls really amounts to, and his idea of the power of the ballot in American government would be sadly shattered. However, it is useless to "kick against the pricks," and the man who has made a study of the situation and tries to warn his friends is put down as a "reformer" and a crank. The people will not take an intelligent interest in politics, and yet they grumble because they are mismanaged.

The passage of the late New Charter would have destroyed in a great measure the power of the bosses, but it would have done great injustice to the corporations. The boss strives to cover his own doings by arraying the voters against the corporations. It is an old, old political trick, and one that is always successful. When safely in power the boss at once makes friends with the corporations until the next election. Then a lot of soreheads howl that the wicked corporations have bought the Supervisors, the Assessor, the Tax Collector, and the Mayor, never pausing to think in their self-righteousness that they themselves are to blame—that they have given their consent to laws that must breed corruption rather than protect life and property. Those are not sounding phrases, they are cold facts. Corporations must live and they have the same rights as the humblest individual. As long as the voter refuses to give the same painstaking study to the subject of municipal government that he does to his own business, and as long as our charter-makers refuse to take advantage of the experience of the older countries in city government, then the OVERLAND is in favor of formulating a charter once a year, of discussing and picking it to pieces, of voting on it and defeating it, until a charter shall be made that will be fair to all concerned, one that has been tried and found satisfactory by other cities in this country and abroad, that will do away with the boss and at the same time protect capital, guarantee economy, and place a premium on honesty.

All this is possible and has been done in England and Germany. We are quick enough to imitate England in clothes and manners, and accept her decisions on questions of finance, why not give a little attention to the fruits of her riper experience in the government of municipalities? We are a hundred years behind her in this, and instead of taking advantage of her wisdom, we go groping along in the dark. Let our coming charter-makers read Doctor Stallard's article in this number of the OVERLAND.



An Elastic Currency.

THE St. George Vineyard, at Maltermoro, in Fresno county, is notable for several things aside from its wine,—of which, of course, no opinion is here pronounced. One of these things is that it claims to possess the largest wine vat in the world, holding 79,000 gallons, or nearly twice the 49,000 gallons of the world famous Great Tun of Heidelberg.

But the matter that we wish to speak of here is the method it used to overcome a local money stringency during the last grape harvest. The idea is not new, having been used in the great haciendas of Mexico for many years and in other places, but it is new in its local application to conditions in this State, and so worth noticing. The manager, Mr. W. Gesner Allan, writes:—

Enclosed you will find sample copies of our due bills which were issued last year to enable us to cope with an unexpected financial stringency caused by the extremely high rate of interest demanded by the banks for money. We had plenty of sound, merchantable wine in the cellars to use as a basis of credit, and in order to get money enough to handle the grape crop of this neighborhood, we issued about \$10,000.00 worth of our own paper, payable, as you will observe, in merchandise. In this manner we were able to handle over two thousand tons of grapes which otherwise would have rotted on the vines, as at that time there was no other market for them. Notes were not issued to employees for labor; all our labor bills are paid in cash as we believe that labor should be the first charge over everything. The notes were issued to men who had grapes to sell. We wanted to buy grapes but we had no money, so we issued due bills which were just as good to the men as cash, for the reason that they were redeemable in groceries at any time, and the men of course had to eat. All grape men paid their Japs for picking by means of these due bills and the Japs in turn

paid their grocery bills by means of these due bills, so that they really became a sort of a circulating medium. All the notes issued have long since been retired.

This is by no means a new idea in finance, it is the old Hierarchical system, it is the system by which the Russian government is now building its trans-Siberian railroad and is the system which, if adopted in the United States, would obviate all possibilities of many of our financial calamities.

Preserve the Missions.

Looking at it from a purely artistic and architectural standpoint the Missions should certainly be preserved. There is no other style of architecture so fitting in a Californian landscape. The tile roof and the adobe, the blue sky, the palms, and the roses, are the natural product of the climate and surrounding conditions.

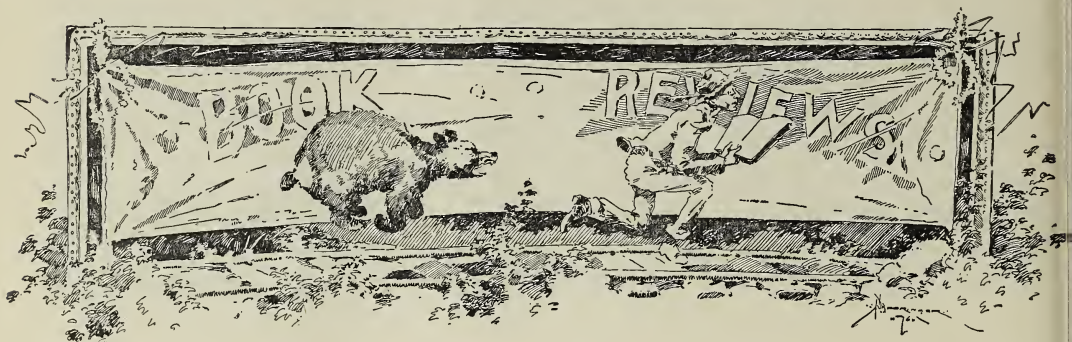
The gingerbread buildings of our summer and winter resorts do not fit our landscape. The old ramshackle building, once the Cliff house, was infinitely more fit in its place than the present structure. In the Yosemite, the Stoneman house was always a feeble and annoying discord in the surrounding harmony of Nature. It was like the shrill chirp of some social *baignoire* bud in interruption of a grand concert.

This appeal is made from a purely disinterested standpoint, and of course it will meet with opposition from those who desire the destruction of the Missions through the rabid sentiment that finds expression against everything and anything that smacks of Jesuitry. Those that measure the success or failure of any great movement by sixty years of existence, suddenly terminated by the infusion of purely worldly sentiments,—the romance of barter and sale,—will always cry aloud for the destruction of the Mis-

sion buildings and the destruction of Mission sentiments. The lover of the beautiful, however, will sigh for a Mission renaissance and as

certainly will the renaissance be an accomplished fact; for that which is good and beautiful can never be destroyed.

P. N. Boeringer.



The Country of the Pointed Firs.¹

MRS. JEWETT'S last book is as good as the rest cure. After living with her among the old fashioned, easy-going fisher-folk of a little Maine village through two hundred pages, one is ready to go back to the bustle of the city thankful for even so short a vacation. There is no attempt at a story in the work. The tale runs along in a rambling sort of a way, halting from time to time to make the acquaintance of a new friend or digressing to take a short excursion among the sunny islands that line the coast. There are bits of gossip, amusing and pathetic; life histories told in a sentence, glimpses of lovemaking and funerals, and peeps in upon family skeletons. The book is enjoyable from cover to cover, and will find a place for itself in many hearts.

Balzac's Fame and Sorrow.²

ANY one of the six stories in *Fame and Sorrow* contains fire and incident enough to fill a three hundred page modern novel. Every one of the tales contains an episode that contains possibilities of a story of twice its length. The first in the collection under review is really a condensed novel and it has all the machinery, all the interest, all the detail, of a long story. *Fame and Sorrow*, *Colonel Chabert*, *The Atheist's Mass*, *La Grande Breteche*, *The Purse*, and *La Grenadiere*, are all masterpieces of the novelist's art and student's insight.

The book is translated by Mrs. Wormely, and is uniform with the Roberts Brothers Edition.

¹The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

²Fame and Sorrow. By Honoré De Balzac. Boston. Roberts Brothers.

Henry James's Last Novel.³

The Other House is so little like "Daisy Miller" that one would never have ascribed it to the same author. In it Mr. James has sacrificed interest to literary finish and its readers feel its unreality from start to finish. It reminds one of a play on the stage and as such it would make a hit. Its sentiment, passion, and climax, are the incidents of a stage plot. Moreover, its life is the life of its conversations. In fact it is nothing more than a bundle of clever talk between a lot of clever people.

Rose Armiger, the pretty villain, is a bit too artificial to command either the admiration or the hatred of the reader, while the character of Tony Bream is far too weak to make anyone but James's heroines fall in love with him. Withal the story is bright, light, and artistic, which is a sufficient excuse for its perusal.

Mosher's Dainty Classics.⁴

THE name of Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, has in the last two years become world wide famous as a publisher of dainty booklets. In the past we have repeatedly called attention, editorially and otherwise, to the class and quality of his books. They are all so petite and charming that one really needs to see them fully to appreciate. To his "Old World Series" he has added *The Kasidah of Hagi Abdu El-Tezdi*, which will, without doubt eventually rank next after Fitz Gerald's "Rubaiyat," and De Nerval's *Sylvie: Souvenirs Du Valois*, which Andrew Lang calls

³The Other House. By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by The Emporium Book Department.

⁴Thomas B. Mosher, Publisher. Portland, Maine.

"one of the little masterpieces of the world." The publisher has commenced "The Brocade Series" with Walter Pater's *The Child in the House*, Richard Jefferies' *The Pageant of Summer*, and the translation by William Morris of *The Story of Armis and Amile*.

All of these works are classics, little known to the general reading public, hence the privilege of perusing them in the exquisite dress Mr. Mosher has given them will be doubly appreciated. In addition to their tasteful binding and letter press, they are daintily wrapped and sealed and enclosed in beautiful little boxes, covered with a watered silk end-paper of exquisite design. They are just the thing for a dainty holiday present.

The Poetry of Pope.¹

NO STUDENT of poetry can afford to neglect Pope. One may not go so far as Lord Byron did in praise, but the praise, so far as it goes, must be unqualified. The fact that he is still studied and read is the strongest proof of his greatness. There have been many editions of his poetical works. The present, which is practically a reprint of the Globe edition with the correction of a number of obvious misprints and with a few notable additions, can scarcely fail to become the standard. It contains interesting reprints of "the Rape of the Lock," and "the Dunciad," from the first editions, most valuable for comparison; it also has an index of first lines which will be a convenience not found in other editions.

Doctor Ward's biographical sketch leaves nothing to be desired and his appreciation of Pope's literary significance will strike the critic as eminently fair and judicial. There are portraits of Pope, Spenser, Addison, Queen Anne, Cibber, Dean Swift, Dr. Donne, and Molière, views of Pope's villa at Twickenham and of Windsor castle from the river. Facsimiles and reproductions of early frontispieces add to the value of the edition, which will be found eminently adapted for school and class as well as home use. The whole is printed from new plates prepared with the most scrupulous care.

Crawford's Taquisara.²

Taquisara, Marion Crawford's latest novel, although one of his strongest in plot, is almost too full of sensational tragedy, with the ancient methods of pillow smothering and poison, to be

a true picture of modern Italian love and romance. Were it not for the heroine, who has in her a touch of the "new woman,"—of all that is admirable in the new woman,—the other characters with one exception, would seem to be living in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, so musty and conventional do they seem. Although we do not read enough of Taquisara, his influence is felt, from the moment he appears. The death of Bosio and the attempted poisoning of Veronica are the most artistic bits in the story. The description of the old castle at Muro and its surroundings gives one a vivid idea of Italian peasant life and scenery,—and one closes the book with a sense of relief that at last the author has decided, after so many tragedies, to let the two most charming characters love and be happy.

Plants and Their Children.³

IN EVERY way *Plants and Their Children* is a most interesting and attractive book for young people, and one which will fill a place now vacant both in school and at home. It consists of a series of easy lessons or readings on the wonders of plant life, written in such a charming manner as to make them as entertaining for children as stories. In these lessons the various forms and curious features of familiar plants and trees, including their roots and stems, buds and leaves, fruits, seeds and flowers are all described in simple language. These studies in nature are not only interesting and instructive in themselves but they teach, both by example and precept, the most important lessons a child can learn,—to see, to think, and to observe for himself, and thus become an intelligent student of nature which will prove a constant source of pleasure through life.

The book is fully and most attractively illustrated by the writer's sister, Alice Josephine Smith.

A Book on Books.⁴

HENRY LYMAN KOOPMAN, Librarian of Brown University, knows both books and human nature, and his insight and literary taste qualify him to speak with authority.

The schoolboy needs such a book. Few read much before the age of twelve, few read widely after twenty. Within eight years one must select some few hundreds from the thousands of good books that await reading. There is need at once

¹Pope's Poetical Works. Edited with notes and introductory memoir by Adolphus William Ward. Two vols., per set, \$3. T. Y. Crowell: New York: 1896.

²Taquisara. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company: 2 vols.: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

³Plants and their Children. By Mrs. William Stark Dana. American Book Company: New York: 1896.

⁴The Mastery of Books. By Henry Lyman Koopman, A. M. American Book Company: New York: 1897. 90 cents.

of restraint and encouragement, of guidance and freedom of choice.

Mr. Koopman's argument for wide reading makes the mature reader regret opportunities missed. To the young, its incitement will come in time. In the discussion of how to read, the author urges very cogently the necessity of close attention and conscientious diligence.

The author does not tell dogmatically just what to read. He tells simply how to select, laying down principles of guidance. He shows the right way, yet leaves freedom for individual choice. His discussion of newspapers and fiction is especially practical and tolerant.

The chapters on "Reference Books and Catalogues" and on "Memory and Note-Taking" will appeal to every practical teacher.

Mr. Koopman is an easy writer. Merely as literary essays, many of these chapters take high place.

A Standard Edition of Dumas.¹

WE HAVE reiveid so often during the last two years the volumes of the splendid editions of Dumas that Little, Brown & Company have placed upon the market, that we must take advantage of the Holiday season as an excuse for praising and calling the attention of our readers to them once more.

Every public library will sooner or later cast about for high class editions of the standard novelists, and the owners of private libraries will find their collections incomplete without Dumas. In the edition under review there are forty-eight volumes, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated by etchings and wash drawings by the leading artists. Each novel contains a comprehensive and exhaustive historical introduction, besides the tabulated scheme of characters that aids the reader in fully understanding their relations to each other.

The Best Napoleonic Memoir.²

HAD the Great Napoleon known that to the mass of literature regarding himself and his epoch the very best contributor would be one who of all his officers was the least given to his worship, there is no question but that Baron Thiébault would have died a Marshal of the Empire instead of a Lieutenant General.

The two volumes of *Memoirs* to which the translator, Mr. Arthur John Butler, has con-

¹Dumas' Complete Works. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

²Memoirs of Baron Thiébault. Translated by Arthur John Butler. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1896. Two vols. For sale in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson.

densed the original five, strike one from the start as being honest, in any case they are fresh, and as absorbing as a novel of Dumas. The author was a cultured man, far superior in breeding and education to the rough soldiers of the Republic and the Empire, and although a faithful servitor and an officer of mark, he seems to have gone through the exciting struggle with the cool, dispassionate eye of a professional newspaper correspondent — he seems to have realized his obligation to posterity. He throws a new light on the character of Louis XVI. and in three short paragraphs strips him of his reputation of a "good, easy man," a well meaning monarch, and victim of the age and times. Marie Antoinette, too, as he knew her, was not the modest, passive martyr depicted by compassionate history. The book is crowded with incident and adventure, never wordy, and will be read with interest regardless of its historical character. The volumes are well made, and contain portraits, maps, and plans.

Straus's Roger Williams.³

MR. STRAUS'S book on Roger Williams emphasizes the world's lack of information about "the pioneer of religious liberty." It contains but 234 pages of large type, and a considerable part of that is taken up with summaries of the controversial pamphlets written by Williams and his opponents, and with the general affairs of the colonies. There is even less knowledge of the man himself than of Shakspeare. True there is no doubt as to the spelling of Williams's name, but on the other hand, Mr. Straus was able to find no portrait of Williams that he considered authentic enough to use in his volume. The statue of Williams, which with General Greene's was Rhode Island's contribution to Statuary Hall in the National Capitol, is confessedly an idealization, — which, after all, may be an advantage.

It is hard to realize now the violent and startling novelty of the toleration idea which Williams introduced to the modern world. Like the law of gravitation or the circulation of the blood, the notion that you can't make a good Christian out of a heretic by flogging, or branding, or even hanging him has become such a self-evident truth, that it requires an effort to put the mind into the position of the fathers who held that such a doctrine would not only "cut the nerve of missions," but paralyze both Church and State. Greater glory than to have been the Columbus of such a discovery comes to no man.

³Roger Williams. By Oscar S. Straus. New York: The Century Company: 1896.

The Ebbing of the Tide.¹

LOUIS BECKE has crowded into the 292 pages of his book of South Sea tales more blood and slaughter than is often found in cloth covers, and yet the setting is so out of the usual that the ghastly element does not seem to obtrude itself unduly. There are dainty and pretty stories too, as "Ninia," the tale of the maiden adrift in the boat, — cynical, also, as "Mrs. Liardet," as well as the frankly horrible ones like "An Honour to the Service," and indeed the majority of the tales. Over them all is the witchery of the tropical ocean, of waving palms and the dashing of surf on coral reefs, of the free rover's life, and of the languorous grace and barbaric frenzy of the Polynesians. It was bold to name a book so like Stevenson's "Ebb Tide," and the name is not new even aside from that, but Mr. Becke gives his readers pleasure enough to cause them to overlook his presumption; for not even Stevenson gives himself up so thoroughly to the spirit of the life he is writing about. The beach comber, the remittance man, the Bully Hayeses, and all their tribes, are drawn with full knowledge and sympathetic touch.

Recent Verse.—I.

SEVERAL of the books of poetry that lie on the reviewing table demand special consideration because they are the work of OVERLAND contributors. It is true we may view these with a partial eye and be inclined to maintain that all our chickens have yellow legs, and yet an impartial judge would doubtless concede our claim that of the books here to be reviewed those by the OVERLAND contributors are far the better.

The first of these is *Pebbles and Shells*,² a collection of poems by Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet." At the age of thirteen Mr. Hawkes lost his sight, but he must have been a most observant youngster, for his poems published now that he is about twice that age are remarkably full of the color sense, and there is never a false touch in color expressions that would betray the poet's infirmity. His work is divided into poems of nature, of war and patriotism, of love, of childhood, of old New England, and miscellaneous. They vary in length from several hundred lines to quatrains. OVERLAND readers are familiar rather with the shortest of them. The poems are not of equal merit and it would be easy to pick out lines marred by solecisms and prosaic phrases, but there is enough of the genuine ring

of poetry about them to allure the reader into going all through the book. It is unnecessary to quote; for half a dozen examples may be found in OVERLAND files.

Of a different sort of verse, on a far higher plane of culture, are the poems of Flora Macdonald Shearer, *The Legend of Aulus*.³ It should be a matter of just pride to Californians that in this State can be written and published a book of verse of so high a quality as Mrs. Shearer's. There is a sureness of touch, a nicety of discrimination in her choice of words and images, that lend a reader confidence. He may give himself up to pleasure in the melody of the verse and the beauty of the thought, sure that no rude jar will come to spoil his enjoyment.

The long poem that gives name to the collection shows sustained power. The shorter ones cover all the modern forms of verse, the ballad, the sonnet, and so on. Mrs. Shearer's sonnets, be it remarked with gratitude, are all true sonnets, and not ragged "fourteeners," posing as such. The spirit of the verses is rather that of one who comes to power of expression late in life. There is little of the exuberance of youth in them, rather the restrained power and the calm insight that experience and suffering bring; happy the spirit left by the fires of pain and disappointment so sweet and gentle as that of this little book. OVERLAND readers have had examples of Mrs. Shearer's lines.

Differing widely as the poles from the simple natural rhymes of Hawkes or the deeper poetry of Mrs. Shearer, are the verses of Arthur Grissom.⁴ The name reveals the fact that here we have the *vers de société*, that my lady's fan and Dan Cupid's bow will figure largely as "properties." But in this line of verse Mr. Grissom need fear comparison with no American writer of the day, his lines have not the exquisite finish and delicacy of Dobson's perhaps, but they are pleasing, and—to quote Lincoln's commendation without the gentle sarcasm it originally held—for those that like that kind of thing are just the kind of thing they like. And that is saying no little; for in no other sort of verse are the standards of finish and workmanship so exacting.

Mr. Grissom has also acknowledgments to the OVERLAND in his preface, but since his work has not been recent in these pages we quote:—

BEFORE THE BALL.

Dead in an alien land, and alone!
Shot by a bravo, swarth and bold;—

¹The Ebbing of the Tide. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1896.

²Pebbles and Shells. By Clarence Hawkes. Picturesque Publishing Company: Northampton, Mass.: 1895.

³The Legend of Aulus. By Flora Macdonald Shearer. William Doxey: San Francisco: 1896.

⁴Beaux and Belles. By Arthur Grissom. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

Dead! Is it true?—and I loved him so!
Though bought by another's gold.

I am ready, Lisette, am I not — almost?
And now — my rings and my furs are here?
Ah, yes — there — thanks! I'm perfect, you
say?—
I'll be down in a moment, dear!

Dead! he is dead — and I sent him away,
And I loved him as only a woman loves!
Dead, and alone! — I'm coming, dear! —
Lisette, will you button my gloves?

The last book of verse by OVERLAND contributors here to be mentioned is Nixon Waterman's *Home-Made Poems*.¹ They are well in keeping with their name and sing the charms of the fire-side, the country, childish joys, and all the homely themes, in very pleasing verse. There is a good swing to the meters and usually a clever use of the refrain. The dialect verse, both rustic and childish, is natural and not overdone, and there is a touch of gentle humor that takes the verses far from the realm of commonplace even on such everyday themes. We quote:—

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are as smiling
as the morn;
There are husbands brave and healthy
There are famous ones and wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, he has never yet
been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted,
That whene'er from home they wander they are
lonesome and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a very good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband, he has never yet
been born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair," should cherish him forever and
a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quite, in every feature,
He has never been discovered, and he won't be,
so they say.

Light in vein and not overburdened with seriousness is the muse of *An Oaten Pipe*.² The numbers are tuneful and small in sound as becomes the instrument on which they are performed. They are graceful and pleasing and though never rising to the higher planes of poetry are even in grade and of that rare quality called

"available." The one called "The Racers" will serve to illustrate their style:—

Time at my elbow plucks me sore;
Yet I'll not slack my pace to hear
The one sad word which, o'er and o'er,
He whispers in my ear.

Upon my hair he dusts his rime
I shake my head full laughingly,
For howsoever fleet be Time,
He shall not outstrip me.

Distinctly stronger is the volume by Sophie Jewett entitled *The Pilgrim and Other Poems*.³ The depth of feeling is much greater, the purpose is more serious and the touch of the hand upon the strings is firmer and more true. Whatever touch there is of dilettanteism shows in the nature poems, which are sometimes artificial. There is a strong feeling for nature, however, and a felicitous touch in depicting its characteristics. Almost all of the book is lyric in form and many of the poems are real songs.

There is little to be said of *The Promise of the Ages*⁴ by Charles Augustus Keeler. It is issued by the author himself and is a long poem in Wordsworthian style, devoted to the exposition of his idealistic philosophy. As philosophy it is no doubt good, but as a poem it is everything it ought not to be. In fact there is not one line of real poetry in the volume from the first cover to the last. Much conscientious work has no doubt been put into its construction, but the result is a mere stringing of words on words to an end of utter dullness and dreariness.

There is confirmation of the theory that a poet is the result of his environment in the *Rhymes of Ironquill*⁵ issued from a Kansas press. The barren soil, the treeless plains, the cyclonic vagaries of its climate, would hardly be expected to inspire the highest form of muse. And the results so far carry out the expectation. The volume in question is made up of alleged poems, — many of them satirical and so outside of criticism as poetry, — others so crude and raw, so vulgar in thought, and commonplace in expression, that it is a wonder they ever found a place between covers, and some in which the author has taken himself seriously but which never rise to striking originality or any real merit in execution. There is a certain ruggedness about them that suggests the strength of an uncultivated man, hampered by his lack of cultivation. It is safe to

¹ Some Home-Made Poems. By Nixon Waterman. Boston: The Greenleaf Co.: 1895.

² An Oaten Pipe. By James B. Kenyon. (The Fleur de Lis Poets). New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons: 1896.

³ The Pilgrim and Other Poems. By Sophie Jewett. New York: Macmillan and Company: 1896.

⁴ The Promise of the Ages. By Charles Augustus Keeler.

⁵ Rhymes of Ironquill. Fifth Edition. Topeka. Crane & Company. 1896.

say, however, that nowhere except in the middle West would the poems ever have reached a fifth edition.

*Cherry Bloom*¹ attracts by its dainty cover design, a charming water color decoration by Stella Holmes Aird, but the verse inside is just ordinary "spring poetry."

Pretty, pious, and essentially feminine poems, of the old style of womanliness, are Mary Barrett Hagan's.² The most quotable is:—

¹*Cherry Bloom*. By Eleanor Mary Ladd. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Company: 1806.

²*Pictures from Puget Sound*. By Mary Barrett Hagan. Seattle: 1896.

MY CREED.

I believe in a God so loving
That I feel His tender arms
Bear me up when my feet would falter,
And I shudder 'mid earth's alarms.

I believe in a tender Brother
Who has broken my thorny way
With His own dear feet, so weary
Of that terrible earthly stay.

I believe in a calm, sweet Spirit
That whispers but words of love,
That guides me with tenderest counsel
To the throne of my God above.



OVERLAND readers have no doubt remarked the series of articles taking up the different counties of the State and treating them with accurate description and lavish illustration. San Joaquin, Butte, and Humboldt, have been so treated and in the present and February numbers, Siskiyou. This series is to be kept up and, it is hoped, will eventually take in every county in California and many in adjacent States. Mr. Pierre Duryee is the director of this "Department of Development" and wins friends and an enlarged circulation for the magazine wherever he goes.

CHARITY and Christmas are closely linked, and it is the time to mention "*The Little Cripples*," the sympathy-provoking little monthly issued by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Children's Surgical Hospital of New York. Mrs. Theodore Sutro, president of the Auxiliary, is the editor. The subscription price is one dollar a year, but it will cost any reader many times that by opening his eyes and his purse to "these little ones." But no man is poorer for such outlay.

MR. JOHN COTTER PELTON, "the father of the public school system of California," has published a small volume of his verses. It is sold for twenty-five cents and contains some very pleasing lines. The make-up and typography of the book are execrable, but after all, it is Mr. Pelton that the people are interested in and not the mechanical execution of his book.

THE December number of the *Maitres de l'Affiche*, the French authority on Posters, is a brilliant beginning of the second year of that journal. There is a striking frontispiece by Roger Marx, and as a supplement, a delightful design by Jules Cherét in three colors. Besides there is a poster of the *Courrier Francais*, by the same artist; the *Fetes de Paris*, by Grasset; the *Exposition du Cycle*, by Forain; and finally an American poster designed by William Bradley for a book of verse, "When Hearts are Trumps," by Tom Hall. The editor and publisher are to be congratulated on so varied and well executed a selection of interesting posters.

IT WOULD take an extended article to introduce the reader to Mr. Alfred Thorne, the American representative of the London, Dover and Chatham Railway Company of London, England. Beginning his career with the passenger department of the Michigan Southern Railway, Mr. Thorne has ever since had the comfort of passengers in his keeping. Realizing the necessity of American methods in caring for the crowds that will flock to Paris in 1900, the London company has secured Mr. Thorne's services.

Travelers to Paris and the Continent *via* the London, Chatham, and Dover route will not only be carefully looked after by Mr. Thorne, but each one will have handed to him a very comprehensive official guide to Paris. This is convenient in size, can be very easily carried in the pocket, and contains a map of Paris in twelve sections, each colored and showing the thoroughfares so clearly that a stranger without knowing a single word of French or asking a single question could travel all over Paris. There is also an index of the principal streets and places of interest, which at once gives the section and square on the map where it will be found.

Self Culture, a magazine issued by the Werner Company of Chicago and New York, comes to the OVERLAND regularly with more matter of general interest within its pages than most of the more pretentious Eastern publications. *Self Culture* is an unfortunate title for a magazine, however, and a misleading one, suggestive of hard study and still harder physical exercise. The pages of *Self Culture* are a constant pleasure, and it is astonishing how much good reading matter the editor has been able to crowd in its pages. It is not illustrated, but typographically is a beautiful production.

IN ITS issue of November sixteenth, the *Daily Independent* of Dublin, Ireland, has the following:—

Mr. W. J. Corbet, M. P., contributes the first of a series of articles entitled, "England and Ireland," to the November number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, one of the leading American Reviews, published in San Francisco. The series promises to be not alone interesting, but extremely useful in an educational sense in America. England's barbarous treatment of Ireland in the past is narrated in a manner at once succinct and forcible. The record is a damning one, and Mr. Corbet is doing very good service in telling the tale of infamy in a new form for the information of the American public. We may add that the OVERLAND MONTHLY, is obtainable at Gill's, Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

THE Christmas number of *Western Field and Stream* is an exceptionally attractive one. In addition to the usual matter of interest the number contains short stories by William Bleasdel Cameron and G. M. Fairchild, Jr., both well known writers of northland life and romance, and a descriptive article detailing the experiences of a party of ladies and gentlemen in ascending Mount Tacoma. This narrative is accompanied by effective illustrations, taken during the ascent, the most striking of which shows the whole party grouped upon the summit exultant. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a beautiful hunting scene by C. A. Zimmerman, entitled "On the Alert." There is the usual quota of bright things from the veteran sportsman and editor, Charles Hallock, and the junior editor and New York representative of the magazine, Mark Biff.

THE business of bicycle racing has not paid in San Francisco heretofore; tracks have been built only to be torn down, and every effort to revive the sport has been unsuccessful. In the face of this, a few enthusiasts last fall conceived the plan of a new and speedy track, thus assuring the attendance of the fastest men of the path, and with Walter B. Fawcett, the enterprising promoter as manager, immediately put their plans into execution by the building of the Velodrome.

The first race meet, held on November 21st, assured the success of the venture, and the succeeding events of Thanksgiving Day and December 5th have furnished so many fast and driving finishes, and so many broken records, both Coast and world, that the confidence of the sport-loving public has been restored, and there is no longer any doubt as to whether a cycle track can be maintained in San Francisco.

One of the most taking features is the Shield race, which is a perpetual challenge event and is modeled after the famous *Brassard* of the Seine track in France. This and many other unique features have filled the grand stand at the Velodrome with large and appreciative crowds.

The Weather Vane is the Channing Auxiliary Calendar for 1897. Those who have seen the former publications of this San Francisco society will be eager to add another to the series. The designs this year are by Gelett Burgess, he of the *Lark*. He uses the signs of the zodiac as motives, treating them in a charming antique style. The text is all in black letter with illuminated initials, and consists of appropriate quotations and proverbs from a great range of authors and from many nations.

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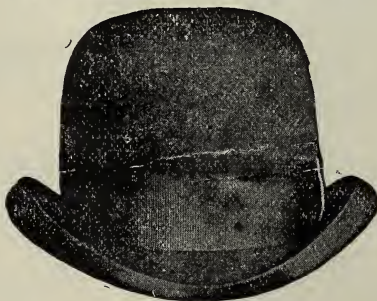
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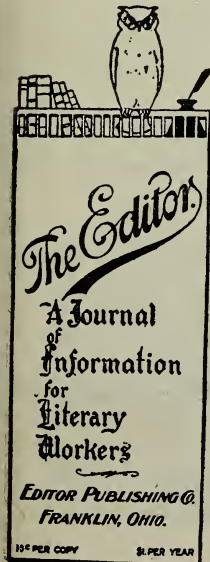
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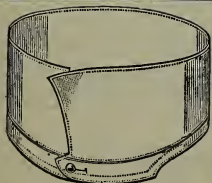
OUR people should and no doubt do appreciate the effort made by the editor of the **OVERLAND** to make a distinctive great Western magazine. It remains to be seen whether they will support such creditable efforts.—*Democrat, Woodland, Cal.*

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THE more one sees of the OVERLAND MONTHLY the more one likes it. It is bright, breezy and typical of its class. It has the indomitable spirit of '49 and is enthusiastically loyal to the far West. It discusses all national questions fairly and without bias. It is something to read, and such reading as is equally instructive and interesting. It keeps fully up to all the wonderful developments in California and the Pacific slope and is thoroughly alive to all that concerns the whole country.—Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*.

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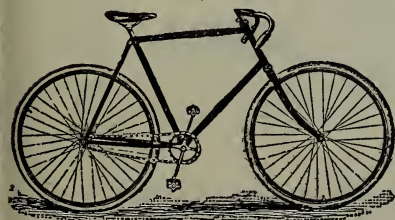
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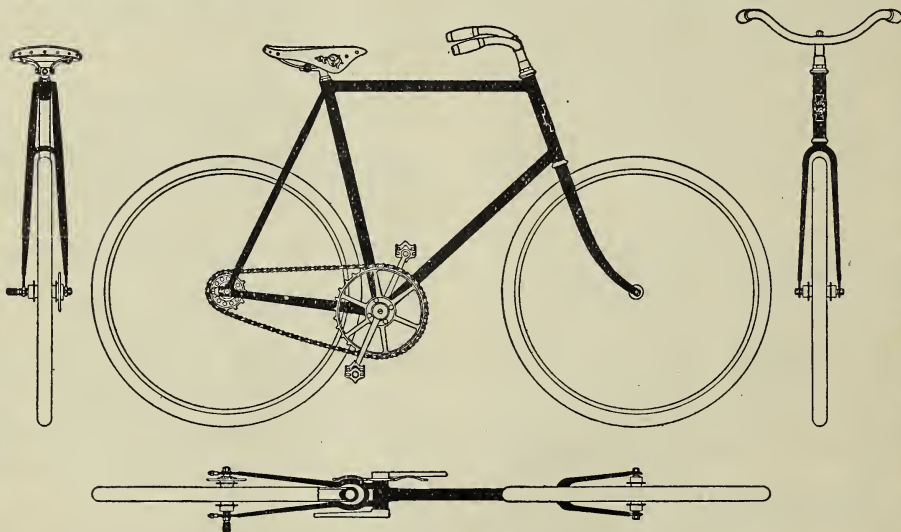
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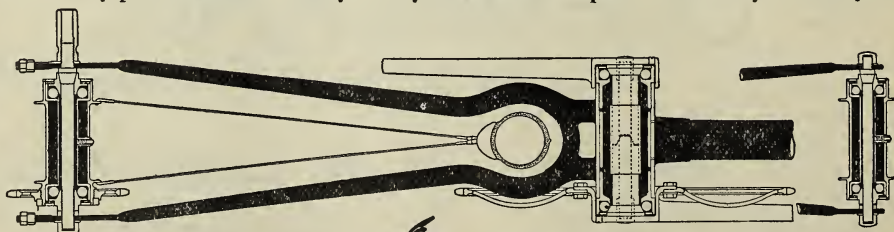


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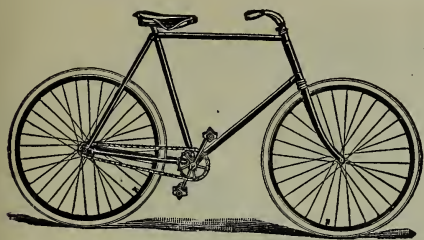
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Doric.....Tuesday, February 23, 1897
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Coptic (via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 1, 1897
Gaelic.....Wednesday, April 21, 1897
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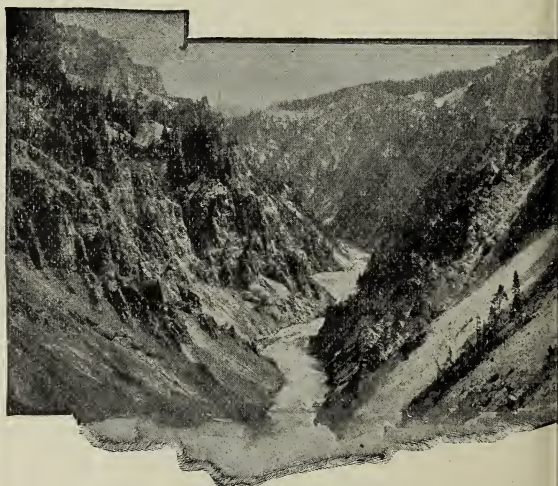
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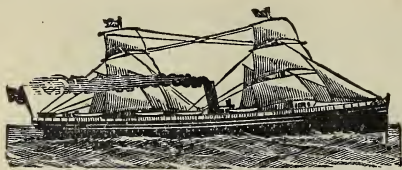
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Assets, - - - - -	\$221,213,721 33
Liabilities, - - - - -	194,347,157 58
Surplus, - - - - -	\$26,866,563 75
Total Income, - - - - -	\$48,597,430 51
Total Paid to Policy-holders in 1895, - - - - -	\$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in force, - - - - -	\$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895, - - - - -	\$61,647,645 36

NOTE.—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.
CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.



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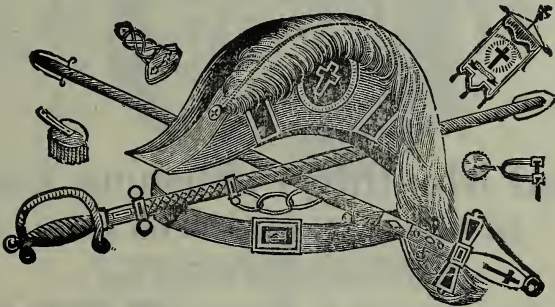
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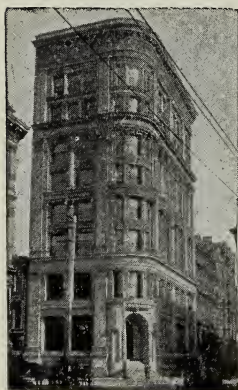
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San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
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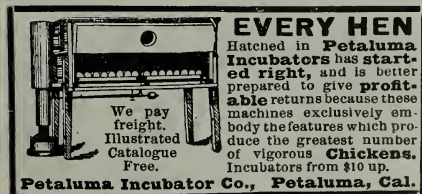
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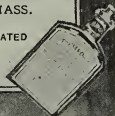
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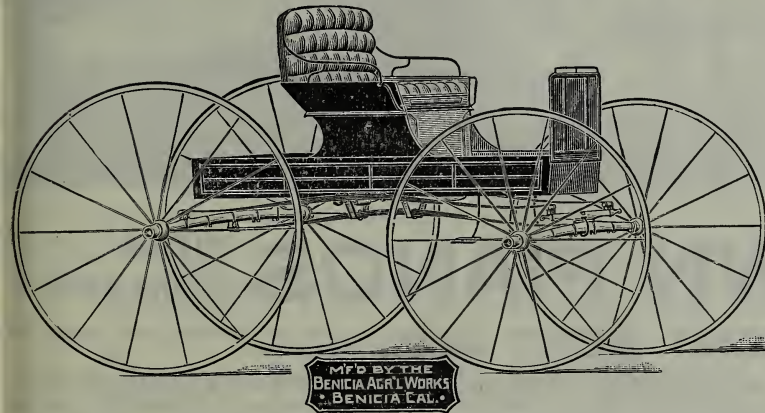
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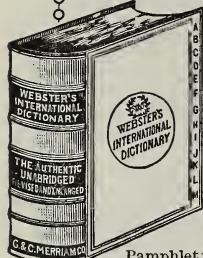
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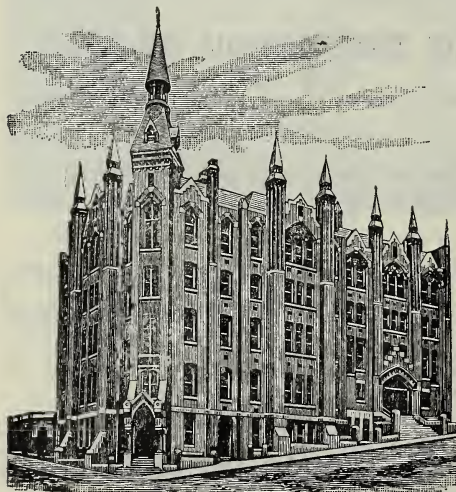
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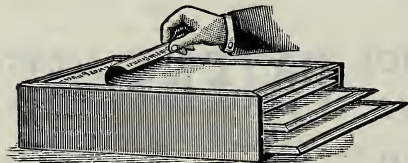
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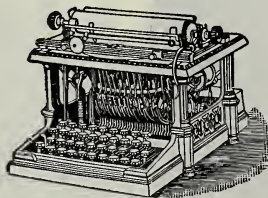
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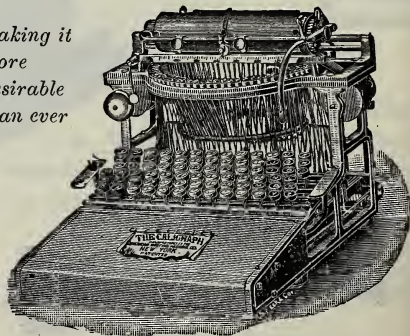
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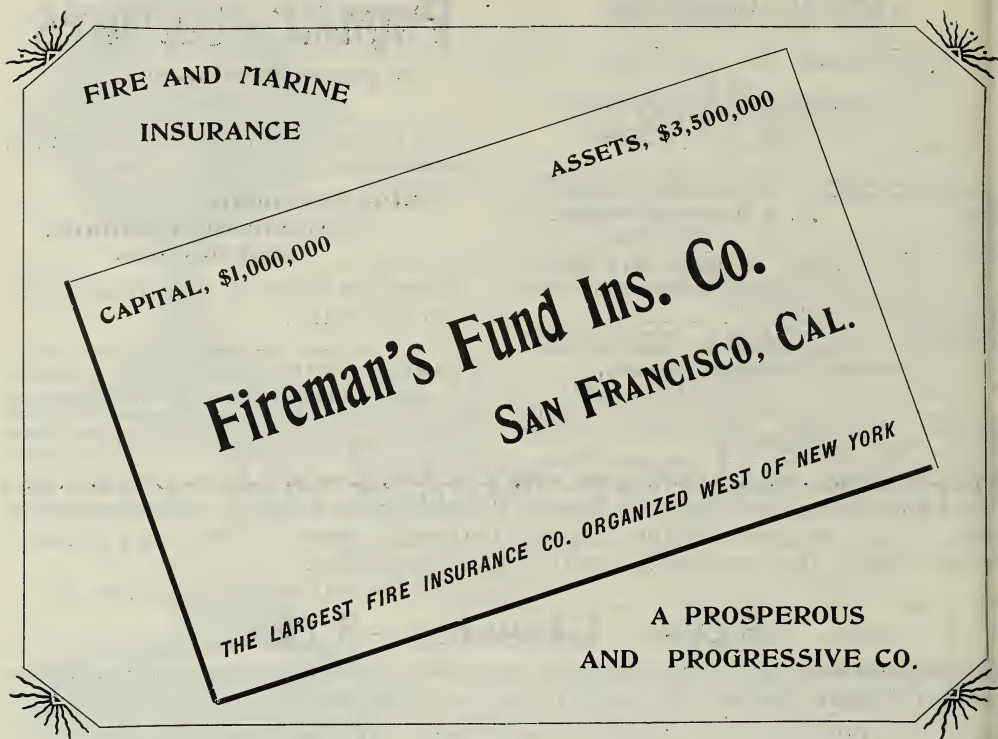
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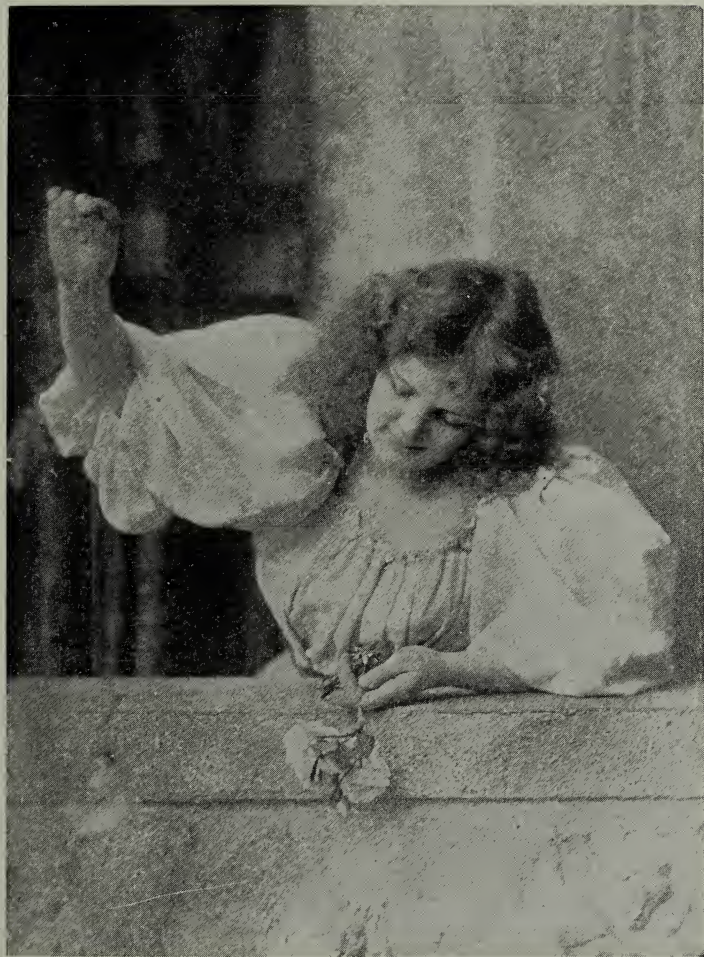
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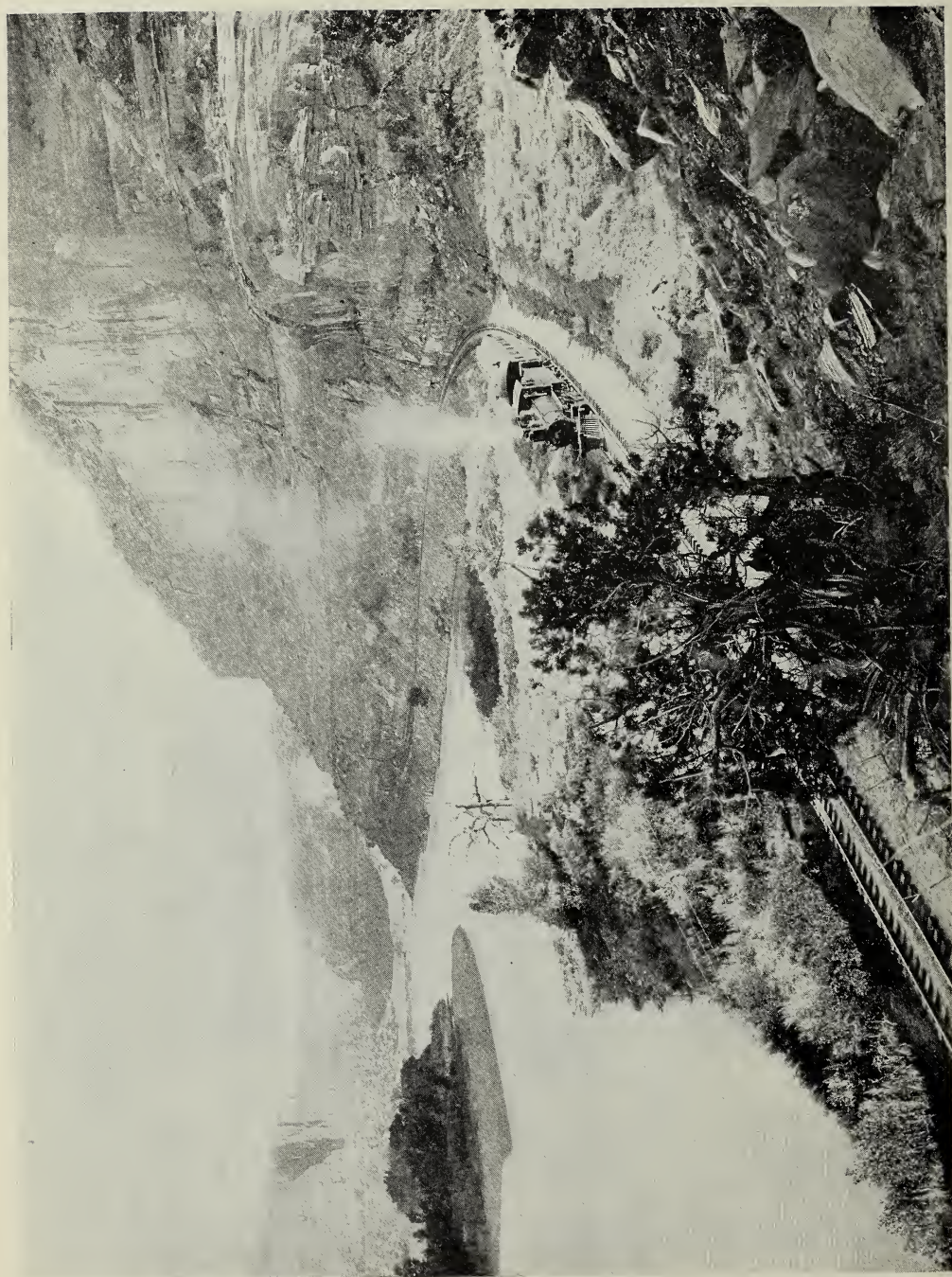
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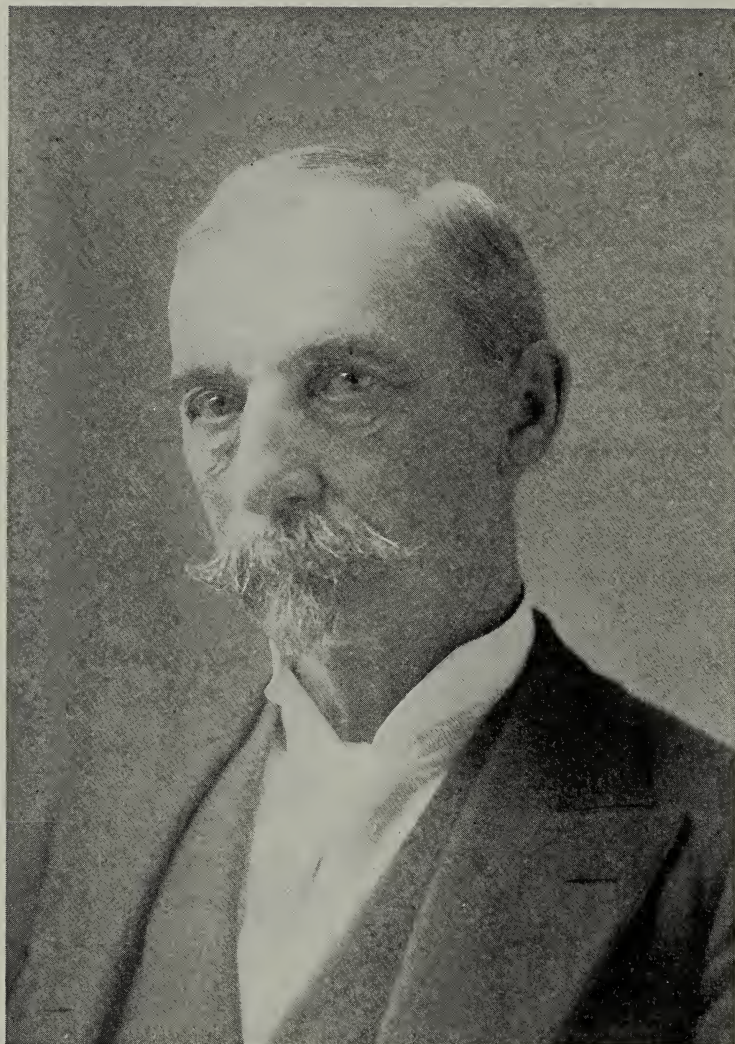


On the line of the Rio Grande Western Railway.



From "National Guard of California."

A Sham Battle.

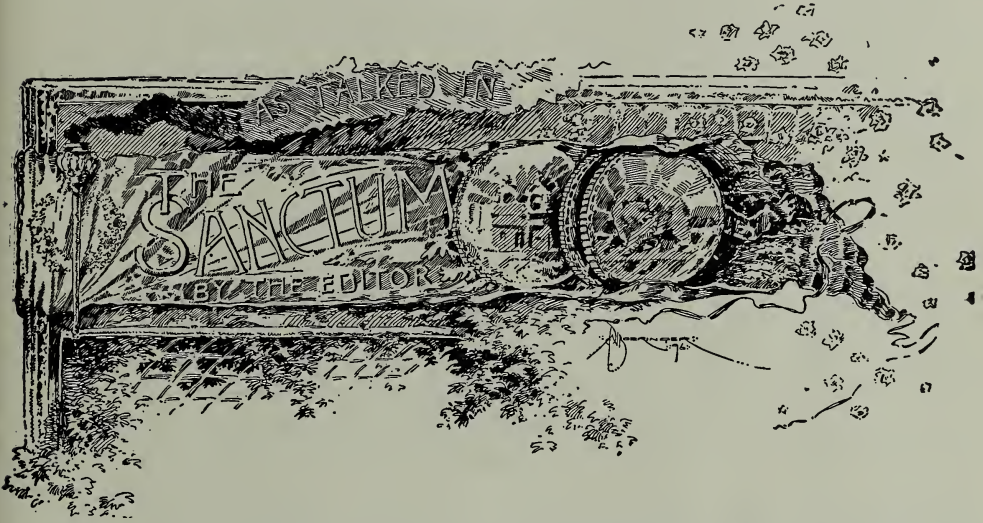


John R. Rogers,
Governor of the State of Washington.

From "Etc."

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXIX. (Second Series.)—April, 1897.—No. 172.



THE Contributor. "There is one thing and only one thing that will make aristocrats of our young people, a third war with England—and a successful one. Honestly we don't give a fig what any other nation on earth thinks of us,—not even our ancient ally, France. We look for England's applause in every political and social act, and if we don't get it we abuse that country. If the big English papers should advise and Gladstone and Salisbury should approve, we would declare war on Spain within twenty-four hours. There is no length we would not go to win their condescending pat. It is a fact, however much we flout it. Instinctively we are on dress parade in London,—we don't wish to be thought uncivilized or inferior. Yet the minute we get on the Continent we drop back to our natural selves, wear a soft shirt, talk through our noses, use the flat "A," and go about with a kingly air that is as self-satisfied as it is comforting. In France, Germany, or Austria, we have no itching to be introduced into the four hundred, or wish to be presented at Court, but spiritless indeed is the American who does not pay his respects to the "Queen" or by hook or crook force himself into some lord's or lady's reception. I have noticed that even the Parson treasures the acquaintance he made of an English baronet on the Nile above that of even the Nile itself. I have never heard him mention that trip without sooner or later dragging in the name of his titled friend. With all due reverence I will wager sixteen to one that the Britisher has forgotten the very existence of our beloved colleague."

The Parson. "Admitting that I am as big a fool as I look, I would still take the liberty of correcting an error. I hold in my hand a recent letter from my baronet, inviting me to a fortnight shoot at his box, Scotland."

The Contributor. "Did you notice the timbre of the good man's voice as he made that announcement. It was rich, full, and triumphant. We can not help it. My pride too was touched at the notice our American has received. Then the let-

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ter, I will wager again, has been in that inside pocket for a month and has been read twenty times. No, sir, I repeat it, we shall never become autonomous until we whip England a third time, then, and not until then shall we be able to set our own fashions in clothes or dictionaries."

The Artist. "We seem to be very happy in our bondage. If we Californians were not falling down before London it would be New York. Where is the gain?"

The Occasional Visitor. "Under the present conditions there would be little gain as New York is simply the strongest echo of London we have on this continent. The Madison Garden Horse Show and its imitators are yearly examples of the extremes to which the modern form of Anglomania is carried. The American who habitually perambulates on sunshiny days with his pants rolled up because it is habitually raining in London is no more to be pitied than the man who docks his horse's tail in California, where nine months in the year there is neither mud nor slush, or who imports two-wheeled topheavy English road carts for our mountain roads.

"But all these small affectations do no one any harm and suffice to make this dull world more amusing. The imitators that I object to and who are a real menace to the body politic are the politicians. Once upon a time we profited by modeling our foreign policy after that of the mother country. England posed as the protector of the weak and demanded that an Englishman should have fair play in all parts of the earth. Tommy Atkins and the Union Jack always appeared like the hero of the melodrama at the right moment to rescue the oppressed. England's power was feared from the Straits of Gibraltar to the South Sea Islands. The Englishman acquired the strut of the old Roman and wherever he went a holy fear of the Holy English Empire enveloped him. Until fifty years ago our American imitators of England strove to emulate this masterful attitude toward the world. There were as clever imitators in those days as in these. Captain Truxton did not await the consent of Europe to open the thirty-eight old smooth bore guns of the Constellation on the fifty-four-gun frigate La Vengeance and the power of Napoleon. It was enough for him to know that American sailors were not treated with the respect that was their due and that our commissioners had been insulted on French soil. England could not have done more. Commodore Preble did not appeal to the Father of the Faithful for permission to bombard Tripoli. In the same length of time it would have taken President Cleveland and the Fifty-fifth Congress to have appointed and confirmed a Peace Commission to examine the complaints of the Americans rotting in Tripolitan dungeons he cleared the Mediterranean of the Mahometan pirates. A little later England, who had set our pace and taught us never to brook an insult, found what thorough Anglomaniacs we were. Old Ironsides, the Bon Homme Richard and the annihilation of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans warned Europe that we had learned our lesson early and well. An American stood side by side with a Briton in 1815, the embodiment of pluck, honor, and manliness. Their governments were not friendly, but they admired one another's nerve. The almighty dollar did not then obscure the sun.

"Today English men-of-war stand ready to bombard Crete if the Greeks do not withdraw their few troops and allow the infidel to continue his massacre of the Christian as commanded by Mahomet; English diplomats are busy forming a coalition of European powers to overawe their weakest yet strongest brother. It was England who said, 'Hands off' to the world while the Turks murdered three

hundred thousand Armenians. Mighty England! And faithful to her example, we have fallen with her — consistent imitators even in her degradation. We have Cuba as England has Crete and we glory in it. Americans are murdered for a pastime in Spanish cells while an American Secretary of State and a Spanish Minister exchange polite nothings over their black coffee and cigars. Spain laughs at the howlings of our press; for she knows that an American President will never stir for fear of disturbing trade and causing a fall in American and English securities. In Cuba as in Crete it is past the question of politics, it is a question of civilization and humanity, and yet because the London *Times* does not denounce us as cowards and poltroons but rather pats us on the back and commends us for our conservatism we are contented and happy, sun ourselves in their smiles, and allow our citizens to be knocked on the head or have their throats cut in Havana without a protest. Such schools do not graduate Truxtons, Prebles, Decatur, Perrys, or John Paul Joneses. Neither do they bring forth Howards or Nelsons. They are productive rather of Rothschilds and Pierpont Morgans. It was Sarah Rothschilds who remarked, when some one was discussing the probability of an early war between two European States, ‘Nein, Nein, there will no war be, mein Jacob will not lendt them the monies.’

The robber barons of the Middle Ages declared war on their neighbors for the sake of pillage,— today they declare there shall be no war because it interferes with their pillage.”

The Parson. “Last Sunday at communion as we prayed, ‘We beseech thee also, so to direct and dispose the hearts of all Christian Rulers, that they may truly and impartially administer justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of thy true religion, and virtue,’ it occurred to me that throughout the great English-speaking world millions were offering the same prayer, and at the same time the cannon of Christian Rulers were thundering death and destruction to a little band of Christian Cretes, because they, unlike the timid Armenians, refused to remain passive while the Mohammedans slaughtered them and burned their villages. What a mockery is such a prayer,— ‘That they may truly and impartially administer justice.’ If it is ‘justice’ to suppress insurrection in Crete it must be ‘justice’ to suppress it in Armenia, in the Philippines, and in Cuba. But the justice that overlooks the horrors of Armenia and perpetuates the same class of horrors in Crete is a justice that demands a new definition in our dictionaries. Poor little Greece! May she hold up her head and defy this second Persian invasion as successfully as she did the one that has made the pages of human history glorious. In the January *Review of Reviews*, W. T. Stead devotes one of his masterly character-sketches to ‘Her Majesty, the Queen.’ In it is a reproduction of the famous Thomas Jones Barker’s painting, ‘The Secret of England’s Greatness.” It pictures the young Queen Victoria surrounded by her family, handing to a bejeweled kneeling Indian a Bible in answer to his inquiry as to the secret of England’s greatness. While recognizing the truth of the picture and appreciating the object lesson drawn, it was almost startling to be brought face to face with the thoughts that the scene suggested read in connection with newspaper reports of this day. If the Bible is the secret of England’s and America’s greatness, it is the secret of the massacre of Armenian and Cretan if not Cuban. The Bible in the hands of an Englishman brings respect and power,— in the hand of an Armenian, death, and death with hands uplifted to the Christians of Europe.”

The Reader. "Let it furnish a text for next Sunday's discourse."

The Parson. "The effect that such a sermon would have on Congress might be properly illustrated by the prayer with which a co-laborer concluded his Sunday service, 'And, if any spark has been kindled by the exercises of this day, O dear Lord, water that spark.' Lord Salisbury would so effectually water the spark before it had time to burst into a flame that not even its dying smudge would ascend to offend the nostrils of our Anglo-maniacs."

The Artist. "I am not convinced but that water is as good an antidote as fire. Say we invite the Cubans, the Turks, the Armenians, the Cretes, the Chilians, the Abyssinians, the Ashantees, the Zulus, Oom Paul, Ezeta, Cecil Rhodes, the German Emperor, and all the rest of the prize-fighters to Nevada where it is legitimate, and let them have it out. Then if Salisbury wants to turn on the hose the water would do the Humboldt Sink no harm. For one, I want the Cuban war settled,—or there will be a tobacco famine in this country that will make the bubonic plague of India seem insignificant by comparison.."

The Parson. "I am anxious to know what the ultimate result of this cold-blooded, money-worshipping, policy of civilized nations will lead to. Can we go on boasting that the Bible is the secret of our greatness and yet continue to pass on the other side for fear there will be some unwonted demand on our purses? The masses of England and America clamor and demand justice for Crete, Armenia, and Cuba, and yet clamoring is all they seemingly can do. The balance of power and the balance of trade must not be trifled with. With such examples of unchecked and legalized assassination as daily fill the papers, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm which launched medieval Europe on the series of enterprises that we call Crusades.

I will not prophesy, but the great powers' attitude toward Greece may call forth a last crusade that will change the face of Europe in the twinkling of an eye and sound the death knell of Mohamadism."

The Typewriter. "There is a 'Weary Willie' outside who wants to know if 'you fellers' wish to invest in Cuban bonds for the good of the cause? 'Ten cents buys a dollar. See!' He also has a manuscript poem on the death of Maceo."

The Sanctum. "We'll take fifteen cents worth for Cuba Libre."

"The Office Boy. "Proof."





"STEAM NORTH TO WRESTLE WITH THE DRIFTING FLOES OF THE ARCTIC ICE."

AN ARCTIC WINTER

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN POLAR SEAS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
THE AUTHOR.



HERE is the comfort in living?" we often say when passing ills make life seem burdensome. Surely no such expression exists in the language of the dwellers on the Arctic coast, where the conditions of life and environment are utterly opposed to all that makes existence comfortable to us within the bounds of civilization, culture, and modern improvement. We gaze with wonder, and perhaps disgust, on a race of fellow beings with human faculties and instincts whose happiness consists in the possession of a warm garment, a feed of *muck-tuck* (blubber), and shelter from the extreme severity of the weather, be that shelter only a friendly snow-bank. Still these people laugh and grow fat amid the hardship and privation of a life which is

theirs by necessity from the time when, a few days old, strapped under their mother's *artega* or poked away among the loose deerskins in the bottom of a canoe, they start on their first hunting trip, till too old to travel or work, a burden to themselves and their fellows, they are left in the deserted *igloo* to die.

Humanity in any guise was a welcome sight after the loneliness of fifty-two days of imprisonment in the drifting ice floes of the northwest of Bering Sea. The monotony and anxiety of the long, changeless days was only equaled by the dreariness of the vast icefields, and the barren shore of the northeast coast of Siberia. The vastness and weirdness of the wonderful light effects cast over ice and sky, when sunset and sunrise met in a glorious burst of color, seemed to increase the lonely po-



"SO WE ADOPTED THE NATIVE DRESS."

sition of the one solitary object on the face of this glistening waste. Even the excitement of shooting seal and walrus died a natural death, and with joyful hearts we heard again the throb of the propeller blades, as we "bucked" our way among huge cakes into the "lead" that had opened to release us.

Warmly and hilariously we were welcomed by the natives of the first village we visited, whose custom it is to swarm *en masse* on board every vessel that comes within reach of shore. Before our lines were made fast to the shore ice the entire population had turned out, shouting and gesticulating in wildest excitement as they scrambled up the ship's sides dragging their heavy sealskin "pokes," the gripsacks without which an Eskimo never travels.

Our object in visiting these villages was

to trade for boots and fur clothing for our own and our men's winter use; for it does not take the Arctic voyager long to discover that these fur garments are indispensable to comfort or existence, when exposed to the severity of this northern climate. So we adopted the native dress, engaged our tailoresses, and were fitted and decorated in the most approved style, with a few abbreviations and additions, that made the whole an outfit if not wholly elegant, certainly comfortable and convenient, without which we should have lost much of the enjoyment and sport of our Arctic life. Of course our well heated cabins did not call for more than ordinary warm clothing, but the outside atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging from twenty-five to fifty degrees below zero, demanded fur and fur alone.

Trading with an Indian is proverbially a trial of patience in the last degree, and the Eskimo is not behind his brother of warmer climes in thinking the words time and trade synonymous. The pro-



GIRL IN NATIVE DRESS.



"THE VESSELS LYING IN A SHELTERED COVE, SECURELY EMBEDDED IN A THICKNESS OF SEVEN OR EIGHT FEET OF ICE."

voking lack of interest they exhibit in "making a trade" is shown in the attitude of the group in the picture (p. 357), who have already spent two days in exchanging for an equal number of sacks of flour their three dogs,—which we finally added to our team to become our most valuable possessions and faithful friends in a land where the chances of procuring supplies of fresh meat and game depend alone on the untiring strength and endurance of these animals.

Curiosity to see the fun soon overcame my disgust at their appearance and the sickening odor of their deerskins, and landed me on top of the trade chest round which they congregated day and night. Here mounted, I had many amusing encounters with these venders of odoriferous wares, — the smell goes off — after a while. One big extra greasy looking fellow, nicknamed "Sonnyboy" spoke a little English and insisted on our reading a grimy looking document which he proudly believed to be a letter of recommendation written and signed by Captain Healy, Commander of the Revenue Cutter "Bear." Amused I read:—

This will introduce to you "Sonnyboy," a plausible but wily Siberian. To the whalers who

frequent this coast I need not speak; but to you, O gentle stranger, I would say, — Trust him not.

Alas for us, Captain Healy's warning came too late; for Sonnyboy had worked his little game and gone his way leaving us only a souvenir snapshot of his little daughter and a gratified feeling that he did not leave the daughter also. They are very liable to leave their female children around anywhere or trade them off for dogs or rifles to any one disposed to take them. I do n't think they do this from natural unkindness, — only habit. As a rule they treat the children well as long as they have food or clothes for them.



IN THE ICE IN BEHRING SEA, COAST OF SIBERIA.



A DOG TRAIN.

With half a dozen large *oo-mi-aks* (canoes) in tow, we crossed the Straits, — now, at the end of June, free from heavy ice, — picking up a little trade in furs, ivory, and whalebone, at different points along the Alaskan coast, and steamed north to wrestle with the drifting floes and blockades of the Arctic ice, more formidable at this time of the year, when anxiety to reach the regions of oil and bone makes the navigator venture on the

extreme edge of caution, and take chances any hour of being caught among the ever shifting mass or driven ashore by the relentless pressure of the inswinging “pack.”

The eternal “Starboard,” “Port,” and “Steady” to the man at the wheel, keeps your heart in your mouth, waiting for a sudden stop bell and the bump that may follow.

A quick signal from the men in the



“SONNYBOY HAD GONE HIS WAY LEAVING US ONLY A SNAP SHOT OF HIS DAUGHTER.”

crow's nest of "Bears alongside," sets everyone wild with excitement, and in the promiscuous firing that follows so much lead is absorbed by the poor bears that when all is over it is difficult to determine to whom the honor of the fray belongs. One night two of our officers killed six large bears and a cub, while at another time it took four of us to knock over one big fellow that was swimming ahead of the ship. With regard to the latter, the only clearly defined shooting I can remember was done with my kodak, and that occurred after death. These bears are generally seen near the carcasses of whales, which, stripped of bone and blubber, drift around among the ice or strand upon the beach. One of these huge carcasses was always towed to Herschel island after the whaling season and landed near enough to the station to supply food for the dogs of the whole fleet. It proved a great drawing card for the bears, and afforded great sport to the men during the winter.

With the exception of two months spent in cruising, Herschel island was



"LADIES OF HERSCHEL ISLAND."

snow embankment, above which the spars and rigging stand out black and rigid against the surrounding and interminable whiteness. On every side and stretching into the far distance, glistening and sparkling beneath the noonday sun or the weird and prismatic rays of the midnight Aurora. Land and water merged in one with no dividing line to mark where one ended and the other began save for the beaten track of the heavy



"TWO OFFICERS KILLED SIX LARGE BEARS AND A CUB."

home the year round, the vessels lying in a little sheltered cove, securely embedded in a thickness of seven or eight feet of ice, and protected by a heavy



BARTERING FOR DOGS WITH MCKENZIE RIVER ESKIMO.



SIBERIAN ESKIMO AT EAST CAPE.

sleds making a highway for the dog trains, to our hunters' camps along the coast and in the mountains between the island and the mouth of the McKenzie river.

During the winter there is quite a large colony of natives at the island, most of them brought there by the ships from

different tribes along the coast, living in their snow igloos on friendly and sociable terms with visitors from the "Huskie" camps to the eastward of the river. Good-natured and honest in their dealings with the white men, they showing an ambition, especially the women, to adopt our customs and in their crude way imitate our dress and manners.

When the long winter night has passed and the sun once more appears for a short time each day, we look for the arrival of the Indians, who attracted by stories of the plenty to be found on the whalers, come on trading and begging expeditions from the country lying between the head waters of the Porcupine and the western banks of the McKenzie rivers. Their long trains are heralded by the tinkling bells of the dogs and the snapping whips of the "runners,"—dogs and men alike worn and gaunt from long hard travel and short rations. These Indians are



"PETER TSUL, WHO CARRIED THE MAIL A DISTANCE OF TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES."

fine-looking, intelligent fellows with a reserved and deferential manner, and appetites, the like of which I have never beheld. Their power of subsisting without food is certainly outdone by their capacity for consuming it when occasion permits. Their dress is that of the ordinary northern Indian, made entirely of tanned and smoked buckskin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills.

Through the kindness of the Hudson Bay Company's factors in the interior and the agency of their pack trains, we were able to send and receive a yearly mail, the arrival of which after a journey of over two thousand miles on dog sleds was the greatest and most welcome event of our life at Herschel island. Night and

day, from the first of May a steady lookout was kept along the eastern horizon for the arrival of Peter Tsul, a well tried and trust-worthy old Indian, who was engaged by the fleet to carry the mail to and from Fort McPherson, on Peel river, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, and those who each morning impatiently listen for the postman's ring can scarcely picture the eagerness and anxiety with which we received our one solitary yearly delivery. And no doubt old Peter, as he went on his way rejoicing at the weight of his heavily loaded sled, was filled with amazement at the vagaries of a people who so amply repaid him for the safe carriage of this small and to him insignificant looking packet.

Sophie E. Porter.

THE ACE'S LOVE AFFAIR

AN IDYL OF THE MINES



SAAC BURWONTON was the new superintendent of the Wild Deer Silver Mines. He had been appointed by the company in Carson City and had taken the place over the men with a degree of assurance which they were likely to resent. While he had not been down to Carson to receive his appointment in person, there

was no question in his own mind that it was all right. The papers had been sent to him which proclaimed him as the head of operations at the mines and he had had a letter of instructions from the president of the company. There was no doubt about it anyway,—of course he was superintendent. Wasn't the pay money sent to him, or was n't it going to be? Didn't he go down into the mines

twice a day? And who was it that kept account of the ore, that did the assaying,—what little there was to do,—and above all that said he would n't allow gambling on Sunday? Why, of course he was superintendent. And he tipped the stool he was sitting on back against the house to get his face out of the sun.

"Guess I'll have to send for Fan after all," he said aloud. "It's a dull place up here, but she'll enjoy the change well enough, it'll do her good."

Forthwith Burwonton wrote a letter and despatched it to the "Creek" post-office, thirty miles away. That done, he strolled back to his stool, tipped back against the house, took out his pipe, and began to smoke.

It was afternoon and warm. The few boards over Burwonton's cabin door, put there as an awning, gave but little

shade. Still he found enough shadow to cover his face and he puffed away at his pipe contentedly. Finally he tipped the stool forward, got up, and swore. Burwonton was not a profane man. An oath was a most unusual breach of custom and its utterance on this occasion startled him; but that matter of the superintendency annoyed him. He had heard two or three of the men declare that he was *not* the superintendent, and whenever he thought of it he was troubled.

"Of course I am the superintendent," he reasoned now. "I'll go and look at those papers again."

He was in his shirt-sleeves, and for a minute he was at a loss to know where he had put his coat. Finally he found it on a bench in the assay shop, where he had been at work an hour before. He put it on and went into his cabin before he felt in his pocket for the papers. To his horror they were gone.

Burwonton had not made a favorable impression since he had been at Wild Deer. He was not a miner, nor a mining man, as the men under him understood the terms. He had been sent there to look after affairs which, under the old superintendent, had been going to rack and ruin, and when his predecessor did not turn up one morning and the pay money was missing, Burwonton was naturally put in to fill the place. He knew a little assaying but nothing of running a mine. The men knew this. They knew that almost any one of their number was better fitted for the position than Burwonton, and they resented being placed under a man whom they knew little and liked less. They regarded him as an "old fossil," as "stuck up" and "cranky,"—and as characteristics of that sort did not go at Wild Deer, Burwonton did n't go. He had been in charge a week when he found that his papers of appointment had been stolen.

The loss of these documents did not add to his feelings of security. The rumblings of discontent had been increasing daily until now the men talked openly of taking charge of the mine themselves.

"Does he think," said one of the men, "we want to have a man 'round here to boss things that knows no more 'bout mining than an unborn kid? I guess not."

There's where you're right," said another. "But how do you know he is boss? I ain't so certain o' that myself. Ain't got no papers to show it; at least ain't got none to show. I never saw none—ner anyone else. An' as for that letter from the President he says he's got, why, any man at all can write that sort of thing. I say he ain't boss. Make him show the papers he's tellin' you 'bout. Ain't got none. That's what's the matter. Ain't got none, no more than any o' you."

He was a young, tall, powerfully built man of the Western type that spoke, and his words made a stir among his listeners. There were a dozen of them about the mine boarding house, discussing, as usual, the new superintendent. The speaker had joined them but the moment before. When he had spoken he shoved his hands deep into his pockets and walked away down the path through the brush.

"The Ace is disappointed in not gettin' the Sup' himself," one of the men who looked after him suggested, and there was a general assent from the group with a distinct intonation that such an appointment would have pleased the camp.

The sun had just set and the sky and hills and what few clouds there were in the east were red in reflection. John Turley, nicknamed "Ace" from his luck at cards and his bad luck at life, was untying the flap of the dirty tent that served him as a shelter and a home. It stood on the



"SHE GREW FRIGHTENED AS THE SPEED INCREASED AND SCREAMED."

hillside some distance up the cañon from the boarding house and near the mouth of the main tunnel of the mine. A small, stunted cottonwood tree marked the entrance and an abatis of sage brush surrounded it. Back of the tent sage brush and low grass ran unbroken to the head of the gulch. The cottonwood was the only tree in the cañon, and even it had not chosen the place to grow in; for Turly had planted it there when he came to Wild Deer several years before. The knotted string of the flap of the tent gave Turly more than usual trouble to untie, but he finally pulled it out, entered the tent, and tied the flap after him. There were but a few articles in his living place and none of these were for comfort. A blanket or two thrown on a pile of sage brush and grass was his bed; an old

box, his chair; and a cask, his table. His chandelier, which hung from the cross pole of the tent, had once been a potato—it was now but half a one—and into it was stuck the remnant of a tallow candle. Turly struck a match and lit it.

"No, I ain't so sure of his being superintendent, after all," he said to himself as he took from his pocket the papers Burwonton had been looking for, "I ain't so sure 'bout it; not so sure as he 'pears to be. He'll have something to do to make out a case when they ask him for these, I reckon. We'll see who's boss up here." He upset his table and took the bung from the barrel, then rolling the papers up tightly, he slipped them within and replaced the bung. They were as safe there as they would have been in the Company's vaults at Carson.

Three weeks passed and Burwonton had discovered no trace of his missing property. His daughter was expected at the mine any day now and his anxiety over the uncertainty of his position increased with the increasing signs of discontent among the men. No one knew of the girl's coming except the stage driver who had been warned to be on the lookout for her. The strange disappearance of his papers he was unable to account for. If the men did n't ask to see them it would be all right of course, but if they should ask, and he had n't any papers to show them? They would hustle him out of the camp without ceremony; and there would be apt to be more action to their movements than was usual with miners. Still he went on making ready for Fan. A woman had never honored Wild Deer with her presence before and there was much to be done for her convenience.

He was busy with these labors when two of the miners surprised him. They were the foremen of two of the shifts, the night and the day workmen, and they had come to see the superintendent's papers. Burwonton was visibly confused. He received the men civilly and went with them into his office. He appeared to be uncertain as to where he had placed the documents and made a pretense of searching high and low for them, though at last he was forced to confess that they had disappeared. The men said little. They explained that it was customary for a new superintendent to show his credentials and hinted that some of the men charged Burwonton with having possessed the position by fraud.

The superintendent showed just indignation. It was a matter of no consequence, he said, whether he had papers or not; he could easily obtain others; he would write at once for them. He was not sure in his mind that they would

ever reach him; but he realized his position and knew the importance of action.

The men left him with questioning looks. He knew they suspected irregularity in his appointment and that if he did not want to be run out of the place something must be done at once. And something was done, though Isaac Burwonton had no hand in it, nor did he ever know just how it happened; but it did happen and it established his supremacy at the Wild Deer beyond question.

The Wild Deer stage was creaking along up a steep mountain road to the silver mines in the cañon. The afternoon was hot and breathless, and the air was filled with the fine white dust of the roadway. There was a single passenger in the stage, a young woman. Near the top of the stretch known as the "long climb" the stage gave a terrific lurch to one side and progress was at an end,—an axle had broken. The driver looked the break over, swore at the inanimate steel as though it had been a human being, and informed his passenger that it was no use, and that he would have to go on to the mines with the horses. He said that he would be back for her with a cart in an hour. He tied three of the four animals together, and jumping on the fourth, started on up the road.

Miss Burwonton was left alone. She sat down on a rock by the roadway and watched the cloud of dust that marked the disappearing horses and their single rider. Soon the little cloud passed over the crest of the hill and the rattling of the harness ceased. She might have been afraid in the solitude of her surroundings had she not been lost in their immensity and grandeur. Before her and far below lay the valley of the Humboldt. She could see across the sage brush country to the gray mountains that looked like shadows on the other side of the valley and could follow the course of the Hum-

boldt river from the indistinct haze in the north to its sink in the south. A little below her and to the right was a slide of green and white rock. She wondered what it was; an earthquake immediately suggested itself; anyway she would go up and examine the place for herself. She was nearly there and was intently picking her way over the rocky ground when there was a rushing, crackling sound just before her, and she looked up to see a man wheeling a hand car along a track at the top of the slide of rock. The man had not seen her, however, and in a moment he disappeared into the earth.

Immediately the thought came to her that she must be near the mine and that this was one of the tunnels. She went down to the tunnel and looked in. A rush of cold air chilled her. Way back in the earth she could see a dim light, the candle in the man's hat. It grew smaller and smaller, and finally went out altogether in the distant blackness. She could see only a few feet into the mouth of the tunnel. It appeared to be flooded with water. There were some planks spread along on heavy ties and on these ran the car track. She stared for some minutes into the darkness. Then a light appeared where the other had gone out and came toward the mouth.

Miss Burwonton's first thought was to flee. Then she reasoned that she had nothing to fear, and she stepped back and waited. She would tell the man, of course he was one of the miners, that she was the superintendent's daughter,—that would be introduction enough. She heard the rumble of the car as it came nearer, but its exit was sudden and she greeted it with a little feminine scream.

The man at the car jumped and brought a revolver into view, but seeing the cause of his fright, colored deeply.

"You'll pardon me, miss, but I thought

it was a coyote," he apologized, looking at Miss Burwonton with embarrassment and trying to hide his pistol in his hip pocket.

"I must have frightened you," she answered, "but really you came out so suddenly."

"Did I? I'm sorry," the man stammered, "but the tunnel is a bit down hill and we do come with a hurry toward the mouth. But I beg your pardon, Miss,—I reckon it is Miss." And the Ace tried to take off his hat; but this effort was not altogether a success and to ease his confusion he wheeled his load to the slide and dumped it over. With the same cracking and breaking sound Miss Burwonton had heard before, the rock rolled and pitched to the pile below.

Miss Fan watched the dust rise as the rock tore away down the hillside; then she ventured to ask,—

"Is that silver?"

The girl's utter ignorance of mining and the sincerity of the question struck the Ace with all its ludicrousness and he suppressed a smile only with great effort and answered,—

"No, Miss, it's nothing but rock."

"Who the devil is she and how did she get here?" he wondered. He looked at her for a moment with this question in his eyes and then asked,—

"Be you lost, Miss?"

"Lost," the word sounded funny to her. Perhaps she was lost. Perhaps the stage driver would n't come after her at all; but she replied that she did n't *think* she was lost, and she looked straight at the man before her.

"You'll pardon me for askin', Miss, but who be ye? And how did ye get here?" asked the Ace.

Fan looked at him again, at his loose blue shirt, at his muscular bare arms, at his hat with its spluttering candle, and then into his eyes which were smiling at

her but which were gentle and good, she thought.

"Why, I'm Miss Burwonton, the superintendent's daughter," she said.

The Ace was visibly moved. His eyes fell from the girl before him and he was abashed. He looked at his boots, at his bare arms, at the slide, and then quickly at her again.

"And you are one of the miners?" Miss Burwonton went on. "I suppose you must be, you look like a miner."

The Ace nodded sullenly. Then she began to tell him of the mishap to the stage and of the driver's departure for assistance. The Ace was not very encouraging. It would be a long time, he said, before that driver got back from the mine, might not come at all.

"But what shall I *do*?" she asked, alarmed.

The Ace looked at her, at her tight-fitting traveling dress, at her light curly hair and sailor hat, at her sweet face, filled now with an expression of doubt and anxiety, and then into her soft blue eyes, and he forgot that she was Burwonton's daughter and suggested that if she was not afraid of the dark, he could get her to the boarding house directly.

"How?" she asked, not a little surprised.

"Right through the tunnel; in the car," he replied, turning and looking at her. "Ye see, this yer tunnel runs clean through the mountain and the boardin' house is just on the other side."

"But how far is it?" she asked. "I'm not afraid of the dark, but I'm pretty heavy you see. Could you get me there?"

As a matter of fact she was a little thing and the Ace smiled as he thought of her being heavy. Of course he could get her there. He brushed out the car carefully with his hand and placed a piece of board on two stones for her to sit on.

Then he helped her in, gave her the candle from his hat to hold, and they started.

Gradually the light from without grew dim in the distance until the entrance seemed no larger than a squirrel hole leading out from the earth; then as their way curved to the right the entrance disappeared entirely. For a time the way before them seemed to end just where the candle light ceased to throw its dim glow, but after a while her eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she could see better. It was her first experience in a tunnel, and that too with a man she had never seen nor heard of until five minutes before, a big, burly miner. The way he tried to converse with her, to polish up words grown rusty from long disuse, amused and interested her. She laughed easily, and to the Ace her voice seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. He thought of it as he often thought of a glorious sunset, that seemed too beautiful to talk about, but was just to feel.

Fan could touch the walls of the tunnel on each side of the car or, reaching up, could put her hand on the rock above. Now and then she had to get out of the car while the Ace carefully helped her down some steep incline. She had n't the slightest idea where she was except that she was *in* the earth rather than *on* it. At intervals they passed cross shafts, getting the cold current of air in circulation there, and at last came to what the Ace called an "Armstrong engine." It was a huge roller. One end was sunk deep in the rock, and to the other, which rested on a heavy brace, was attached a crank. Around the roller were coils of rope, and to the end of this rope the Ace attached the car. He told her not to be afraid and to hold on tight, that she was going down a steep incline to a lower tunnel. Then he slowly turned the crank and she felt herself sinking into the darkness.

Down, down, down, slowly at first, then more rapidly through the space. It was necessary for him to keep the candle and she was in utter darkness. She grew frightened as the speed increased and screamed, — then her car stopped and she knew she was at the bottom.

The Ace joined her in a moment. She heard a sliding of rock near by, and soon the light of his candle was visible. He had reached her level by the rock slide.

It was now a level tunnel to the opening by the boarding house, and though not more than a quarter of a mile in length, the Ace spun the journey out to its utmost limit in the matter of time.

Miss Burwonton was an easy talker. The limited scope of her surroundings seemed to add to her freedom of thought, and she ran on about herself and particularly about her father in a way that gave the Ace little time for reply even if he had had anything to say. Miss Burwonton's sudden appearance on the scene completely upset him. Except the two or three Indian squaws and half-breeds at the Creek, he had not seen a woman for five years, and this beautiful girl bewitched him.

It was mere chance that Fan should have told the Ace how important it was that her father should succeed as the superintendent of the Wild Deer ; but that is what she did tell him, and the Ace listened and fell into her way of thinking as though she had been the one woman in the world he had always loved, as though he had had no designs whatever on the superintendency himself.

Finally, as the tunnel turned, Miss Burwonton could distinguish a hole in the earth away ahead of them and could feel the fresh air. The hole grew larger and larger and their way lighter and lighter, until at last they emerged into the bright sunlight.

They were but a stone's throw from

the superintendent's office and the Ace with a great display of courtesy and much bowing showed her the way there and left her.

"What a fool I've been to kick up such a row about Burwonton being superintendent, what a durned fool!" the Ace said to himself as he picked his way through the sage brush to his tent on the hillside. "How in the devil she ever stumbled onto me beats me. Must hev been Providence workin' fer her old man."

He untied his tent and went in, tying it up after him. He sat down on his candle box and took the stolen papers from the keg. And all the while he was thinking of the afternoon and the superintendent's daughter, and of what a fool he had been to question Burwonton's position. He wondered if Miss Burwonton would ever speak to him again if she knew that he had stolen the papers that were necessary to her father's present peace at Wild Deer.

"Anyhow," he said aloud, "she'll never know it."

He folded the papers up and tucked them into the bosom of his blue shirt. Going out, he crept away cautiously toward the mine.

At the rear of Burwonton's house he paused in a clump of sage brush to consider how he could best leave the papers. His quick eye caught the superintendent's coat lying on a shelf in the assay shop, just where it had been when he had taken the papers a week before. He crept around to the side of the shop, leaped in through the open window, deposited the papers in the pocket of the coat, and noiselessly stole out again. At the back of the shop he paused. Someone was humming a tune, a quick bright tune that sounded familiar to the Ace. He had heard it sung in the East when he had been on a visit to the States many

years before, and he knew the voice was Miss Burwonton's. He listened until the voice ceased then he walked away to his tent. He was a very happy man.

That night a full moon launched boldly out from its harbor behind Buckskin mountain and sailed across the blue heavens. It threw its light over the sage brush country and made the hills white.

By a tent at the head of the Wild Deer cañon a miner was vigorously scrubbing himself over a basin of cold water. In a disjointed fashion between splashes of water he was singing aloud:—

“In a cabin, in a cañon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.”

Jerome Case Bull.

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.—III.¹

A CONTINUATION OF AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ARGONAUT DAYS.



THE YEARS since the great influx of population began in California in 1849, had been fraught with exciting events and remarkable accomplishments. American energy and intelligence had established a new civilization, had founded good government, had brought order out of careless disorder, promoted public morality and educational and religious culture, and converted a solitude into a land of bustling activity, brimming with plenty, and filled with promise.

The foot-hills of the Sierra had been torn and scarred by the pick of the gold hunter, from Siskiyou to Mariposa. Rivers had been turned from their courses and made to disgorge their glittering wealth. River beds had been upturned and gulches scarified. The very foundations of the great hills were being torn up by the hydraulic miner and sent down the water courses in rivers of silt and gravel. Twice a month during these years the

fleet of Panama and Nicaragua steamers had been carrying away some four or five millions of virgin gold, as part of the product of placer mining operations. Quartz mining was in its lusty infancy, while, free to all, the foot-hills yet held out their golden allurements, and gave abundant promise that the end was not yet.

In the valleys waving wheat fields and fruitful orchards were rapidly widening their acreage and increasing their abundance in growing rivalry with the golden harvests of the mining region. Towns were springing up in localities that gave unmistakable indications of future commercial importance, and were steadily advancing in growth and prosperity.

More marked than all in its evidences of metropolitan growth and prosperity was the ceaseless transformation that had long been taking place in and around Yerba Buena cove, now known as San Francisco. A little more than ten years before it had just emerged from a sparsely populated hamlet into a bustling mining supply camp and a Babel of social discord.

What with witnessing the city prac-

¹Continued from February number.

tically swept out of existence time after time by fire, as well as other events almost as disastrous to the public welfare, and passing through periodic public excitement growing out of reputed new gold discoveries and other like events, it need not be wondered at, if, for a while, the Society of California Pioneers languished and fell into something approaching a torpor. Other affairs were too absorbing to permit that organization to obtain its full share of personal attention from its members, or to enable it to command proper public recognition.

Beside all this, there was the wish of transforming the sandhills that constituted the background of Yerba Buena cove into the outline even of a great city, which commanded ceaseless effort and an endless expenditure of energy and labor.

Mr. Lick's first gift to the Society had, however, revived interest among some of its members, and aroused a determination to put its affairs on a new and more prosperous basis.

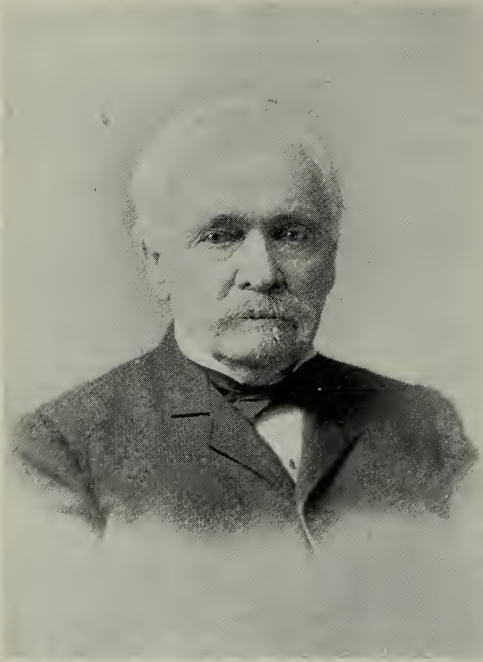
A special committee consisting of O. P. Sutton, Willard B. Farwell, and William R. Wheaton, was appointed in March, 1862, to obtain plans and specifications for a new building to be erected upon the lot which had been donated by Mr. Lick, and to report upon the practicability of the proposition. Prior to this by dint of hard and earnest effort on the part of those foremost in the effort to reconstruct the affairs of the Society, a fund of nearly five thousand dollars had been accumulated, chiefly through the taking out of life memberships. This, with the property given by Mr. Lick, constituted the Society's entire capital.

In due time the special committee made a full and detailed report, showing the exact financial condition of the Society, the estimated cost of a new building, and the revenue that would probably be derived therefrom. Advocating the pro-

position in the strongest possible terms, the committee drew the following graphic picture of the condition into which the Society had fallen and its prospective future unless this new step was promptly taken.

The Society, it will be admitted on all sides, has fallen into a lethargic, if not decadent, condition. True, enough members continue to pay their dues to give it a torpid existence, but nothing more. Left to itself, without some effort being made to restore its vitality and give to it a healthy and vigorous existence, it must ere long become completely demoralized. It is not surprising that this should be so. One of the main purposes of the Society — certainly the cohesive element which binds us together, and has enabled us thus far to preserve an associated existence — is the fostering of social intercourse among the Pioneers of California, — offering to such a central place of resort, where we may meet and enjoy rational amusements together, where we may have access to the journals and literature of the day, and perpetuate among ourselves and our children that friendly intercourse which ought always to characterize the Pioneers and their descendants. To effect this object, it is necessary that the rooms of the Society should be pleasantly located, cheerfully arranged, and sufficiently attractive to make them an agreeable place of resort. At the present time they are wholly devoid of either of these attributes. They are ill ventilated, worse lighted, dark, dilapidated, and dingy. Located as they are immediately over one of the most disgusting and indecent establishments that disgrace the city — which, beside making a pandemonium nightly of the building, from its ear-splitting noises, contributes also to the atmosphere of the Society's rooms, an agglomeration of offensive stench reeking with pestilential odors, to which it would be hard to find a parallel. Even these quarters, uninviting and bad as they are, are only held at the caprice and mercy of one who at any moment may force us to look for accommodations elsewhere. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the Society is retrograding. The present condition and location of the rooms renders it repulsive to every man of ordinary sensibilities to enter them; and unless some change is effected soon, it is apparent that the Society will not long have an organized existence.

Your Committee believes that the erection of the new building as proposed, and the fitting up of pleasant and attractive rooms, with all the neces-



John Curry

sary concomitants, will not only restore the Society to life and vigor again, but will more than double its list of active paying members. This is the remedy for its present disease, and it cannot be too soon applied.

If the standard of the respectability of the Association is to be estimated by strangers from the present aspect and location of its rooms, members can hardly feel a pride in being known as such. Your Committee believes that the rooms should be situated and arranged on a scale commensurate with the objects intended to have been accomplished by the founders of the Society, so that every respectable citizen, eligible to membership, may feel himself elevated and honored by being connected with us as a fellow member.

A hot contest grew out of this report. Its adoption was stubbornly opposed by several leading members, who, for no good and sufficient reasons, chose at that time to play the part of obstructionists. After prolonged discussion the report was

adopted. It was followed by the introduction of a resolution by W. B. Farwell which was also adopted, providing for the appointment of a building committee with full authority to proceed with the erection of the new building. Of this committee, W. B. Farwell was made chairman, his associates being O. P. Sutton, Samuel Brannan, Peter Donahue, and Alexander G. Abell.

At the very threshold of proceedings for the erection of the new building a difficulty was encountered which for the moment threatened a disaster. It was necessary for the Society to mortgage its property to raise funds for the new building. It was soon found that no sufficient authority was vested in its officers. Accordingly an act was drawn by W. B. Farwell, vesting in the president, directors, and secretary, the necessary authority, and through his efforts was introduced and speedily passed by both houses of the legislature and signed by the governor. For this service he received the unanimous thanks of the Society. It was deemed best at this time, however, in order to provide against all further contingencies of this nature to reorganize the Society into corporate form, in which, under the general corporation laws of the State it could in the future enjoy all the rights and privileges exercised by such bodies.

Having complied with all the legal necessary formalities its certificate of incorporation was duly filed on the 28th of January, 1863, and the Society was born anew. It was a wise and business-like act, which has since been fraught with good results and has greatly facilitated the operations of the organization in the administration of its affairs.

All obstructions thus removed, the new building was soon under process of construction. The corner stone was laid on the 7th of July, 1862, the oration upon

this occasion being delivered by W. B. Farwell. The event was witnessed by a large assemblage of prominent public men and leading citizens. Among them was Thomas Starr King, who, in his happiest and most eloquent mood, paid a glowing tribute to the Pioneers and to the work they had accomplished.

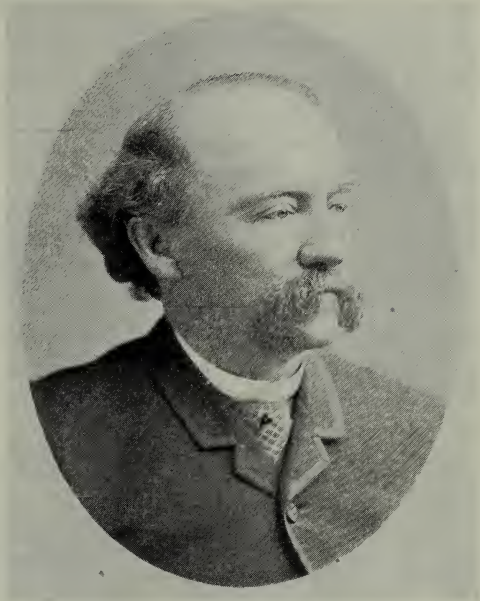
The election of officers took place on the same day, and resulted in the choice of a president, board of directors, and secretary, who were ardent friends of the new policy, O. P. Sutton¹ having been elected president and Wm. L. Duncan, secretary. The new Hall was completed and dedicated on the 8th of January, 1863. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, and one of the most brilliant gatherings that San Francisco had ever witnessed.

The same year, on July 7th, 1863, Willard B. Farwell was unanimously elected president, and William L. Duncan re-elected secretary. Large accessions to its membership were made, and soon its revenues were considerably in advance of its expenditures. The debt incurred in building was rapidly cancelled.

For the next ten years the Society continued to prosper. Its presidents during this period were: Joseph W. Winans, 1864-65; Pierre B. Cornwall, 1865-66; Robert J. Tiffany, 1866-67; William R. Wheaton, 1867-68; William H. Clark, 1868-69; Richard Chenery, 1869-70; Charles D. Carter, 1870-71; Alexey Von Schmidt, 1871-72; Peter Donahue, 1872-73.

As the years advanced the financial inability of the Society to care properly for needy pioneers began to be painfully apparent. Fortune had not been equally kind to all of them. A few were in need, with the inevitable prospect of more being added to the list. Robert J.

¹On his election to the presidency Mr. Sutton resigned as a member of the building committee and Mr. B. O. Devoe was appointed to fill the vacancy thus created. The writer is the only surviving member of the committee.



WILLARD B. FARWELL, PRESIDENT 1863-64.

Tiffany, a generous-hearted member, who, as has been shown, had been honored with the presidency for 1866-67, sat about the work of creating a relief fund, the interest upon which should be sacredly devoted to the purpose which its name indicates. He headed the subscription with a gift of five hundred dollars, and pursued his work with such persistent energy, that ten thousand dollars were soon obtained and placed to the credit of this fund. It has since grown into sufficiently large proportions to lead to the hope that no member of the Society will ever necessarily come to want while living, or fail to receive worthy burial at death.

Mr. Lick's second gift of the splendid property on Fourth street, was made on the 3d day of October, 1873. The wish that he had originally cherished in making the gift of the lot on the corner of Montgomery and Gold streets, that a monumental building should be erected that should commemorate the names of

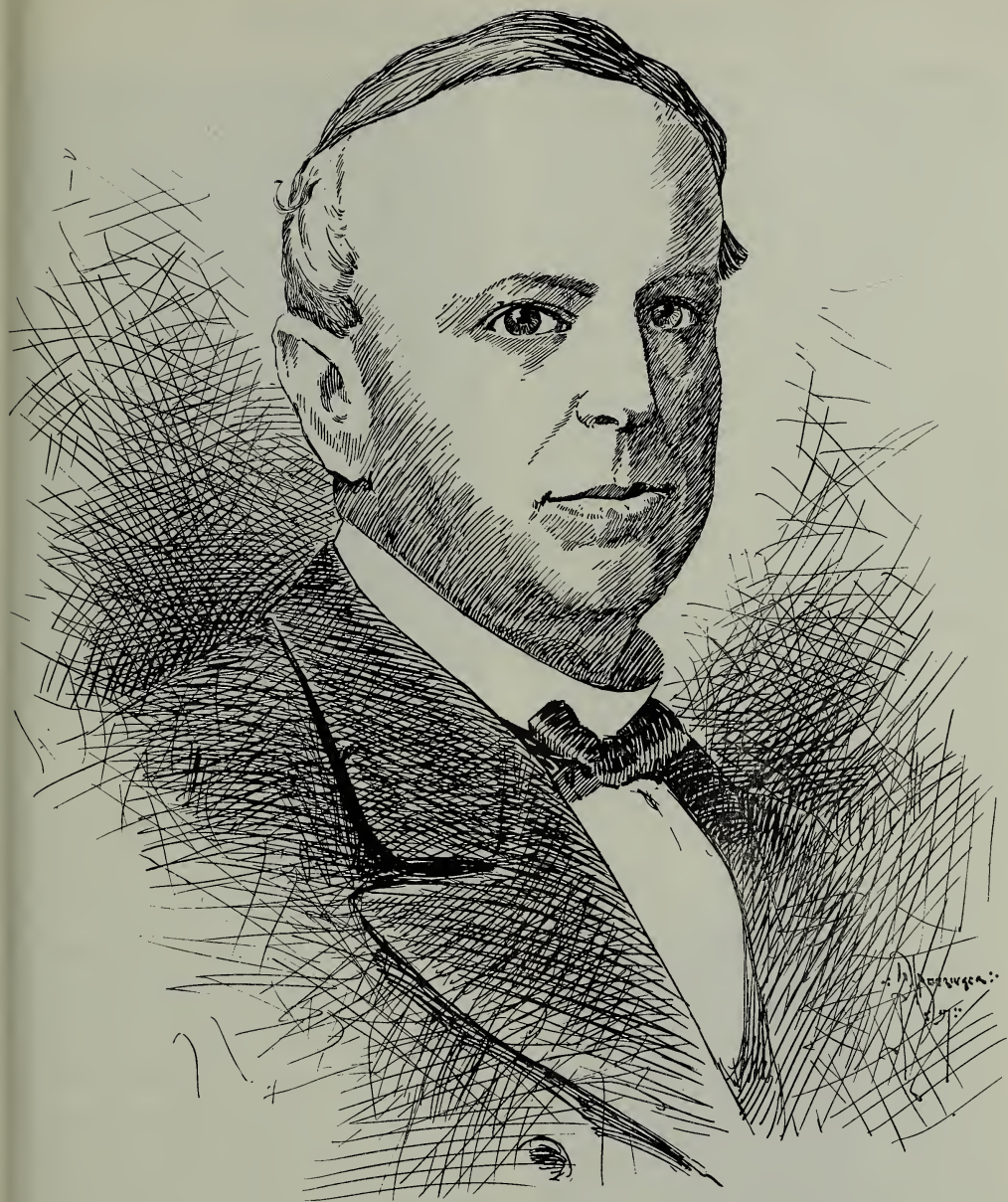
the giver and recipient alike, had not found satisfactory consummation in the modest structure on that lot. In making the donation of the large and valuable property on Fourth street, he coupled it with conditions, splendid in their conception, in so far as the character of the building to be erected thereon was concerned, but financially utterly impossible of fulfillment on the part of the Society. So strong a hold had this project taken upon the mind of Mr. Lick that he had not only caused a front elevation of the building which he desired should be erected upon the lot to be drawn, but had outlined in his deed of gift so clear a description of its interior arrangement that it would have been easy to have carried his wishes into effect if the Society had been financially able to do so. As the matter stood, the gift was accepted and Mr. Lick at the next annual election was made president of the Society by a unanimous vote, for 1873-74. He was re-elected for the years 1874-75, 1875-76, and 1876-77. But dying on the last day of September, 1876, he was succeeded by William T. Coleman, who was elected to fill the vacancy at a special election held for that purpose, on the 25th day of October, 1876.

During all these years Mr. Lick had never presided at a meeting nor filled any of the functions of president. In fact, he had never signed the constitution of the Society, and, as a cold legal proposition, never had been, and never was, legally a member. His signature, as it appears today upon the constitution of the Society, was cut from some other document or communication and pasted there, as a makeshift to cover the singular action of this eccentric man. It is mentioned here in no spirit of criticism of the policy of the Society in thus keeping him at the head of the organization

through all these years. It was, apart from the sincere thanks which were given, the only proper recognition that could be made of his generosity, and was more than justified even if technically an illegal act. For the first two years of Mr. Lick's presidency the first vice-president, David J. Staples, performed all the functions of president faithfully and well. The next year this duty devolved upon Peter Dean, and was equally well performed. Mr. Dean succeeded William T. Coleman as president for the year 1877-78, Serranus C. Hastings following him in 1878-79; Henry L. Dodge, 1879-80; Joseph G. Eastland, 1880-81 and 1881-82; and Washington Bartlett for 1882-83.

The gift of the valuable property on Fourth street had been supplemented by Mr. Lick in September, 1875, by making the Society one of his residuary legatees in the deed of trust through which the final disposition of his great estate was to be made. While it was, in the broadest sense of the expression, a magnificent bequest, it led up to many a controversy in the organization marked by some bitter antagonisms, all of which have since been fortunately healed. It is not necessary here to relate all the circumstances attendant upon the execution of, and final carrying out of, the terms and conditions of Mr. Lick's bequests as set forth in his final deed of trust, except in so far as relates to the interest of the Society of California Pioneers in that instrument.

What Mr. Lick's intentions and desires were may be thus stated: Upon the lot on Fourth street he had planned that a building should be constructed by the Society of the character already described. Becoming satisfied later on that the conditions which he had laid down were impracticable and could not be carried out by the Society, he waived



JUDGE LOUIS ALDRICH.

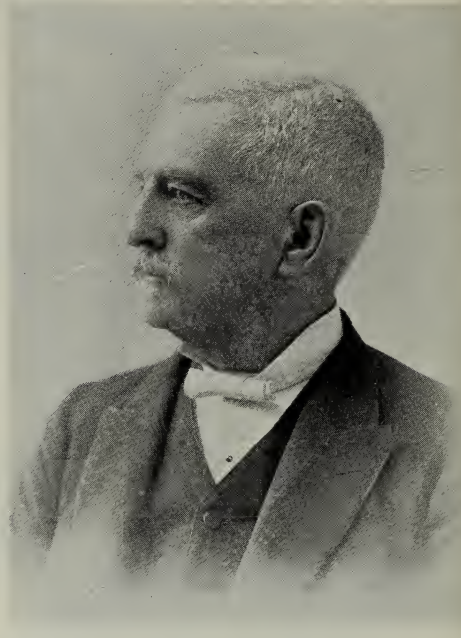
them tall, and by a clean, unrestricted deed conveyed the property to the Society.

Richly endowed as the Society had now become through the beneficence of this singular man, matters went along quietly until 1882. Dissatisfaction now began to manifest itself among members at what, to them, seemed unnecessary delay on the part of the "Lick Trust"

in closing up the estate and letting the Society "come into its own." Mutterings and fault-findings soon increased into clamorous protest, ripening at last into an open declaration of war, and a concerted effort by legal action to force the members of the Lick Trust to close up their work without further delay.

A committee was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Trust and report

as the preliminary step. This committee performed its work and submitted its report. As an hysterical effort to impress upon the Society that they were being greatly wronged and that nothing less than a forced winding up of the affairs of the Lick Trust could right that wrong or enable the Society ever to derive any benefit from Mr. Lick's last bequest, it was a notable success. For a time its sensational declarations swept away all attempts to expose its fallacies and puncture the bubble thus being blown into enormous dimensions. A degree of excitement was aroused that had never before been witnessed in the history of the organization. The press took up the cause of the Society and for a time it was made to appear that "the old Pioneers" were being unrighteously and wickedly kept out of their patrimony with dishonest intent on the part of the members of the Lick Trust, two of whom, it may be

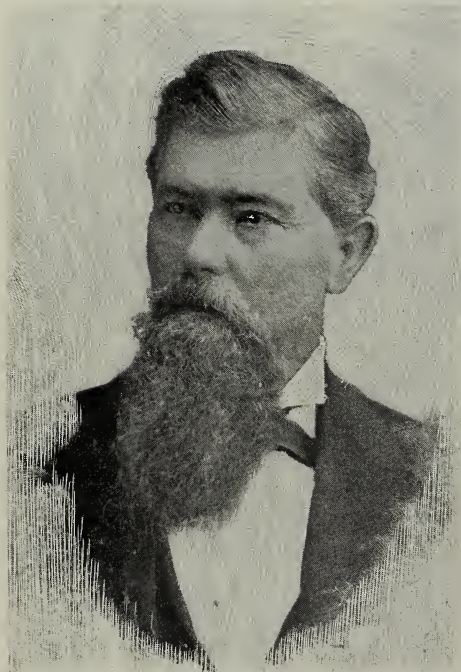


PIERRE B. CORNWALL, PRESIDENT 1865-66.

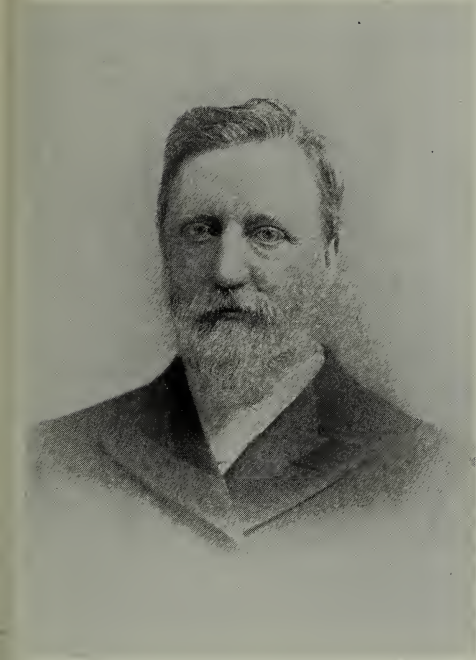
mentioned parenthetically, were members of the Society.

It was next to impossible to obtain a hearing even on the part of any member in opposition to the report of the special committee. Vainly did Mr. Peter Dean, one of the ex-presidents of the Society, endeavor to stem the tide. He was almost alone at first in an effort to ferret out the real condition of the question at issue. By persistent effort, however, and cool determination to stand up for the right he at last succeeded in so wearying the patience of his fellow members as to force an adjournment, and the matter went over to another meeting.

At the next meeting W. B. Farwell succeeded in obtaining the floor and a respectful hearing, in opposition to the committee's report. This much having been accomplished, the way was easy for all that was to follow. The true and exact state of the case was then concisely shown by him to be, that, so long



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. THOMAS.



L. L. BAKER, PRESIDENT 1891-92.

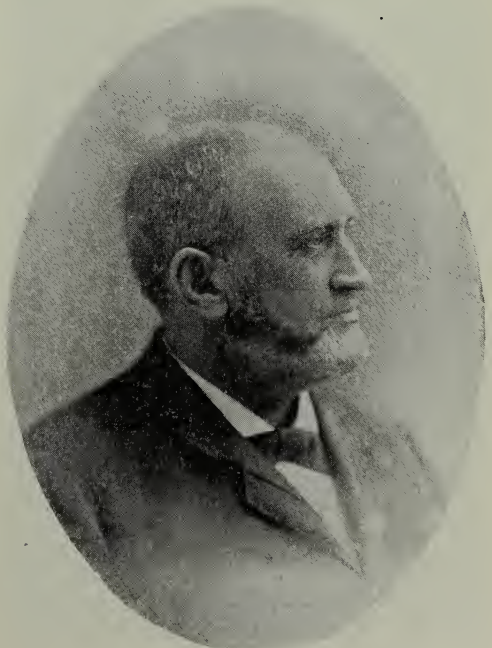
as the affairs of the Lick Trust were honestly administered, and in not one single particular, however minute, had they ever been shown to be otherwise, so long would the Society, as one of the residuary legatees, be the gainer by the constant accretion of value to the Lick properties through their net earnings. It had been shown by the committee's report that if the affairs of the Trust were then summarily wound up, all that the Society could hope to realize would be about \$100,000, and this the committee wanted to realize at once as the best that could be hoped for.

The facts upon which the report was based were so much at variance with the committee's reasoning and conclusions, that when once clearly set forth before the Pioneers,—as always has been the case when any controversial matter has been brought to bar before them, a joint verdict was speedily reached. The tide was fairly turned in the other direction.

Even the committee were practically forced to admit that they had been sadly in the wrong, and the action then had in defeating their report resulted eventually, when the Lick estate was finally settled in 1896, in a cash benefit to the Society of \$604,654.08, instead of the less than \$100,000, which this report admitted was all that could be hoped for, if its recommendations were followed.

Matters had now reached a point where a new departure was again in order. The same old battle was to be fought over again in the matter of the erection of another new "Pioneer Hall," that should be in larger measure commensurate with the needs of the Pioneers and their descendants and that should stand in monumental honor to the name of James Lick.

Once more it became necessary to elect a president and board of directors who would coöperate in the movement, as the first step toward success. The election at which this issue was fought out was



HENRY E. HIGHTON.



GEORGE W. STILWELL.

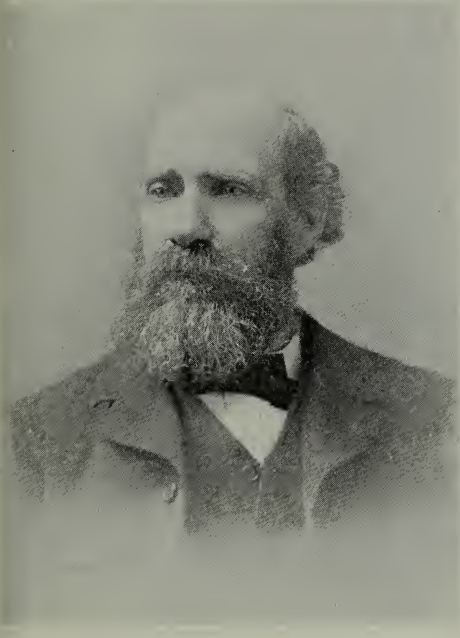
a closely contested one; for the so-called "conservative element" was in strong force, and in decided opposition to the proposition. The progressive effort was, however, successful by a narrow margin. Nathaniel Holland was elected president for 1883-84 by two votes over Washington Bartlett, who had been renominated by the conservatives, and from that moment the battle was practically won.

The election of Mr. Holland was a fortunate event, considered in its relation to the then immediate and future welfare of the Society. One of its most aged members, nearly an octogenarian when he assumed the presidency, he brought to the discharge of his duties all the force and energy of character of a man of forty. An old school "Philadelphia lawyer," he took no step that was not first sanctioned and authorized by law in its minutest technical sense. His every effort was given to the careful protection of the in-

terests of the Society. He caused its re-incorporation, in order to be in more strict compliance with the code under the provisions of the new constitution, and fairly inaugurated a new departure in the administration of affairs. He had been one of the most earnest and sincere members in the attack upon the Lick Trust, and had given counsel and legal advice as to the best method of proceeding to wind up its affairs. When convinced—as he subsequently was—that he was in error, no man was more ready to acknowledge the fact, and none more effectually espoused the other side. Consequently when he became president, he entered not only into ardent coöperation with those who were advocating the construction of the new hall, but from that time forth was a staunch defender of the wise policy which had been, and was still pursued by the "Lick Trust."¹

The way having been now cleared for action, the movement for the construction of the new "Pioneer Hall" was begun. Almost the same contest was re-enacted that had marked the earlier movement for the erection of the old hall, with one or two of the leading characters in the first controversy again at the front, performing the same rôle. Most of the old contestants had long ago died, however. Again, in 1883, W. B. Farwell introduced a resolution, which was adopted, providing for the appointment of a special committee to consider and report upon the practicability of the proposition. On the question of the adoption of the report,

¹ What is here written is stated from the Pioneer standpoint alone. That the various other bequests would have been executed in full by the Lick Trust had its affairs then been brought to a close—that is to say, that there would have been sufficient money in hand to have covered them all—is doubtless quite true. But that there would have been any amount whatsoever left over as a surplus to be divided between the residuary legatees had this sacrificial course been adopted is quite questionable. It would be a perversion of the common attributes of human nature, therefore, to assume that the Society would be magnanimous enough to waive its prospective rights and permit the estate to be sacrificed at forced sale, when by continuing it a few years longer its interests would be enormously enhanced and the other beneficiaries would not suffer by the delay. Results have since fully and fairly established the justice of the position thus taken.



E DWARD E. CHEVER, MARSHAL 1889-90

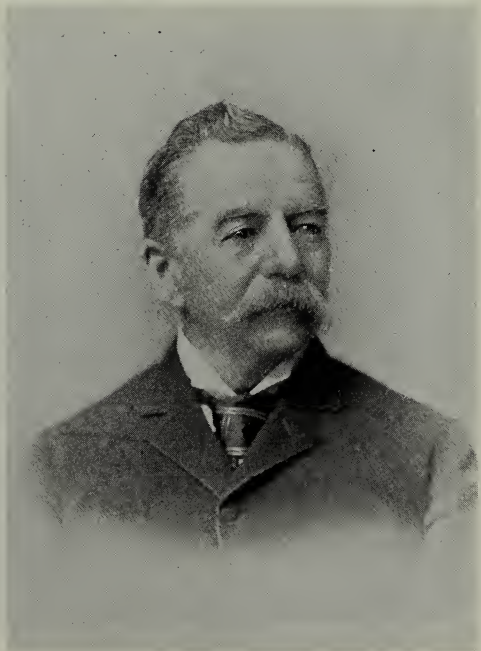
A loan had been negotiated from the "Lick Trust" at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum interest to cover the cost of the building. The true effect of this loan was that the Society was paying one half of the interest money to itself, through the Lick Trust as the present custodian of its own money. This was vastly better than wrecking the Trust and harvesting only the "flotsam and jetsam" that might eventually drift to shore for the benefit of the residuary legatees.

In due season the building was completed and the Society entered upon its occupancy. Many old forty-niners who had hitherto failed to avail themselves of their eligibility to membership joined the Society, and once more a new era of prosperity was inaugurated.

Louis Sloss had succeeded Mr. Holland as president for 1884-85; John Nightingale, for 1885-86; Gustave Reis, for 1886-87; Isaac E. Davis, for 1887-88; Arthur M. Ebbets, for 1888-89; and Edward Kruse, for 1889-90.

which was strongly in favor of the proposition, the same degree of opposition was developed and the same determined hostility that had been encountered in 1862 had to be overcome. The report was adopted by the Society, and in January, 1884, Willard B. Farwell, Louis Sloss, Thomas D. Matthewson, James Irvine, and Gustave Reis, were appointed as a "permanent building committee," with full power to proceed with the erection of the building.

Passing over the details of the preliminary work, it is enough to say that the erection of the building was speedily entered upon, the choice of plans having been awarded to those of the architects, Wright & Sanders. The corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 7th of September, 1884, the 34th anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union. W. B. Farwell again delivered the oration, as he had done upon the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the old hall.



J. H. WIDBER.

During Mr. Kruse's administration, it having been announced that the Relief Fund of the Society was insufficient to meet the requirements upon it, Mr. Alexander Montgomery responded with a check for \$5,000. The Society met the obligation thus conferred by electing Mr. Montgomery to the presidency for 1890-91. Before the close of his term Mr. Montgomery again added to the Relief Fund a check for the magnificent sum of \$25,000, thereby earning for himself the lasting gratitude of his associates and perpetuating his memory in respect and honor among their descendants.

Livingston L. Baker succeeded Mr. Montgomery as president for 1891-92. C. V. S. Gibbs was elected for 1892-93, and again for 1893-94, and would undoubtedly have been elected for 1894-95 had he not declined the honor. The Society had never had a more earnest and sincere worker in its behalf, or one more attentive to the duties of the office. Foremost always in his efforts to relieve the needy, he gave

his time, personal attention, and freely of his means for relief, when he could not see his way for the Relief Fund to be drawn upon in individual cases. He earned and received a full measure of gratitude from many and the personal esteem of the Society as a body. His administration of the Society's affairs stands as a model.

Christian Reis filled the office of president for 1894-95; H. N. Tilden, for 1895-96; while E. N. Root occupies the position for 1896-97.

The Society has a collection of historical papers of great value. They now form four thick volumes, and represent the free services of one of its life members, Edward E. Chever. He was made a committee of one by the vote of the society in 1886, on the motion of Judge Holland. This was to correct certain errors which had been noted in the printed lists of members. Mr. Chever sent printed blanks to the members, requesting them to answer the questions contained therein,



EARLY DAYS AT MISSION DOLORES.

Published by Feirot & Co., Lithographers.



From a painting by Nahl. Copyrighted.

MOONLIGHT AT THE MINES.

and return to him. Thus:— Name in full; Date of birth; Birth-place; Occupation; Date of arrival in California; Name of vessel, if by water, what route if by land, with usual signature beneath. Now when a member dies the secretary appends a foot-note stating time and place of death.

When James Lick was President, the Acting President, D. J. Staples, tried to obtain information of this kind. Washington Bartlett also tried to do it when he was President. It required patience, energy, persistence, and endurance, of one who estimated the great value of such archives, and who could devote the time and labor needed for its accomplishment. The descendants of Pioneers will consult these archives for knowledge of their Pioneer ancestors, and time will constantly add to the value of the archives.

Passing in review the work of the Society of California Pioneers as such, in its associated policy, opinions may, and do, widely differ as to what use has been, is, and may hereafter be, made of the

magnificent bequests with which it has been endowed by the late James Lick. If careful, prudent, and businesslike method in the management of the Society's property and affairs, with the sole end in view — so far as can be perceived — of simply husbanding its means and turning over the property for their successors to enjoy, without manifestation of purpose or desire to carry out an expressed wish of Mr. Lick, fulfills his intentions in making the Society one of his residuary legatees, and embraces a fair performance of duty in the matter, then nothing remains to be said against the policy that now prevails. If a neglect, or curt refusal, to erect and place in public view in permanent marble or bronze, a fair statue of Mr. Lick, — in the Park or elsewhere, — and limiting such monumental evidence of associated gratitude to a cheap plaster cast bust of the great philanthropist, on a conspicuous bracket in the hall of the Society be all that is due to his memory in this direction, then again nothing remains to be said against that policy. If, with the

means and opportunity at its disposal to leave some monumental evidences behind it for the preservation and perpetuation of early California history, in the form of historical pictures or otherwise, to leave such a work unperformed, merely that those who are to come after may reap a large measure of associated enjoyment, be wise, and would best have served the wishes of Mr. Lick, then nothing remains to be said in this print. The general question of duty fulfilled or unfulfilled must in any case, however, be left to the fair consideration of the Society itself, whether public criticism leads to praise or censure. Certainly from a body of men who, in all matters that go toward the founding of a State and the building up so stable a form of public prosperity, have done their work so admirably and well, it can hardly now be believed that there will be any neglect of duty in the closing act of their eventful careers. There it must be left; by their final acts must they be judged. If we pass on to the work which has been accomplished by the Pioneers in the State at large, we are confronted with no such

causes for criticism. It is written all over the vast domain in well tilled, fertile fields, in populous towns, in prosperous homes and happy households. They need no other epitaph or eulogy than these evidences of human progress afford. "Do you ask for their monument, look around you!"

Of the once mighty and invincible host comparatively few remain. The exhibition of the flag at half mast above "Pioneer Hall" with accelerating frequency, denotes the approach of the day when the name of every old Pioneer shall be but a memory. Looking backward over the work which they have accomplished, they console themselves with the thought that they have tried, as well as it was given them to know, to perform their full measure of public and private duty, and leave a fair legacy of good to mankind.

"Half mast the flag! The Pioneer is passing,
Uncover! Give him his well-earned salute!
You, who in thronged streets are daily massing,
Pay this small tribute to the lips now mute.
His race, now fairly won, his labors ended,
Your benediction he may surely crave.
Speak of his name with honor's token blended,
With grateful memories decorate his grave."

Willard B. Farwell.

A STUDY EN ROUTE.

I WOKE this morning on the western slope

Of blue Tehachapi.

The dawn was reddening as we reached the top

Of brown Tehachapi;

And as we hurried down the eastern slope

Of gray Tehachapi,

Night's shadows lay upon the cañoned sides

Of rough Tehachapi, —

But, oh the sudden glory of thy peaks,

Sun-crowned Tehachapi!

W. H. Anderson.



"WITH ITS PINNACLE HIGHER THAN THE USUAL STEEPLE."

SNOWSLIDES IN THE ROCKIES

A PERILOUS STUDY

THE Rocky Mountain region gives ample opportunity for studying some of nature's grandest works. To see them, the rugged mountaineer endures the hardest toil and passes through dangers of which the plainsman has little idea. In the heights of these ranges the snow is abundantly piled up in winter, either in gently falling flakes or driven with great force of wind to a resting spot, there to melt in summer and send pure streams of water into the valleys far below. In such localities the character and effects of snow-slides can be best observed and studied.

A real live snow-slide is not a pleasant thing to encounter, and the spectator, after a close view, prefers much to be at a respectful distance when one is in action. Then, again, they usually occur in anything but comfortable weather,—at the time when snow is falling the fastest, or else just after it has packed, and the atmosphere is in a melting mood, causing saturation and consequent increase of weight. After having seen slides coming thick and fast and heard their roar and crash, one never forgets the sight or the awe inspired by them.

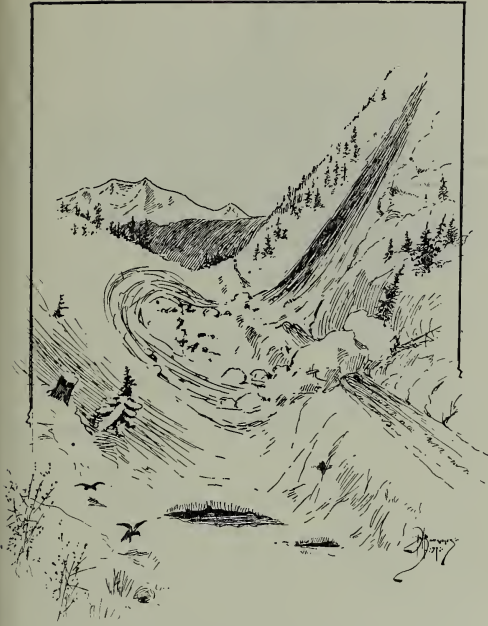
It is much pleasanter in the summer season to study the remains of a snow-slide, with its mass of snow slowly melting and revealing in its debris evidences of its power as shown in rocks and trees

torn from the mountain's side and broken and mashed into unshapely masses. A few incidents will illustrate some special features of this high mountain region.

The slide I witnessed in the latter week in May a few years ago was so far out of the usual style of slides in the mountains of Idaho, that it will be well to mention it first. There is a road passing up Trail creek from Ketchum, thence over the Sawtooth range to the head waters of Big Lost river, making not only a steep climb, but a most interesting road, because of the grand scenery. It is a beautiful gulch with its small stream of clear, cool water, and the road following close to the stream, which has quite a heavy fall. Numerous side gulches enter, coming down from high and precipitous mountains on either side. One of these gulches begins well up toward the summit, some two thousand feet above the road. This gulch reaches in its descent to nearly the level of the Trail creek cañon in a distance of about two miles. Much of the upper part of this gulch becomes packed with snow, and remains there until late in the summer, melting more or less each day and hardening into ice each night. A mass of this snow, aggregating many thousand tons, started down the gulch about May 25th, and instead of rushing with great speed it moved slowly, being over a half hour making a run which a real lively slide in winter would make in about a minute. It crawled along like a glacier, curving here and there to keep in the trough of the gulch, moving slowly all the time without stopping. To the person witnessing this phenomenon, that great mass of snow looked like a huge white worm, crawling downward. It was estimated to be nearly a thousand feet long, fifty to seventy-five feet wide, and fifteen feet high in the center, with some less thickness towards the sides.

At the foot of the gulch quite a large delta has been built up, with the center with its water trough or creek bed in a direct line of the gulch, higher than the ground on either side.

One would suppose that such a great mass of snow would have kept in a straight line on reaching this delta, but it did not do so. The ground there had long been dry, except that the small stream of water from melting snow had spread out on each side, wetting the ground enough to act as a lubricant, and hence the snow divided about the center, one part striking off to the right at a sharp angle, then after going a hundred feet, turning again to the left, making an elbow, while the other part went off at a slight tangent and crooked around much like the crawling of a huge snake. This was a slide that any expert walker could outdistance in speed, and it was watched in its movements by men in summer dress, and yet if it had been in winter, with ground frozen and then coated with snow, which would have given it free passage with the least possible friction, it would have rushed onward until it struck the great hills on the opposite side and made them tremble with its mighty force, while it would have piled a barrier across the gulch, hundreds of feet long, wide, and high. After witnessing this exhibition, more powerful, grand, and wonderful, than I can describe, our stage sped on up the steep grade until we reached snow still on the grade. There we changed to a sleigh, and were soon where our progress was over snow drifted and piled to a depth of fifteen feet above the road. That came from the daily passing over the route during the winter, by the stage-line, which all the time was packing the snow as fast as it fell. As long as this kept frozen it was well enough, but the warm sun had softened it, and our horses at times went down



"LIKE A SHEPHERD'S CROOK."

with rather singular results. It started high up in the mountain and on reaching the gulch through which the road runs, filled it partly up, rushed on up the opposite side, forcing its way upward over fifty feet higher, in a distance of a few hundred feet, almost in a straight line, then swinging round to the left, made a half circle, and pushed forward parallel with the course of the initial slide, until it struck the steep mountain and passed upward some distance before it stopped. Its course as shown by the large trees, broken, torn up, and bent, would look much like a shepherd's crook.

In visiting the Yankee Fork country, Idaho, early in May, some years ago, I found an obstruction in the road which puzzled me for quite a while. The stage had been passing over a snow-slide, which had partly melted away and left the road so it required some shoveling before we could pass. Naturally the question, Where did it come from? The road there was on the right side of the creek and twenty feet above it. Everything showed that this snow with its many small trees, limbs, etc., had come from our left. Between the road and the opposite hills was a flat several hundred feet wide, densely covered with trees. None of these showed any signs of being torn and broken by snow-slides, and the question of the origin of this one remained a mystery, until we made a discovery, after several trips over the road. The mountain opposite where the slide was deposited, presented the appearance of a very steep hill with an even slope all the way. Fortunately, a view from a point half a mile down stream showed differently, and then the true situation was revealed. Up some five hundred feet above the creek was a bench or step one or two hundred feet wide, covered with small trees. Back of this, the hill extended some two or

to their bodies. Getting to the summit, at about ten thousand feet above the sea, we found the country yet covered four to six feet deep with snow. Fortunately, our road up there was clear. It was not strong arms with shovels that had cleared out the road, leaving sloping walls on each side four to six feet high like open cuts on railways, but silent agents had been called in to perform his labor. Charcoal dust or screenings had been sprinkled over the snow along the road, just where it was desired to have it cleared. The rays of the sun did the rest in melting the snow, the black dust acting only as an absorbent of heat to convey it to the snow, and thus the results were accomplished easily and at little cost.

The real winter snow-slide travels with almost lightning speed and is terrible to behold, especially if life and property are endangered. It was near the place of the cleaning out the road that a slide occurred a few years ago

three thousand feet higher, and it was far up its side that this slide started. On reaching the bench, its course was changed to run across this plateau, gathering up trees in its way, and then, on reaching the brink, it had momentum enough to jump over a thousand feet, and fall about the road five hundred feet lower. Think of the power that hurled hundreds of tons of snow in one mass through the air like this, and get some idea of what a lively snow-slide will sometimes do.

In a wild gulch of the Sawtooth range, amid dense timber, I once in midsummer passed over the remains of a slide, still five to twenty feet deep. One of its features was a tree which had been torn from its moorings on the side of the mountain. It grew where the slope was about forty degrees, as shown by the body of the tree and the roots and probably twenty tons of earth and rock still held together. The slide had struck the tree thirty feet up and where it was three feet through of solid pine. This great tree was snapped in twain, bringing the roots and top together, and remained in that position after being hurled thousands of feet down the slope of the mountain. This was in Lake Creek gulch, not far from where the trail zig-zags up the steep slope of the Sawtooth range. It is a hard, tedious climb, but the



"CARPETED WITH GRASS AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS."

searcher after the grand is amply repaid for the labor.

The summit at this point is under cover of snow at all seasons of the year, except a few weeks in the latter part of summer. My last visit was on the 25th and 27th of June in making a round trip. The trail on the western slope passes through the center of a basin, one mile wide and three long. It is like a huge oblong pickle dish with one end raised, the sides representing the rim of this basin in high mountains, which in winter shed their snow in slides or drifts, until the basin is covered from a foot up to fifteen or twenty feet deep, even as late as the date of my visit. To go through this in daylight, one must get started before the sun has softened the snow, which is congealed or hardened every night.

I had often wondered how pine, cedar, and fir trees gained their footing so far up as to be always surrounded by snow,



"JUMPED ACROSS THE GULCH FAR ABOVE THE TREES."

and when seen at a distance, to present the appearance of growing through snow. Here I found a solution. On all mountain peaks, there may be seasons when the snow is all melted away. Such a season gives an opportunity for the hardy seed and plant to get growth. When snow falls the plant (in fact any object) becomes a wind-break, causing the snow to be wafted from immediately around it, thus leaving a circular place almost free from snow.

When spring comes, nature has another beautiful plan to protect and give life and growth to the plant or tree. The boughs absorb the rays of the sun, and the tree itself conducts the heat to the soil beneath, and soon the snow is melted away,— the circle is all the time enlarged by this heat absorption and conduction, until there is a large circle carpeted with grass and succulent flowers. I gathered flowers in such circles, with a tree as a central point, the circle being eight to twelve feet in diameter, while the wall of snow was two to three feet deep. This was at an elevation of over eleven thousand feet above sea level, and yet there was timber far above this.

The lower end of this basin narrows down to a small space, hemmed in by high mountains on each side. Here the winter winds drift snow up the cañon and down through the basin, the two opposite currents depositing their burdens in this "neck," while the slides from either side helped to fill up, until there was a ridge of snow and ice nearly a hundred feet high to cross over. Beneath this the water tunneled its way, and came to the surface a half mile down the cañon, making a creek thirty feet wide and two feet deep. This cañon extends ten miles to its confluence with the Middle Boise river, and a more romantic spot is seldom seen. The walls of the cañon rise perpendicular, almost, for hundreds of feet,

to a narrow table, back of which the mountains rise a thousand feet higher. In these last days of June, the melting snows sent a dozen streams to the brink of the high table, there to fall to the bottom of the cañon in beautiful cascades of one to five hundred feet in height. In the cañon, although with snow so near, vegetation grew luxuriantly, bees gathered honey, and insects abounded in great numbers. Down the cañon the trail continued, first on one and then on the other side of the creek. At this season of the year to cross the stream with abrupt shores and rushing current would have been difficult, had not the winter winds piled the snow drifts here and there across the creek, which drifts had afterwards been tunneled by streams still and remained excellent bridges. I crossed six such snow bridges on each of the two days I passed over the trail, and they appeared to be much firmer than wooden structures on our common roads.

This may be something of a digression in an article on snow-slides, but it is of a country where snow-slides are very common. Some years ago a friend of the writer spent a winter at Sawtooth City, near the place I have been writing about. He had little to do, except to watch the weather and see the snow come down. In seventy-six days the sun was visible but twice, and there were fifty-six days in which the sun was continuously obscured. Daily he registered the snow-fall, and footing it up under the standard measurement, he found that the snow had fallen to a depth of ninety-two feet and packed to ten feet, five inches. The sun then came out brightly, was greeted with cheers, and my friend mounted his snow-shoes and left the country, preferring not to remain and see the several feet of snow that fell later. That year there were not many snow-slides in the district, and it is not always the amount

of snow that governs the number and extent of snow-slides, in fact, there appears to be no positive rule which enables persons to tell beforehand when and where slides will occur. That locality is at the very head of Salmon river which runs north and west and empties its waters into Snake river to reach the Pacific ocean via the Columbia. Severe in cold and snow as it is in winter, it is a most delightful place to visit in the months of July and August, when the landscape is most beautiful with grasses and flowers and the streams and lakes are filled with fish. While the days are warm and genial overcoats, winter clothing, and a good fire, add to the comfort of the visitor.

The localities known as the Cottonwoods,— Little and Big Cottonwood cañons,— Utah, have been scenes of many snow-slides, and great loss of life. These are in the Wasatch mountains, a few miles south of Salt Lake city. Little Cottonwood is the home of the Emma, Flagstaff, and other once well known great mines. The steep sides of the gulch, once covered densely with trees, were stripped of timber for mining purposes, leaving the ground in condition for snow-slides. During the past twenty-five years many slides have occurred in this cañon in which about one hundred and seventy-five persons have been killed, the bodies of men generally not being found until the sun melted away the snow, several months afterward.

At times, whole families have been caught in the avalanches, and either killed outright, or imprisoned for the time. In these scenes of destruction and death, there have been exhibited acts of bravery and heroism on the part of rescuers, which if fully described would appear more thrilling than any fiction. A tramway runs up this cañon a distance of eight miles, twisting here and there along

the side of the mountain, and rising with an average grade of about four hundred feet to the mile. This road was once covered about one half the distance with snow-sheds, but these have been nearly all swept away, and the tramway is now only used as a summer road. Snow falls at Alta, the town at the upper end, to a depth of ten or fifteen feet each winter, and remains till it melts away late in the summer. It is one of many similar mining camps of the West, where men risk their lives, year after year delving in the hills for silver and gold. In this occupation they brave danger all the time, and yet they live above fear. Such is the heroic life of the Western miner. Park City, the home of the great Ontario and other big mines, lying a few miles east of Alta, has had many slides in that great mining district, the aggregate mortality from them being quite large.

In Big Cottonwood cañon a singular effect was produced by snow-slides some years ago. I put this in the plural because the effect could not have been produced by a single slide. At the scene of the incident, the gulch is five hundred feet wide, with the road located about the center. Two slides apparently started at the same time from the opposite slopes, and rushing towards each other, met about central in the gulch. This resulted in blocking the road, and piling up a mass of thousands of tons of snow. This was not piled in the usual manner in which we find a slide which has spent its force and stopped, but it was as if two bodies of snow, eight or ten feet thick, two hundred feet wide, and five hundred feet long, had come together—real headers — with such force as to compact into ice, and forcing upwards until it left a great iceberg rising like a mammoth church building with its pinnacles higher than the usual steeple. It took months of warm air and direct rays of the sun to

melt this huge mass of snow-ice away. A new wagon road had to be built around it.

Snow piled on the mountain side is treacherous. A misstep may hurl the pedestrian hundreds of feet below, while a pebble, a concussion, or some trivial thing, may start a slide to shoot off so rapidly that at short range, the eye has to be quick to keep up with it. When on its path, the front, while gathering substance, is all the time becoming compact by the forces behind, and the speed is constantly gaining, until by a change of grade, or other obstruction, its momentum is exhausted. Another power to set snow sliding, is that of masses falling from a summit where it has "combed" over. Where mountains gradually slope up to the summit on one side, and break off abruptly on the other, the prevailing wind-currents carry the snow to the summit, and there it becomes compacted on the reverse side, often extending out many feet in a hanging position and forming into masses of hundreds of tons, which may break off by its own weight and go far down the slope. Mountaineers learn to keep on the safe side whenever they think danger is imminent, and yet it is nearly always a risk to pass over snow lying on slopes above thirty degrees inclination. Still there are times when they do not fear such as slope below forty-five.

Cases have been common where heavy ore teams have been caught by slides and hurled down the slope hundreds of feet, breaking the wagons and killing horses and men. To such death does not always come with broken limbs and mangled bodies; but more frequently through pressure and shutting off air from the lungs of victims from snow being packed closely around them. Men have been taken out dead from so near the surface as to have a hand or foot ex-

posed above the snow, while their bodies showed no sign of bruises or other injuries. It is probable some such victims died as much from fright as from other cause, since to be caught in a flying slide must be as frightful a thing as man can encounter.

There is not much difference between an avalanche of snow and one of earth, except that the former runs faster and farther. I have never seen earth running up hill as the snow in some of the incidents here named, neither have I seen any that moved very far. Once I encountered a landslide where a thousand tons of rock came down a narrow gulch and piled up ten feet high on the wagon road at the bottom. Had it been snow, instead of rock and earth, and that in the winter season, it would have shot clear across the Salmon river, and landed on the reverse slope, three or four hundred feet from where the landslide stopped, because it was not lubricated to go farther.

Landslides in the Rocky Mountain region, while interesting, present some features not usual with earth avalanches in countries where there is much rain. In the latter, the avalanche is started and gains its action through excess of moisture, either from melting snow or rain, which adds to the weight of the mass, while it makes soft, ready for running, and then gravity does the rest. In the Rocky mountains, landslides are less frequent from great saturation. Here the hillsides become parched and thoroughly dry, because of the atmosphere being almost free from humidity. It is when in such condition, that a sudden surface wetting sends a great mass to the base of the hill, leaving its path still dry.

The railway through Weber cañon, Utah, is largely cut into the sides of high slopes having an angle of about forty-five degrees. Portions of the hill are covered

with broken or "slide rock" in small fragments. Some years ago, a gentle falling rain saturated the hill to a few inches in depth. This started a slide towards the foot of the mountain, and it went with such force as to take out fourteen freight cars from a passing train, and send them into the gulch below. This was about the width of one slide, while others ran ahead of the engine, and behind the caboose, completely blocking them in until the masses of earth could be removed. Had the mountain-side contained the amount of moisture usual in other localities, these slides would not have occurred with so small a

fall of rain. Occasionally we have an exhibit of the power of water to tear great stones and tons of earth and gravel from the sides of mountains and send them down to the valley below in a rolling mass of mud, rock, and timber, sweeping everything along and cutting great gullies in its course. These are the effects of cloudbursts, really the most destructive of our mountain phenomena outside of snowslides; but they are not so common as the latter. Being generally away from habitation, their chief damage is in covering many acres of neighboring ranches with debris.

J. M. Goodwin.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO¹

BY J. H. STALLARD, M. B., LONDON, FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD, LONDON, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE LONDON "LANCET," AND NOW FOR SOME YEARS A CITIZEN OF CALIFORNIA.

IV.



THE *subordination of the municipal to the State government* is the last American peculiarity to which attention must be drawn. The Hon. Seth Low states that nearly half his time as mayor of Brooklyn was taken up in counteracting the evil influence of the State government and that good measures were enacted with considerable difficulty, and Mayor Phelan has the same experience in San Francisco. In some States and with respect to some cities this subordination has been greatly modified, but without resulting in any marked improvement in the city governments, because the hiatus between the taxing and executive functions has not been closed. The city of San Francisco is still in the

leading strings of State control. The governor appoints the principal commissioners and the city council is unable to open a market or make equitable arrangements for the paving of the streets without the assistance of the State Legislature. The supervisors can neither create an office nor increase a salary without permission of their masters. Not a year passes without some legislative alteration of the charter, until there is no telling what the charter is. To obtain the authority to assume some new duty or to build a hospital is quite a complicated process. First the approval and co-operation of the San Francisco delegation has to be secured, and this is determined mainly by political considerations, such as, Will there be new offices to be used as "spoils"? Will more money be spent? Will any political interests be served? Even then the delegation has of itself no power.

¹ Continued from January number.

The great majority of assemblymen and senators represent the country districts and have no special interest in the city's welfare. The delegation has therefore to make a bargain for their votes. One helps the other to obtain the wished for legislation irrespective of the merits of the case. This bargain degrades the character of legislation ; for all sound legislation needs to be made by representatives of the interests concerned. It opens the door to every kind of jobbery especially when the vital interests of large cities are involved. From all such methods municipal governments require complete emancipation. Legislation to raise money and to create new offices is always popular with political assemblies, especially when the parties to be taxed are absent and the control of appointment and expenditure is confided to commissioners in no way related to those who find the coin. It is proposed, for example, to authorize the harbor commissioners to raise and spend a million dollars which will be collected from the merchants of the port and will be spent without reference to their advice and interest. A bill has also been introduced to increase the salaries of the police and other officers of San Francisco, and it has passed in spite of the opposition of the mayor and citizens. On the other hand a proposal to reduce the street car fares for the accommodation of the workmen, which the city government has no power to alter, has been rejected under corporation influence. Nor is there a proper estimate of the impotence of simple law to control the corporations. When a Napoleonic government like that of Paris contributes one half of all the municipal expenditure, and maintains its authority by the presence of a hundred thousand soldiers, there is no difficulty in controlling corporations. The government simply keeps the books, settles the rates, and orders the division of profits as it likes. But without the army and police the municipal government of Paris would not last a week ; for its taxes are exorbitant and the citizens have no control of the expenditure, in fact the government is hated by the common people.

But in Washington, District of Columbia, without a military garrison, the united powers of Congress and the President fail to protect the citizens from corporate

rapacity. This city is sometimes quoted as the best example of American city government, and it is certainly unique. It replaced one conspicuous for malfeasance and corruption, and to outward appearances it is now a great success. There is no dishonesty, and no corruption. The streets are well paved, clean, and well lighted ; the police, efficient ; and the sanitation, perfect. But the citizens are subject to what is euphemistically called "their constitutional relation to the national government," which means that they are totally deprived of all their privileges as citizens and are left without a voice in the management of their own affairs. Congress undertakes to do all their legislation and the President commits the expenditure to three tyrannical commissioners,—of course with the usual result. Mr. Siddons states that "The system of taxation is antiquated, oppressive, and unjust, that the rich are relieved and the poor oppressed, that the corporations escape with little or no taxation, that the street franchises have been given away, and that it would be difficult to find a city in the country where corporate aggression is held in less check than in the national capital." The citizens thus find good administration dear at the sacrifice of their inalienable rights to control the expenditure of their own money. Washington, instead of being a model for imitation, presents the most remarkable anomaly of a pure tyranny established by a republican government over what should be a free community.

In America simple legislation has uniformly failed to protect the public against corporate aggression. It has had, as yet, no effect upon the trusts. Interstate commissioners cannot control interstate commerce ; State railroad commissioners are paralyzed either by bribery or law. Even in England mere legislation also fails. The London county council has tried in vain to make terms with the powerful water companies, and has come to the conclusion that business corporations are only amenable to business considerations, of which competition is the chief,—the council is seeking power to construct an independent water system, when assuredly the corporations will be brought to terms. The construction of the valley railroad accomplished more in one week

than legislation did in twenty years, in lowering fares and freights in the San Joaquin valley.

It is by this means alone that the municipal governments of England and Italy have been able to control and reduce the water rates, the gas rates, and the street car fares. In San Francisco and indeed in every place in California supplied by water companies, water costs the humble class of citizens more than bread, and it is no wonder that a petition for a reduction of the water rates has been signed by more than twenty thousand citizens. But with all the efforts of an honest board of supervisors armed with all the authority the State can give them, it is more than doubtful if the expectations of the citizens will be fully realized. Twenty years ago I made a suggestion which seemed to meet the difficulty and may be repeated now. It was that the supervisors should be authorized to purchase by condemnation and arbitration two fifths of the stock held by the Spring Valley shareholders and so acquire the right to elect a like proportion of directors. The city government would thus acquire full knowledge of all the transactions of the company and sufficient power to protect the citizens from wrong. And on the other hand, the larger interest of the private stockholders would secure economy and honest management, and constitute a powerful check on the city's representatives. In any case, the citizens would share the advantages of investments made by the company to protect their own monopoly and also two fifths of the profits of excessive rates. This proposition was made under the conviction that the sole management of city water works could not safely be entrusted to the board of supervisors in its present form. The true remedy, however, is only to be found in the election of a wisely constructed representative council entrusted with sufficient power to control all utilities either by lease, purchase, or independent construction, as may be considered best.

The relation between the municipal and national governments of England and Italy is best studied in connection with their history. Under the ancient rotten boroughs of England, the mayor and alder-

men were gentlemen at ease, of far more ornament than use. They attended public functions in their robes of office, and the golden mace was carried in state before them. They ate their weekly suppers at the public cost, and the mayor's feast was the orgy of the year. There was no police force to manage, one or two constables did all the work by day, and a few night watchmen dozed in their boxes on the streets and called out the hours of the night. There were no sewers to construct or flush, and for many years house drains were forbidden by the law. There were no gas and water companies to bother them and no street cars. No health department,—nuisances were unappreciated because so universal. Household garbage was thrown into an open gutter in the middle of the street, and the removal of every kind of filth was the occupation of private scavengers. The chief business of the mayor and aldermen was to act as magistrates and punish small offenses, and to maintain their own political supremacy by admitting to the franchise only citizens of the proper faith. Under the reformed system all this was changed. First the municipal councils were authorized to appoint and control police; next, to undertake the registration of births, deaths, and marriages; soon after, to organize a health department and to construct sewers and cemeteries. As collective wants increased, applications were made to Parliament for additional power, for without the consent of Parliament nothing could be done. To obtain Parliamentary authority was then both difficult and costly. The city of Dublin, for example, found that the introduction of water works had converted the river Liffey into an offensive open cesspool. Plans and estimates were prepared for the construction of intercepting sewers. The Lord Mayor, the city clerk, more than half the councilors, many of the leading citizens, with a staff of engineers and contractors, were transferred to London. Parliamentary lawyers were retained at an enormous cost, all necessary to overcome the objections of a few interested parties and the prejudices of the half-educated members of the legislature. After six weeks of inquiry the corporation was authorized to build the sewers. Almost as much money

was spent as would have sewered the city. Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, had similar experiences and their perseverance and success afford the best evidence in favor of the education of the citizens in collective work and in the untrammelled management of their own affairs. After fifty years of struggle the municipal government of English cities was practically complete, and to-day there is scarcely a public utility which cannot be administered by them to the satisfaction of the people.

The history of Italian city governments is still more instructive. A commission of distinguished statesmen made an exhaustive inquiry into municipal institutions of every kind and in every country, and after mature deliberation came to the conclusion that cities must be governed by elected councils endowed with large and undivided powers, and as a result Italian municipal governments are not trammelled by officers elected by the people or commissioners appointed by the State. The mayors have no veto. Appeals to the legislature are not required. Authority was not doled out to them bit by bit, but given all at once. They have adequate power to reconstruct their cities, to improve their ports and harbors, to establish schools, to organize a registration office and a sanitary staff, to manage hospitals and other public institutions, to purchase, lease, or construct, water works, gas works, electrical works, street car lines, markets, cemeteries, and other public utilities, and in less than nine years, citizens who were totally inexperienced in self-government, but had suffered from ages of misrule under officers appointed by the crown, have most successfully accomplished a peaceful revolution, and have built up municipal institutions which ought to make Americans blush with shame. Surely such a lesson ought not to be disregarded by the citizens of San Francisco.

Undivided corporate authority and responsibility in the form of an elected council is thus established as the only sound principle of municipal government. It is the only true exponent of the American idea of a government deriving all its powers directly from the people. These powers are delegated to and centered in a single body, accountable to the citizens for the

administration of their individual and collective wants as citizens and for the protection of all their interests. It is constructed on the model of all business corporations. It depends for good administration on the power of the purse, by which it is enabled to command the services and control the conduct of the most skillful and competent officials, from the heads of all departments down to the lowest rank and file. Nowhere in the world has this form of council government, under any kind of franchise or any method of election, failed to secure the services of honorable men to do honest and honorable work, without any necessity for checks and balances or the assistance of outside commissioners endowed with discretionary power. It is so completely flexible and expansive as to adapt itself to every phase of civic business. No duty is too insignificant to escape its supervision, and no transactions are too large and complicated to be beyond its successful management. It sweeps the streets and clears away the slums. It builds a Thames embankment or a ship canal. It provides cheap light and water for the humblest homes. Under its direction the evils of overcrowded cities are being steadily reduced and thousands of working men are transported daily to suburban dwellings. It provides schools and playgrounds for the children, gymnasiums for the young, and art galleries, libraries, and parks, for all. It builds lodging houses for the destitute, baths and laundries for all who want them, and hospitals for the isolation of contagious maladies and the treatment of disease and injuries. These and a hundred other duties have been accomplished without a breath of scandal or the shadow of a shame. Under its administration the right to live has been extended and the pursuit of happiness been made a possibility to millions. This form of municipal government is accepted in the greater part of Europe, in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Canada, and it is repudiated only in the United States, where it has never yet been tried in any city, and where it is replaced by a system which can present no such record of success. There never has been in America a council untrammelled by the veto of the mayor, and the interference of other officers elected by the people, because all

the early charters were constructed on the model of the national government, and it is not surprising that there is no sense of the importance of a unified central administration, directly accountable to the people who elected its members. In the failure that arose from this want, it was quite natural to yield to the temptation to create separate boards and commissions for every undertaking. But we have seen that no reliance can be placed upon the discretionary power of individuals not supported by and responsible to corporate authority, and that individual power and authority can never cease to be liable to individual prejudices, interests, and weaknesses, under which public interests will certainly succumb.

Mr. Albert Shaw, however, has never ceased to press the subject of council government and the great value of supervision and control by committees on the attention of Americans. He describes, for example, the conclusions of the royal commission on the government of Greater London, for the express purpose of instructing the commissioners appointed for the same purpose in Greater New York, and he says those conclusions are not only statesmanlike, but a valuable contribution to the science of municipal government in all large cities. But his efforts have been completely thrown away, and the New York commissioners have again curtailed the power of the council and have simply set forth a new edition of commission government, which in every form and modification and in every city has proved a lamentable failure. It will be instructive to examine briefly the two proposals.

The English commissioners state that all the evidence taken confirms their own opinion that:—

The government of London must be entrusted to one body, exercising certain functions throughout the whole area covered by the name, and to a number of local bodies, exercising certain other functions within the local areas which collectively make up London, the central body and the local bodies deriving their authority as representative bodies by direct election, and the functions of each being determined so as to secure complete independence and responsibility to every member of the system.

One great independent central council which elects the Lord Mayor without even the power of the veto; thirty local coun-

cils, each with a mayor, also without a veto, but independent and responsible for the administration of their local needs. There are absolutely no restrictions on their power, except that none will have the right to alienate the public property nor to create a debt without the approval of the national government. The only commission now existing is only named to be abolished, and no power or authority will be conferred upon a single individual which the councils do not give and cannot take away. These councils in their respective spheres of action will originate and control all legislation, will impose and collect the taxes, and will be responsible for the appointment, salary, promotion, and conduct of every official necessary. This is practically complete home rule; for there is no subordination to any other power but Parliament, which in order for successful interference with the wishes of the people must resort to force.

What a contrast this to the complicated charter proposed to be adopted for Greater New York. Instead of thirty councils there are to be fifty commissioners appointed by the mayor,—fifty individuals entrusted with the appointment of all subordinates and with discretionary powers restricted only by the conditions named in the charter, in which every detail of their duty is given in express terms so that nothing may pass by bare inference. Some commissioners are even absolved from all personal liability for doing wrong, provided they have acted in good faith, and most of them are instructed to fit up their offices, and to make incidental and additional expenditures with due regard to economy,—whatever that may mean. The board of health is empowered to subpoena witnesses, take evidence on oath, engage suitable persons to render sanitary and engineering services or investigations requiring engineering skill, and they are empowered to make and alter by-laws and enforce them without any reference to the council. It seems utterly absurd to suppose that individuals with so much discretionary power will not abuse their trust, and as they are all appointed for a definite term of office, the mayor will find it practically impossible to substantiate their malfeasance before that term expires. Indeed, the probability of

malfeasance is inferred, for the whole document consists of devices to limit the extent to which dishonesty and ignorance can be productive of evil.

It is quite in conformity with American practise to give the mayor supervisory control over the various executive departments and an enlarged veto upon the acts of the municipal assembly,—an arrangement which secures a division of responsibility and inefficient government,—but the appointing power is justified by an appeal to the experience of American cities, which with one accord attest its wisdom. But the experience of American cities can scarcely be taken as a test of wisdom and is far more trustworthy as a test of warning; for not one of them can boast of continuous success. The best mayors will surely make mistakes, and as it is always easier to appoint than to remove, a bad official may inflict irreparable mischief before he is dismissed. It requires the same sort of wisdom to make good appointments as it does to make good laws, and for both corporate wisdom is better than that of individuals.

Space will not permit a description of the emasculated council, which is denied the right to initiate new laws, and which depends upon the information supplied by the mayor and other commissioners to whom the Assembly is subordinate; but the whole charter may be fitly described as a machine for the diffusion of irresponsibility and for the division of responsibility into morsels too small to be seen by the most searching microscope.

This charter not only disregards the sound principles of municipal government, but it suggests no remedies whatever for

the most glaring defects in the existing system. It offers no change in the construction of the register of citizens and no improvement in the method of election with the object of securing a more faithful representation of the citizens. It does not remove the city from State control. It ignores the rights of the people to the initiative and referendum. It does not provide for any authority to alter the incidence of taxation. It contains within itself no flexibility nor power of expansion. It surrounds the offices of assemblymen and aldermen with checks which imply dishonesty, and so secures the election of dishonest men. And it may be safely predicted that corruption and malfeasance will continue to flourish under the ægis of an autocratic mayor and that before long a radical reform will be demanded by the citizens. It would be far wiser to withdraw this remarkable attempt at charter-making and to submit the construction to a commission of experienced statesmen under the presidency of a specialist like Mr. Alfred Shaw.

*J. H. Stallard.*¹

¹Remarks recently made by the San Francisco *Examiner* on home rule for counties deserve the special attention of the citizens of San Francisco. I have taken the liberty of annotating it.

"In the greater part of the legislation for counties [San Francisco] the legislature is dealing with local and not with State interests. This is a vicious system. At best it imposes a great deal of vexatious work on the legislature. At its worst it imposes a lot of "jobs" [increased salaries, etc.] on the people of the counties [citizens of San Francisco]. The greater part [all] of the work of county [city] legislation should be done by the people of the counties themselves [citizens of San Francisco]. They [the citizens of San Francisco] should have power to frame [and after] their own government, name their own officers, and fix the salaries to be paid to them, and the powers they will be permitted to exercise. The people [citizens of San Francisco] should have the right to govern themselves without running to Sacramento for petty details."

This would be a sound basis for municipal reform and the *Examiner* is to be congratulated on this new departure.

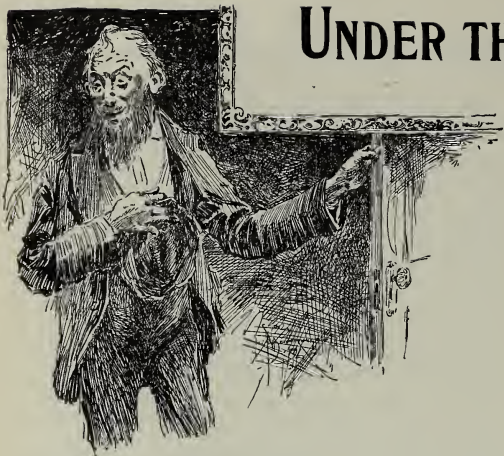
J. H. S.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

WE ASK WE KNOW NOT WHAT.

WE ASK we know not what,
And when denied,
We rail at fate,
Who to our souls hath lied!

Harriet Winthrop Waring.



UNDER THE HEADIN' OF THRUTH.

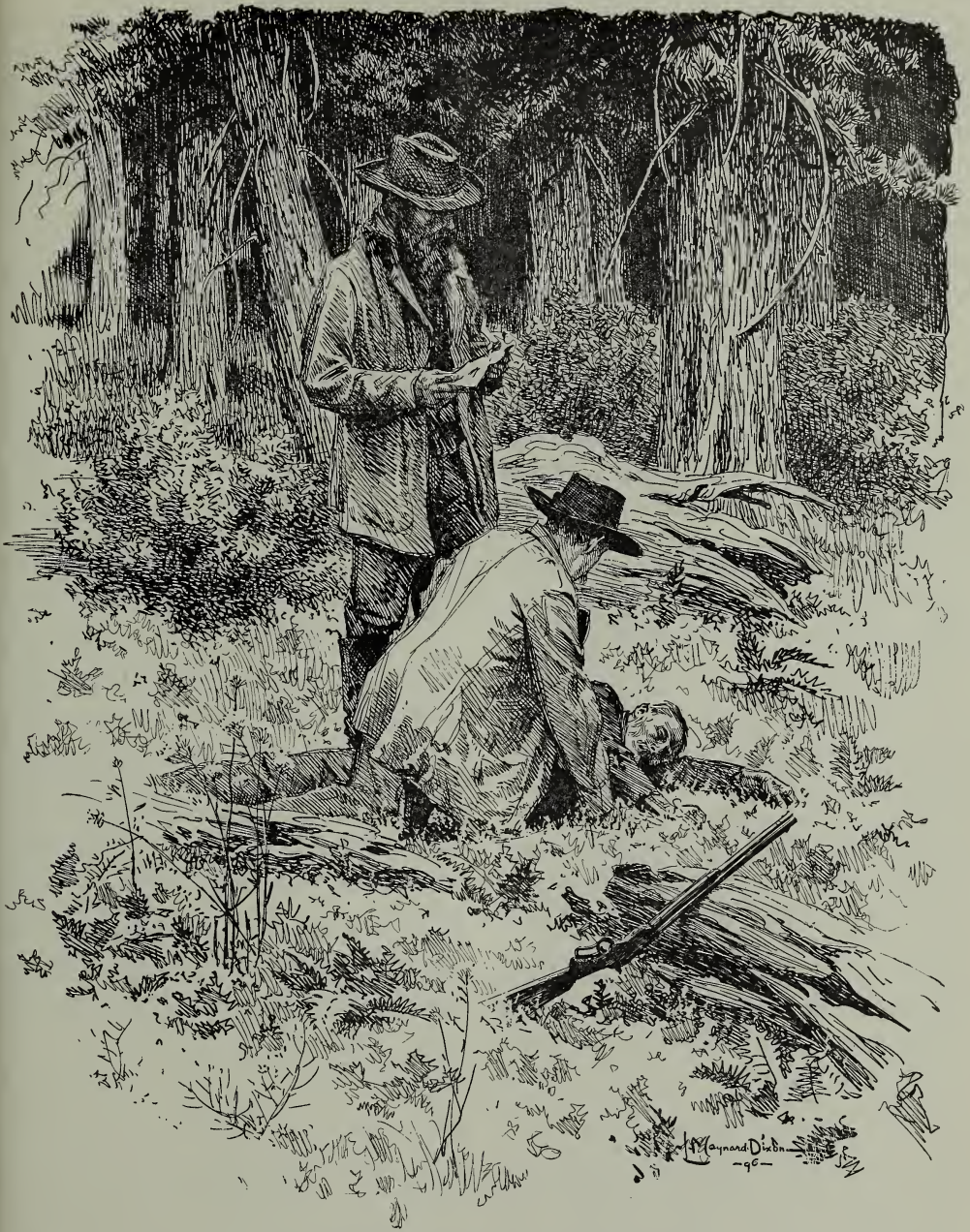
VIII. MR. CUSACK HEARS BOOM STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.

"I SEE," remarked Mr. Cusack, as he straightened his leg out carefully in front of him at an angle of forty-five degrees, and laid his stick alongside it with mathematical precision, "I see by the papers that they have loaded the Puget Sound Steel Works onto the cars and taken thim back to Canada. Thim Steel Works wor a sthrong bluff, an' they worked it on the byes like a daisy. Who wud have belaved, now, they wud have taken all that throuble, an' spint all that money, just to make a rale estate dale? But I suppose 't was necessary. The suckers has been bit so often that it takes considerable of a bait now to tole 'em up to the slaughter-house. But they worked it!" And Mr. Cusack chuckled retrospectively. "The nice planked sthreet up from the water's edge, an' the fine brick block; an' the hotel; an' the electric lights! O, it was a great schame!" And again Mr. Cusack chuckled admiringly.

"Yes, it was a great scheme," said the Colonel grimly. "The woods of this part of the world are full of great schemes on the same lines. And a few years from now the hottest pit of Tophet will be full of the men who engineered them." He balanced his cigar carefully on the edge of "Kerr on Fraud," and continued, "Let me tell you of a scheme down

Hood's Canal way. First, the Financiers (when you spell it that way, with a big F, it keeps them out of the penitentiary, you know) went down and discovered a mine somewhere back in the Olympics, A copper mine, or a tin mine, an iron, lead, or coal one. Lord knows what kind of a mine it was. It does n't matter. One did as well as the other. And then they had a water power. There was no doubt about the water power, for they had a stream coming down a gorge in the mountains in leaps and bounds for three or four miles. It was a most picturesque spot; and it was to be a great summer resort. No end to the wonderful capacities of that place! Fishing and mining, scenery and smelting, commerce and moonlight water picnics, all to be going on at once. Well, they built a long wharf and blasted out a terrace along the foot of the cliff, and built a hotel, and put up a real estate sign fifty feet long on the end of the wharf. Then while the suckers were nibbling, they chopped down a few of the big trees on the town lots, and graded half a mile of road back in the direction of the "mines," and began squaring and chipping granite bowlders for the foundations of the court house and post office and bank. The stone hammers and axes made a great noise among the everlasting hills; the hotel was crowded, and 'city lots' on the face of the cliff went off like hot cakes. Half a dozen confiding souls put up cottages on their perpendicular holdings and fenced them in and prepared to raise garden sass for the miners and



" HE SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN DEAD A GOOD WHILE."

merchants, the smelters and city officials, who were to arrive in the immediate future. When I saw the place for the first time, a couple of years afterwards, the real estate sign still faced the tranquil canal; the hotel was boarded up; the

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nicely dressed granite blocks were lying about on the only little bit of level space the 'town' possessed; and the embryo road to the 'mines' was overgrown with brakes and sallal scrub. And on the biggest of the granite corner stones some

disgusted boomer had painted in big black letters : —

“ ‘ Whoop-la-set-em-up-again Im-
provement Company.

Five billion dollars capital.

Pres., I. C. U.

Sec., U. C. ME.

Town lots for sale cheap! Buildings
thrown in! Discount on dressed granite
to cemetery associations! ’

“ We thought the place entirely de-
serted, but as we wandered along the ter-
race, a couple of wild-eyed, half-clad chil-
dren ran across in front of us and hid like
quail ; and in one of the cottages a woman
regarded us from the doorway, with a
baby on her arm.

“ ‘ What in the world can people find
here to make a living out of ? ’ said my
friend, and we passed on and thought no
more about it.

“ We were on a hunting trip, and a
week afterward, on the trail to Quilcene,
we found the remains of a man. He
seemed to have been dead a good while.
We looked him over to find out what we
could about him. Evidently, he had
killed himself. His shoes were worn to
the uppers ; he had not a cent on him,
or a valuable of any kind save a cheap
revolver with which he had made an
ending. We found on him a scrap of
paper addressed to his wife at ‘ Whoop-
la-set-em-up-again falls. ’ My friend and
I looked at one another.

“ ‘ Can that be the woman with the
baby ? ’ we said, each to the other.

“ I opened the scrap and read it. It
was well written and spelled, and
amounted to this,—I may not have the
exact words : —

“ DEAR WIFE : — It has rained all the time
since I left. I am wet to the skin and feel some
fever is coming on me. My feet are so sore they
will not carry me farther. I have had nothing to
eat for three days except the wild berries. I can
not get work any where. People call me a tramp
and turn me away. It is no use for me to come

back to you. I should be only one more mouth
to fill at the expense of you and the kids. If I
could get to Seattle, I would hunt up some one of
the fellows that let me into that Whoop-la game,
and take him to hell with me. But I can ’t so I
may as well end it right here. Somebody will
find my corpse before long, and then they will look
after you, which they will never do while I am
alive. Goodby my darlings, all and every one. ”

“ Well, we tramped a day’s journey
back to the falls. Every thing was still as
death ; we pried, and peeked, and hollered.
Finally, up from the water’s edge crawled
a tottering, skinny little object that under
happier circumstances might have been
a boy of nine or ten. When we gave
him a hard tack he devoured it like a
wild beast. Bit by bit we got his story
out of him.

“ Three months ago his father had gone
to look for work ; there was some flour
and molasses in the house, and they had
a little pig that papa killed and dressed
before he left ; then there were the
chickens. Mamma was very careful,
and only gave them just enough to eat
every day. But papa never came back ;
and it rained all the time, and the chickens
would not lay ; and finally they killed
them one by one to eat. When the ber-
ries came they did very well ; there were
lots of blackberries and huckleberries and
sallal berries ; and they caught fish and
dug clams. But Sissy got pains in her
bones being out in the wet so much hun-
ting for berries ; and the baby cried all
the time and mamma had nothing to give
it to eat. And mamma used to stand at
the door or the window half the day and
look and look and look. ‘ And sometimes
she would laugh out loud, and look at
Sissy and me so funny that we were
frightened and hid away. ’

“ Fancy, it, Con, fancy it ! ” cried the
Colonel, breaking in on his narration.
“ You know what these Northern woods
are. Not like the Californian forests
with sunshine sifting in, and vocal with

birds, and alive with chipmunks and squirrels, but matted with undergrowth, dark with moisture, and black and silent as the tomb, nothing stirring but some grub in the rotten wood. And rain, rain, rain. No wonder the woman went out of her mind. For she did; the very day after we passed she said she would take the children out for a walk. Delighted with this little break in the monotony of their lives, they went along the path up to the falls, extracting happiness out of the watery sunshine, and making mirth for themselves as only children can. And their mother laughed and chattered with them. Even the baby forgot to wail.

"They played around for a while in the open space at the foot of the falls; then their mother, who was standing looking down into the pool, called them to her.

"'See there!' she said, pointing, and as they bent to look, she pushed Sissy in, right in the deepest place, where the downpouring water beat her under like a pile driver. He showed us the spot. And while he stood, stunned, uncomprehending the disaster, the despairing woman threw the baby in also, a further sacrifice to the Moloch of human greed. But when she turned to him, he escaped her and fled up the rocks beside the fall with the

agility of terror. Then she laughed and jumped in herself.

"I suppose, Cusack, your friends the Financiers made considerable money out of their traffic in human hearts and hopes, but I'd rather stay poor as I am, Con, than be the one of them to meet that family quartette before the judgment seat."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Cusack pensively, "if the Thayosophists do be right, it will take a dale of hammerin', and roll-in', and pulverizin', for some folks in the 'mills of the gods,' wherever they do be, to set that matther right. But," he added, rising to the occasion, "the responsibility does not rist with us, Colonel. It do be the Easterners thimselves that manipulates the booms and gets their own townspeople into them. It's Eastern methods completely, Colonel, for all the West gets the credit av them.

"Well, I must be going. I hope yes will win yer case, Colonel; but I am a little afraid av it, under the headin' av thruth. The boys that sits on the juries these hard times is not there for their health intirely, Colonel. I think the other side has a little the best av ye wid that jury.

"Good mornin', Judge and Misther Crandall. Good luck to ye, Colonel."

Batterman Lindsay.

FOR A LOVING CUP

TODAY is ours,—this moment, all we know.
 So quaff its cup of joy kind Fates bestow.
 The sparkling bubbles sip with keen delight,
 Leave Father Time the lees, and so — good-night.

Ella M. Sexton.



THE BELL BOYS.

A STUDY IN CALIFORNIA HOTEL MANAGEMENT

A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES



THE February number of a leading New York magazine contained an article on the conduct of a great hotel, which revealed the marvelous system into which the running of a modern hostelry has developed. It occurred to me on reading it to wonder if any hotel in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast could approach in magnitude and system the unseen workings of this New

York establishment, and a consideration of the matter led to the choosing of a particular hotel as most likely to bear the comparison. A thorough inspection ver-

ified the impression that California, whose greatest boast has been her hospitality to visitors, had in this particular matter of hotel management much to be proud of. The result of this investigation is the present article, which in covering a field so similar to that of the paper mentioned must of necessity treat of much the same matter, but, it is hoped, with enough in the way of addition and expansion to make a place for itself even with those who have read the former article.

A well known local economist lately made the statement, that if the same business principles could be applied to the conduct of municipal affairs which govern the management of the best hotels, the tax rate could be lowered one half and the city receive a service not now dreamt of.



AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

I doubt in saying it whether he had anything more definite in mind, than a general protest against the carelessness and incompetence of public office holders. But the parallel had an exactness none the less striking because he failed to bring it out.

A grand hotel is really a government in itself. Its citizens are of every trade and profession, and its public officers as varied in character and as absolute in power as those of the larger municipality in which it stands. It is really not a small town, for in the busy season, counting guests and employees, there are often sixteen hundred people under its roof.

It is necessary to go beneath the surface, however, to find out these things, for even things easy to be seen are apt to escape notice. The pleased guest does not note that the place is immaculately clean; that the furnishings harmonize unobtrusively; that there is not a ravel of fringe or tear of fabric in the upholstery; and that the fire is lit and a conscious air of

comfort over everything. If it were wanting in any detail he would notice it in a minute. But perfection he accepts without a thought of the wonderful business judgment that has been exercised in rounding it into completeness. A man, for example, who loses a letter addressed to him at a hotel, or who fails to receive promptly a telegram, has a grievance against the management which he is apt to express pretty emphatically. He never thinks, however, when no such slip occurs of the infinite patience and constant thoughtfulness required, and constantly bestowed, to create that state of things. With a thousand rooms many of them occupied by inhabitants that change every day of two, and all of them receiving letters and telegrams continually, how many messengers, think you, must give their entire time to this special delivery in order that there may be no complaints? Telegrams, when the persons to whom they are sent are not in their rooms, are taken by a special page to each of the



The Chef.

Pen sketch by Boeringer.

THE CHEF ON DUTY.

public apartments of the hotel, where he calls the number of the room, and really makes a business of finding the owner of the dispatch. The mail is as much as that ordinarily handled in a city of some eight thousand people.

In order to be comfortable a man must either make a business of it himself, or hire someone to do it for him. Doing this for other people is the hotel man's stock in trade. No detail is too small, no

expense too great, if thereby he can add to the satisfaction of his patrons.

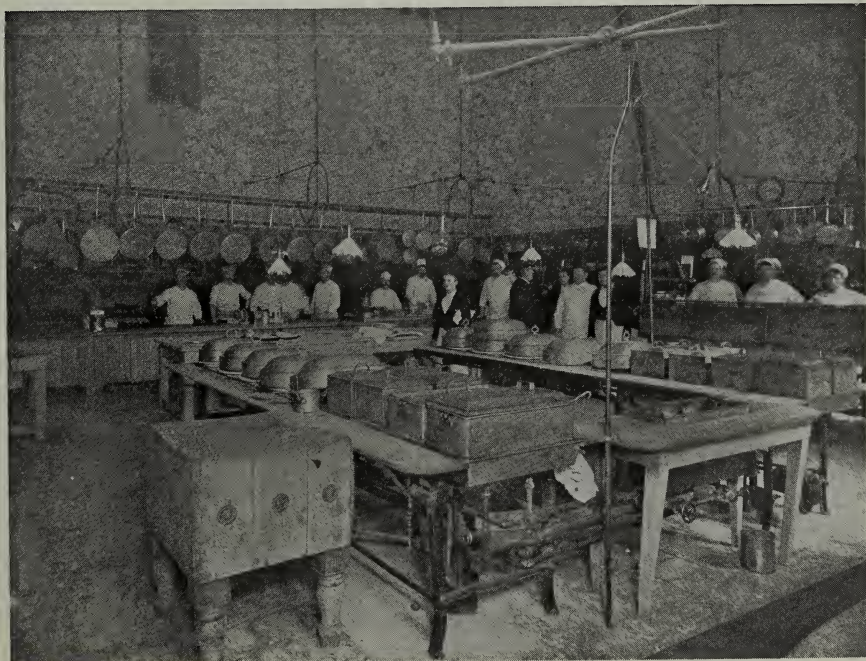
The guest who carries away with him simply the memory of never having found things wrong will always remain a friend of the hotel and will come back to it again if he is in the neighborhood. But the guest who has felt the attention of delicate and unexpected favors remembers them always and tells them to his friends who are coming to town so that



THE CHEF OFF DUTY.

they too may experience them. And therefore the managers are always on the *qui vive* to do these little things which cost so little and yet mean so much. Thus a guest finds even the bell boy in the halls saluting him by name, his habits seem understood by instinct and his clothes and toilet articles arrange themselves as he is wont to find them at home. In a thousand ways his self importance is awakened and he is titivated into believing that all this luxury was specially evolved for him.

These, however, are only surface indications of the perpetual struggle that goes on in a first class hotel to keep the service what it appears. The business end of the hotel is not in evidence to the guest, but it is there all the same. It is not too much to say, that the number of employees is often quite as large as the number of the guests. A multitude of servants come and go each in his place and without unnecessary bustle, and a master-business spirit controls the differ-



MAIN KITCHEN.



PASTRY KITCHEN.

ent groups, co-ordinating everything and getting from each its proper quota of service.

The system is an absolute despotism—that best of all governments when, as in this case, a beneficent despot is at the head. This is the manager who sits in the office, and by his genial air and general lack of worry impresses the sojourner with the idea that it is a mere bagatelle to conduct a hotel business. But every morning at ten o'clock there comes to him from the heads of all departments, a tabulated statement of the business of the last twenty-four hours. It is so arranged as to show at a glance all expenditures and receipts in and about the house. From the office comes the number of guests, and a short calculation serves to put him in possession of how much each guest has cost him to keep, and whether the business is running at a profit or a loss. This account is called the "temperature book." The profit or loss shows in percentage, and when there is a drop of two

degrees, or points, in the showing, the manager goes over the details of the expenditures in the different departments, finds the one in which the unusual outlay has occurred to bring down the temperature, touches a button on his desk, and summons the head of that department to account for the variation.

He is an absolute autocrat, this manager, but he is also a wide-a-wake business man. His system is to divide up the work into departments and give each a head as absolute in his field as the manager is over them all. These chiefs of departments hire their own help and manage as they choose—provided of course that their work is perfectly performed. If anything goes wrong in their particular line they, and not the subordinates, are responsible to the manager.

This principle carried throughout the whole work of the hotel gives a perfection of plan that could scarcely be improved upon.

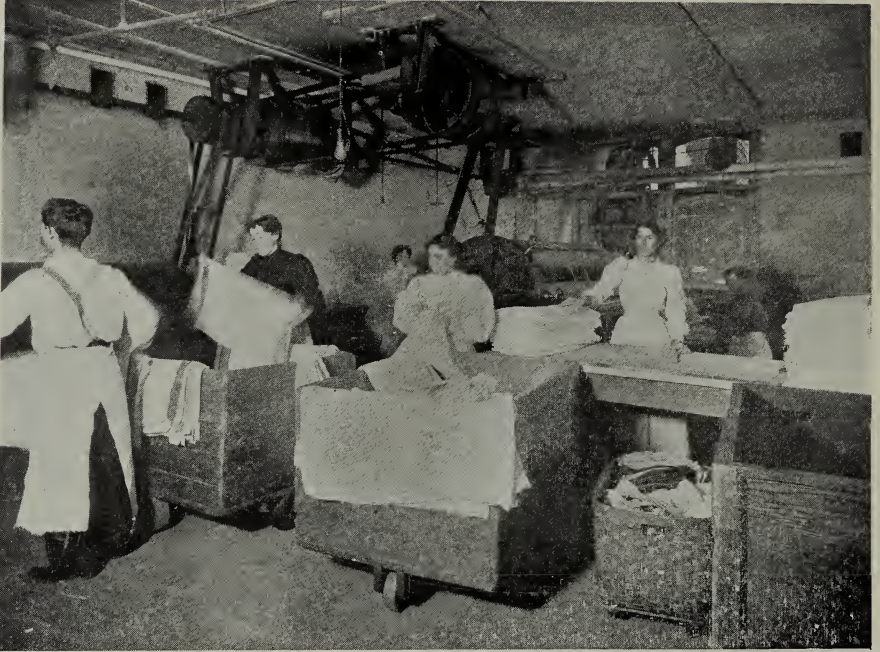
How vast are the resources at command



WASHERS AND CENTRIFUGAL DRYER.



HAND IRONERS.



IRONING WITH MANGLE.

are can only be understood after an examination of the mysterious region known in the vernacular as "the back of the house."

The most important of these functions is perhaps the kitchen. The same systematic division of labor is noticeable there. There is the main kitchen and separate distributing kitchens for the grill room, the restaurant, the banquet halls, and the "dinners served in rooms." Each has its own equipment of dishes, pots, and pans, and is presided over by its own chief cook.

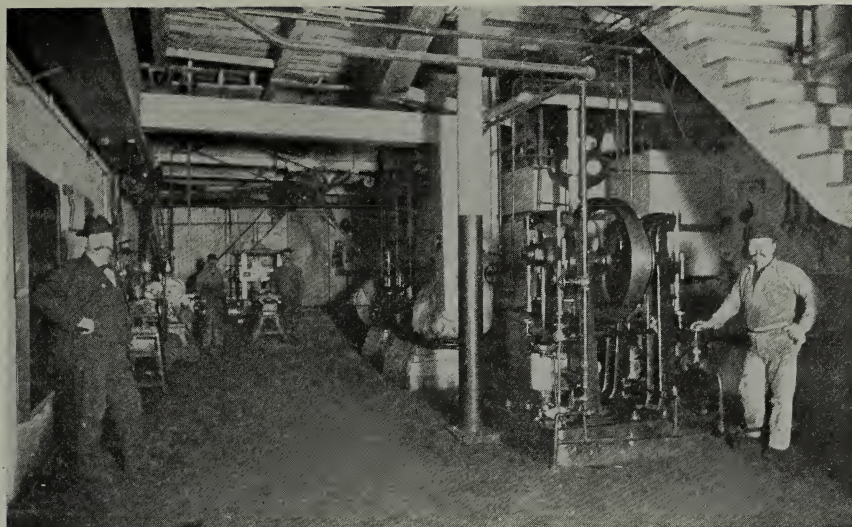
The chief of all the chiefs has a salary as large as that of the governor of the State. He works, however, with his head rather than his hands. All day long he is in evidence in the main kitchen, walking up and down, supervising the work of the hour, and placidly turning into its proper channels the boisterous tide of waiters who sweep like a torrent through the place.

On him falls the duty of making out

the daily bill of fare. This is a matter of much moment and calls for anxious thought. It is his custom to keep two days ahead with his *menus*, the finished



DEEP WELL PUMP.



REFRIGERATING ENGINE.

results in his hand writing being posted on a bulletin-board for reference by his force. By consulting this card the cooks find constant employment in getting ready the preliminaries for these future meals, when the present meals are ready.

The *chef* has an office filled with bills and reports and there he keeps his souvenir *menu* book, showing the courses and number of covers of famous banquets supplied by him in the past twenty years. At the head of each is the name of the

distinguished guest in whose honor it was given. One tells what Patti had to eat at a little supper given her by admiring friends. Another delicate spread marked the tribute his genius offered up to the "Divine Sarah." One page was without a title and the *chef* pointed to it with a sigh, "That," said he, "was for Oscar Wilde. But I have cut out the name!"

Some idea of the business done in this kitchen may be gathered from the number of the employees. The *chef* has under him twenty-two cooks, five pastry cooks, two bakers, and eight assistants; besides the small army of dish washers and special workers who prepare vegetables open oysters, and conduct other minor lines.

Every department is arranged on the same great scale. The laundry is the largest in the city of San Francisco. The finer work is done by bare-armed, white-aproned French women, but the towels and sheets and all the coarser pieces are washed by machinery, dried by machinery, and ironed in the big iron mangle that looks like the printing press of a daily newspaper.



FIRE PUMPS.



WINE STORE ROOM.

The drying is done in a machine built like the cream separators used in dairies, and works on the same principle of centrifugal motion. The clothes are put inside and the machine revolved at so rapid a rate that the water flies out of the fabrics, leaving them practically dry. The last moisture is extracted by a bath of hot air. Forty minutes is about the time required, from the first plunge of the dirty linen into boiling water till its delivery from the laundry cleaned, starched, and ironed.

The water used in the laundry is from the city mains, on account of its superior softness. But the water supply for the hotel itself comes from two great artesian wells in the basement. These are 210 feet deep and yield an unfailing supply. Powerful engines are constantly pumping the fluid to tanks on the roof, where it is filtered and sterilized and made safe for drinking. Other engines provide the power for the elevators and ice machine, and the spent steam, led into a system of

convenient boilers, is sufficient to supply all the hot water necessary for heating rooms. There is a separate engine used exclusively for making ice cream.

The ice machine in this March weather does not need to turn out more than two and a half tons per day; but in summer double that amount is required. The process serves, however, to cool some four thousand feet of storage space.

The three largest refrigerators hold the meats. All meat is kept in the hotel at least eight days before use. In that time the moisture from it crystallizes on the pipes which contain the cooling mixture, on the sides and ceiling, forming a frost an inch in thickness and turning the vault into a veritable ice palace. There is enough of the meat juice in the ice, however, to cause it to sour after a time, and so once a fortnight when all the meat is used the frost is allowed to melt, so that it can be cleaned away before a new supply of meat is put in. As a result the air of the room is kept perfectly sweet.



PROVISION STORE ROOM.

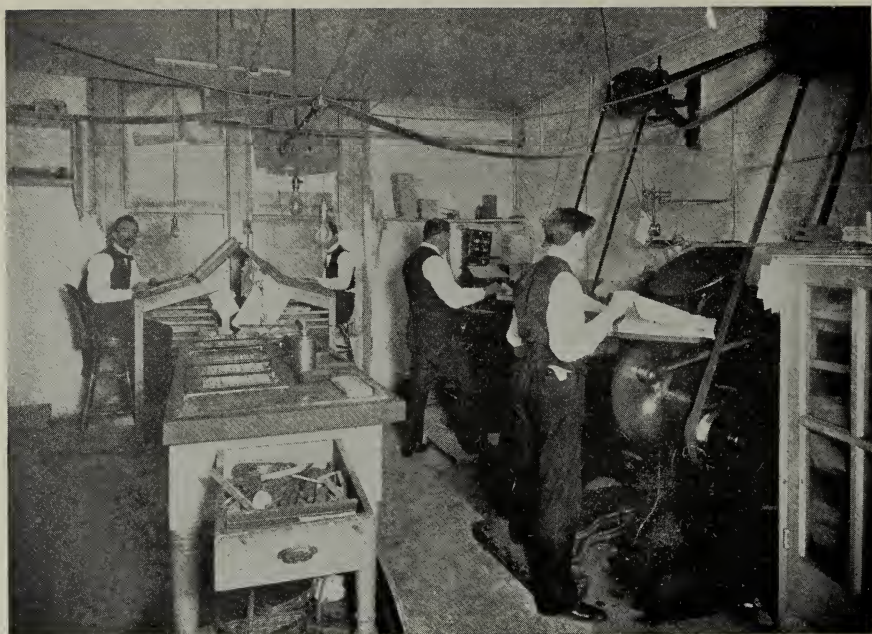
Indeed, especially in this question of meats the hotel has no cause to fear comparison with any other in the world. Not even the roast beef of Old England and her Southdown mutton are more carefully chosen and handled, or more scientifically cooked. The prices, too, at which these viands are served, are much below those of any first class hotel in any Eastern city. Steak, for example, runs from thirty cents for a plain cut to two dollars for the special extra porterhouse, sufficient for at least four people.

It was the remark of each of the party which inspected the house in the preparation of this paper that there was not a single article of food in any stage of preparation that did not look appetizing. The result of trying even to taste all the tempting dishes we saw would have been disastrous.

In another vault is game stored up against the close season, and near by are the storage rooms for vegetables and fish. There is still another vault connected

with the wine cellar, divided into two compartments, one of which contains the wines drunk "cool," and the other such as might be suddenly ordered "frappée." The system of checks and accounts is so good here, that one could as easily steal twenty dollar pieces from the mint as a bottle of wine.

This basement-floor is a veritable bazaar; for here are also the grocery department, the vegetable room, the printing office, the upholstering shop, the coal bunkers, the electrical works, the paint and carpenter shops, the dining rooms for the "help," and many other departments of trade. Each is separate and distinct, keeps its separate set of books and is as independent of the rest of the departments as if it were a concern outside. The printing office is as large and well equipped as an ordinary job office. The printer in charge, who had been State printer of Nevada, says that more work is done in this hotel office in a year, than the State office turns out for the whole State



PRINTING OFFICE.

of Nevada. He prints the *menus* daily for the dining rooms and grill, turns out all the tags and check slips used in the various departments, — the grill room

alone uses a thousand of these tags in a day, — prints five hundred thousand letter heads and three hundred thousand envelopes in a year, and furnishes all the



SILVER ROOM.



HELP'S HALL (MALE).

announcements, bill heads, and other stationery, called for in the work. Two men are kept busy all the time and often more are required to meet the rush.

The buying for the hotel is in the hands of the steward, or buyer, and his methods are those of the wholesaler in general business. He buys each thing where it



HELP'S HALL (FEMALE).



CHECKING STAND.

is best made. His wines come direct from the growers. Famous French brands are imported direct from the vineyards, and almost every reputable California grower is represented on this list. A specialty is made, in fact, of California wines, and the hotel has done much toward popularizing the native vintages. Canned fruits and jellies are bought in season, special outputs being monopolized by the hotel. The management conducts a dairy at Burlingame that milks over a hundred cows. In addi-



PAINT SHOP.

tion to this, however, butter is bought on the outside. All the linen used in the house is made especially for it by a firm in Belfast, and is of a quality only found in two other hotels in the United States.

"It pays to get the best," said the steward, "and then it wears. See that table cloth. It is like satin, and has been in use constantly for over two years."

Maple syrup comes direct from New England, and the terrapin are kept in a pond on the roof, where they are carefully fed on meat to take away the natural fishy taste.

The foregoing has proved, I think, that San Francisco has not much to learn in hotel matters, even from Manhattan island. Without exceeding the truth it may be claimed that in many particulars she has gone a step in advance, while in the general result honors are at least "easy." And the Western city may claim a notable superiority in important

directions. The wide range of products in California enables her to bring together in perfection the delicacies of many climes, not withered by distance nor staled by long carriage. She can gather her strawberries ten months in the year, and her fresh vegetables all the time. She has no biting zero weather when the guest must perforce remain indoors or prepare for frost bite,—and no sweltering dog-day heat, when sleep and comfort are not to be had. The same pair of blankets of moderate thickness on the bed, keeps the occupant in comfort the year round. In the coldest weather he adds an additional woolen spread over the feet perhaps, and in the exceptionally hot nights throws off one blanket of the pair, but for nine nights out of ten the year round he makes no change. It is an old story, this "glorious climate" talk; but Californians think it right to keep it up until all the world has come to see.

Fred Warren Parks.

THE PILOT BILL

IN THE RECENT CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE



66
T CAME to pass" at Sacramento, this now famous pilot bill of 1897, with every reasonable argument in its favor, —but, by some unforeseen misfortune, it *did not* pass. It was good enough to pass; in fact, many said it was "too good." At any rate a good minority of good men were good enough to vote for it, but the controlling majority of the California Senate would not pass it. That is to say, twenty-one out of a total of forty members defeated a measure aimed at the most inexcusable

monopoly ever created and perpetuated by the law-givers of the Golden State;

and like many an effort at genuine reform espoused by sincere and honest men with an unswerving purpose to right a wrong, this attempt to overcome the influences of Mammon and selfishness has been laid to rest. There it will remain for a time, until courageous, incorruptible, and brave men once more determine to sacrifice anything but principle in a fresh endeavor to secure justice for our ocean commerce, and at the same time remove from our glorious State the stigma of maintaining an inexcusable piratical system by statute in the shape of a private monopoly, in plain defiance of the spirit, if not of the wording, of our State Constitution.

It will probably not long lie dormant, however, as will be recognized when it is remembered how it originated and of what material its advocates are made.

The effort to secure legislation that would in a small degree lighten the oppression under which our shipping by sea is being deprived of its life-blood, and prevent what is now looked upon by those who pay the enormous rates of compulsory pilotage at the harbor of San Francisco, and by everyone else who understands it, as unmitigated legalized robbery, was a commendable movement, and deserved better of a Legislature which is conceded to be more representative of the higher moral element of the commonwealth than its average predecessor.

The Committee on Commerce of the Assembly, Pohlman chairman, to whom it was referred, pigeon-holed the bill for several weeks and it never had a chance for proper consideration in the lower house.

The movement was originated and advocated, as already explained in the *OVERLAND*, by the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, an organization composed of business people representing the great commercial interests of the metropolis of the Pacific, comprehending therein vast business arteries that permeate the entire State. Many of these people, being engaged in banking, insurance, country produce commission, grain dealing, stationery and dry goods businesses, the lumber trade, clothing, planing mills, groceries, dealing in musical instruments, printing, and other pursuits not immediately connected with shipping, yet fully realizing the importance of water transportation as a means of assisting the general prosperity upon which the success of all legitimate enterprises depends, cheerfully united with the shipowners who are most directly interested in ridding themselves of this extortion, and contributed time and money that information might be disseminated throughout the State to enlighten the whole people on the subject. They were all anxious that every obstacle to the return of prosperous times should be removed, and fully understand the unholy alliance, the deception, fraud, and political subserviency, through which this vulture has been fed in the past at the expense of shipping to the tune of \$200,000 to \$350,000 per year, or a total of at least \$10,000,000 — and know that the business reputation of the port has suffered throughout the commer-

cial world by reason of the perpetuation and exactions of the scandalous pilot monopoly. They, the members of the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, have joined together for the definite purpose of exposing the perfidy of the law and of deposing the rich and defiant monopoly created by it, if it take ten years' time and even if it be necessary to carry the question through the courts, to the highest in the land, and test the right of a Legislature to defy the will of the people expressed in the fundamental law, the Constitution, by the creation and perpetuation of a private monopoly of private people through the thin guise of a public sinecure commission, appointed by the governor of the State, whereby his political patronage and influence are increased, and his sanction sought to be secured.

California is the only State in the Union, I believe, where such a monopoly exists, and if it is not unconstitutional the Constitution should be changed forthwith. But I contend that it is unconstitutional to create a commission of men who are authorized to appoint twenty other men, or less, as the only ones who shall be permitted to engage in a profitable business, that is just as legitimate a business of competition as railroading or anything else, and at the same time to prohibit other more capable men from engaging in that same business under a penalty of \$500 fine or any other penalty.

The dissemination of information previous to the convening of the Legislature bore good fruit. Many of the Senators and Assemblymen, having taken a lively interest in the matter, were prepared to vote right on any proposed pilotage law. Senator Gleaves, representing about one seventh of the State, who had made a study of matters pertaining to rivers and harbors, and incidentally of pilotage, came to the session ripe with knowledge and experience, and promptly introduced Senate Bill No. 416, which if adopted would strike a sledge-hammer blow in favor of the emancipation of ocean commerce from the pernicious exactions made possible by the law as it now stands.

This bill proposed:—

1st. To reduce the number of Pilot Commissioners from three to one; it being clearly demonstrated by experience, observation, and argument, that for the supervision of twenty men (the

pilots) whose occupation keeps them in actual service twenty-four days in each three months and who conduct their own private business pretty much in their own way, one political appointee should be sufficient, especially as he would have at least ninety-nine one hundredths of his time to devote to his own private affairs.

2d. To license (just as the British have done for forty-three years) masters and mates that are sufficiently familiar with the harbor to pass the requisite pilots' examination, so that they may not be compelled to pay half pilotage on their vessels when entering or leaving port, as they must now, when no pilot is required or employed.

3d. To exempt from the payment of pilotage masters of vessels that are in tow of a steam tug-boat for which they pay, and who therefore have no use for and do not employ a pilot, — the tug-boat captain being a capable pilot himself, licensed by the United States government. At present vessels, in addition to paying for the tug service to the owners of the tug-boats, must pay half rates to the pilot monopoly for doing nothing.

4th. To require the qualifications of both pilot commissioner and pilots (special or general) to be passed upon and certified to by the Board of Examiners of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, — a very wise provision from a business standpoint, but strongly objected to by manipulators as interfering with the political machinery through which all appointments are now made. It is said that even the form of examination required by law is entirely ignored.

5th. To reduce pilotage rates about forty per cent, to a figure somewhere near the charges made at other ports of the world.

These are the salient features of the bill as amended and printed. After the bill was ordered printed, arrangements were made so that those who wished to be heard in argument could meet with the committee in each house to which it was referred.

A special committee of business men went from San Francisco to attend the Legislative committee meetings, where they received every possible courtesy of treatment and consideration. Such people as Hugh Craig, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Isaac Upham, Arthur A. Hooper, Captain W. F. Marston, E. J. Holt, J. W. Gage, George E. Plummer, Philip Teller, Captain J. Jensen, and Charles E. Naylor, composed the special San Francisco committee in advocacy of Senator Gleaves's most excellent bill.

The pilot monopoly was represented by a brilliant and expensive attorney and by several pilots, who appeared to be well supplied with time and money with which to oppose all legislation in any way antagonistic to the present exclusive privilege of collecting toll from people for pass-

ing over a great public highway, and as a prominent shipowner aptly puts it, — "using the money so collected in fighting those who protest against paying it."

The battle was a warm one in committee meetings, and ere long the movement came to be recognized as a genuine effort to secure honest legislation. The *San Francisco Chronicle* gave exhaustive and good reports of the discussions and took the question up editorially, presenting unanswerable arguments in favor of the proposed amendments to the law. The *Examiner* also advocated the bill *editorially*, as also the *Argonaut*. But experienced people, meeting the San Francisco committee on the streets of Sacramento, would slyly ask: "How much money did you bring up?" When told of an empty sack, and informed that the measure proposed would carry sufficient weight by its intrinsic merit, they smiled a knowing and sympathetic smile, and suggested an early departure for the insane asylum as the best means of retreat for any one who would attempt such an absurd thing as getting honest legislation without the use of a dishonest coin corruption fund.

"And especially," they said, "a bill to regulate pilotage, when it is an open secret that the pilots have spent from \$10,000 to \$30,000 per session for many years to prevent being disturbed in their unparalleled soft snap."

But having an abiding faith in the ultimate honesty of men, the committee worked away on the lines of education and agitation, making legislators acquainted gradually with the inwardness of the situation and with the viciousness of the present system. Many curious happenings transpired and some startling facts were brought out during the discussions. Hugh Craig, president of the Chamber of Commerce, a clear-headed, tenacious, and aggressive business man, the foremost advocate of the Gleaves bill and the spokesman on most occasions for the San Francisco commercial bodies, turned on a search-light of inquiry that brought to the surface information which convinced the most skeptical that something should be done to remedy such a glaring evil. He was opposed by his own attorney, whom the pilots had shrewdly employed. Facts

and figures flew thick and fast, but the lawyer could make no headway in sound argument against the forceful Craig, and resorted to the childish plea of "sympathy for men engaged in a hazardous occupation," into which he deftly dovetailed that other ancient plea which poverty of material frequently suggests,— "immemorial usage."

From this same standpoint this plausible attorney could prove the claims of tallow dips over electric lights; the pony chaise over steam cars, and the pen over the typewriting machine. But of course the fact was patent to all that he was simply employed to talk and the other side could just as well have secured his services had such talent been required.

As there was some difference of opinion among the Senators, who honestly desired to improve the laws (all acknowledging the necessity therefor), as to the policy of trying to make such radical changes at this time as the Gleaves bill contemplated, Senators Gillette and Luchsinger, two sterling men, united on a substitute that only reduced rates about twenty per cent, and provided for a full record to be kept by the pilots, which should be open to inspection. This, they argued, would easily pass and would pave the way for securing more radical legislation in two years.

But the combination that had been formed to prevent any interference by the public with the private business of the pilot monopoly was too strong.

And so the substitute went under, and with it all hope of securing any relief from the 1897 Legislature, its chief opponent in debate on the floor of the Senate being Dickinson of Sausalito, who undertook to ridicule Gleaves and Gillette for proposing to regulate the affairs of San Francisco bay, when they represented snowsheds and cow pastures of the far north. He was promptly informed by those gentlemen, during their impassioned and eloquent defense of the proposed measures, that they represented *California*, and would advocate *any* legislation that they considered for the best interests of the whole people.

Those who voted with the pilots were said to have been misinformed, cajoled, deceived, or traded, into the false posi-

tion they were compelled to assume before their constituents in opposing such necessary legislation. It was asserted that the greatest influence in securing votes was exercised by "my friend" Murphy, sometimes called "Blinker," secretary of the Pilot Commission, and *Examiner* correspondent, who, it appeared, was constantly working in his smooth and artistic fashion to help out this Senator and then that one on some pet bill, thus placing them, *unintentionally* of course, under obligations to him and *unconsciously* securing their votes in opposition to a measure that he opposed while his paper, the *Examiner*, was vigorously advocating it in its editorial columns. Following is a sample editorial:—

CUT DOWN THE PILOT TAX.

The Legislature can do a good turn for San Francisco by reducing the pilot charges that help to make this one of the most expensive ports in the world. That the fees remain at their present preposterous figures is a monument to a long course of shameless corruption. A lobby has been maintained at every session of the Legislature, and the taxes that have been levied upon shipping have been materially larger than would have been needed to provide the sums that have finally been allowed to remain in the pilots' pockets.

The Legislature should go to work, without the pressure of corrupt influence, to place the pilot system on a business basis. San Francisco must be made as nearly as possible a free port, and this is one of the best places to begin. It is an absurd anomaly that a pilot, who is supposed to be the seaman's savior, should have come to be regarded by ship captains approaching San Francisco as a pirate, whom it is a piece of good luck to escape by a run into port through the cover of a fog.

During the discussions and investigations, the following facts were developed:—

1st. The existing pilot business created and fostered by legislative enactment is conducted by a powerful political monopoly (consisting of twenty men holding practically life appointments and their friends) that has hitherto defied its victim, Ocean Commerce, and legislatures as well.

2d. This monopoly collects from the shipping of San Francisco bay immense revenue every year without any service rendered; it rebates to, and in other ways favors, its political friends in the matter of rates.

3d. Nobody is asking that the monopoly be perpetuated except the beneficiaries who draw princely incomes therefrom for no service or unwelcome service and their well-paid, high-priced attorney.

4th. This monopoly has no counterpart on earth.

5th. The shipowners who are being fleeced ask for relief, and the other business men join them.

6th. The underwriters consider the pilot a superfluity at the safe port of San Francisco, and have so stated. They make no difference in rates of insurance and never ask whether a pilot will be employed or not.

7th. This is because San Francisco bay has the best possible steam-tug service and few dangers to encounter.

8th. Vessels usually tow in and out now-days, unless the wind is just right, in preference to sailing with or without a pilot, but an experienced captain can sail his own vessel in or out of a harbor with which he is familiar better than any pilot who is a stranger to the vessel.

9th. Vessels must now pay pilotage whether they take a pilot or not, and the custom is to refuse a pilot and pay him for doing nothing because an unjust law requires it. It does not require them to *take* pilots, but to *pay* for them whether employed or not.

10th. Who knows better the needs in this respect, and who is more interested in the safety of ships and cargoes, and who would most promptly object to taking unnecessary risks than the owners and insurers? If they ask for a change, who has a better right to a respectful hearing?

11th. Surely not attorneys for pilot monopolies and legislators who are actuated by personal friendship for interested individual pilots; nor even the pilots who compose the monopoly and levy this unjust toll nor the sinecure Secretary of the sinecure Pilot Commission, who draws a good salary for political reasons.

12th. Compulsory pilotage (paying for nothing) at San Francisco bay was justified by the attorney for the monopoly, (but by no one else) solely on the plea of "immemorial usage" and sympathy for men engaged in a "dangerous calling."

13th. This "dangerous calling," by the way, is the same one for the privilege of engaging in which experienced and capable men are willing to and are said to have paid from \$4,000 to \$7,000, and which is protected by a fine of \$500 that is visited upon any other person who pilots a vessel in or out. The "immemorial usage" plea is too antiquated to convince thinking men of this age of any such a fallacy as it was used to demonstrate.

14th. The *dangerous* business of a pilot, as properly characterized by Senator Gleaves before the Assembly Committee on Commerce, "is a picnic" compared with many other occupations, and the sympathy plea is only a subterfuge to catch votes. In other words it is a fraud.

15th. Vessels are allowed by the Pilot Association (the monopoly) to take a pilot outward and pay only half rates, or as much as they would if no pilot were employed. Foreign owned vessels do this sometimes. This is done for the sole purpose of making a showing that pilots are employed. Pilots very seldom sail vessels out; the tug-boat doing the work, the pilot drawing pay, although only a passenger.

are skeptical of attacks upon political systems and corruptions, fearing that they are made with selfish motives, but that they will awaken when convinced that a flagrant outrage is being perpetrated upon the rights of honorable, law-abiding business citizens and demand that it stop.

Before the Senate Committee on Commerce the pilots themselves asserted and the attorney employed to plead the cause of the monopoly stated and insisted that the bill introduced by Senator Gleaves, if passed, would absolutely destroy the present pilot monopoly ("system" he called it), "because," he said "under the provisions of this bill certain American vessels will carry specially licensed pilots in the persons of the masters or mates, and such vessels being exempt from compulsory pilotage will not employ a general pilot,"—nor pay for one when not needed or employed, as they must now. "Then all vessels that are in tow of a steam tug-boat are made exempt," (and why should they not be? no vessel needs both; a tug they must have, a pilot then is superfluous; he is in the way,) "and as every vessel not otherwise exempt will take a tug, there will be no employment for the pilot," he said. He is right, the "monopoly" *would* be destroyed, but ample pilot service would survive for all practical use. But could any argument be stronger in favor of the uselessness of what is termed "a pilot system," which is maintained for the sole purpose of sustaining a cinch monopoly, pure and simple, by which twenty men are authorized to levy an unwarranted tax of \$200,000 per year on the shipping of San Francisco harbor? If no vessels would take or pay for a pilot, not required nor employed, unless compelled to by law, the owners and insurance men being satisfied that a pilot is not a safeguard, as he assumes no financial responsibility, while the tug-boat owner does; and if the tug-boats can take care of the entire fleet, and much better care than any number of pilots could, who can give an honest reason for wanting to perpetuate a monopoly that has been a burden on the commerce of the State and a cause of public scandal at every session of the Legislature for many years?

As the *Chronicle* well says: "Compulsory pilotage may be and is a necessity at many dangerous ports very likely, but it is absolutely inexcusable in the year

It is said that a very patient people, because of indifference to public matters,

1897 at the well provided and protected harbor of San Francisco," where the owners (with the full sanction and approval of the insurance companies), who of all people are interested in the safety of their vessel property and risks,—“will not employ or pay a pilot unless compelled to do so by law,” and who now as a rule do not employ a pilot, but prefer to take a steam tug, which assures safety and renders value for money paid, and at the same time pay the pilot half pilotage (or piratage) for remaining away from the vessel. Who can defend a law that fastens upon an industry so important as ocean commerce, a piracy system under the guise of public policy and a false solicitude for the safety of lives and property, when it is clearly shown to be an out-of-date method not at all suited to present conditions at San Francisco harbor? Modern inventions have properly supplanted customs of immemorial usage, and this thing which was practised for centuries before steam was discovered is rapidly giving place to the powerful tug-boat, which waits not for wind or weather, but always cruises far out to sea in quest of inward tows, and carries the outward going vessels beyond all coast dangers. Only the beneficiaries of the pilot monopoly favor its perpetuation.

Finally, I wish to quote British laws from which, I suppose, Senator Gleaves borrowed the idea of favoring our own shipping a little by licensing masters and mates so that they might pilot their own vessels in and out, and avoid paying pil-

otage to a monopoly for no services rendered.

The following extract, showing how the British favor their own vessels by legislation, is taken from the English Shipping Act of 1854, which was reaffirmed in 1889 with the additional clauses given below:—

The master or mate of any ship may upon giving due notice, and consenting to pay the usual expenses, apply to any pilotage authority to be examined as to his capacity to pilot the ship of which he is master or mate, or any one or more ships belonging to the same owner within any part of the district over which such pilotage authority has jurisdiction, and upon examination, if found competent, such master or mate shall have a certificate granted to him;—and such certificate shall enable the person therein named to pilot the ship or any of the ships therein specified of which he is acting as master, or mate within the limits therein described without incurring any penalties for the non-payment of a qualified pilot.

The said certificate may be renewed annually by endorsement of the Secretary of the Board.

The act of 1889, was as follows:—

The holder of such pilotage certificate shall be deemed to be a licensed pilot within the meaning of section 348 of the Act of 1854.

The ship upon which licensed master or mate is sailing must display a flag indicating said fact.

The Australian and New Zealand laws, I believe, permit the master of any ship who has entered a port three times to take an examination, and if found qualified, to receive a license exempting his vessel thereafter from compulsory pilotage. Pilotage collected goes, I understand, as in England, to the government, which pays the pilots moderate salaries. Rates are about one third to one half San Francisco rates.

Charles E. Naylor.





GUARD MOUNT AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF CALIFORNIA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE STATE.—I

WHEN the news of Bunker Hill reached Washington, that foremost patriot asked,—“Did the militia stand fire?” Assured that they did, and held their fire until the British regulars were within eight rods range, and then discharged their muskets, he proclaimed that the liberties of the country were safe.

This was a proper tribute to the citizen soldiery of the new land. But the war of the Revolution, from a military standpoint, was of secondary importance. It was a political struggle in which the oppressed were victorious. At that time the numerical strength of this country was only able to afford, in the aggregate, a little less than three hundred thousand of so-called regulars and militia during the entire war of nearly eight years. Those engaged were best qualified to perform military service to the land they loved, through devotion. There were none of the impassioned, impetuous, and destructive outbursts that other wars have produced. There was nothing particularly

grand, nor rapid, nor learned, in the way of military maneuvers, such as are characteristic of military genius in modern times. From a military view the war of the Revolution was insipid as compared with that of the Rebellion. In the latter there were ten times as many men engaged, and this circumstance brings out prominently the fact that our undivided country can, in an emergency, readily place itself upon a war footing, so far as numbers go, with almost any nation, and so far as volunteer service is concerned, far beyond any other.

During the Revolution many foreigners of military experience sought employment and position in the American army. Many were actuated by aims that were all selfish, and had no heart in the contest. On this account the perplexity of Washington knew no bounds, and he at last decided that none but Americans were to be placed on guard.

The war of the Rebellion demonstrated a different condition of affairs; for in the meanwhile military education had taken

the place of military ignorance. The various wars since the Revolution, including that with Mexico, had taught the people of the United States the importance of a militia, and when the Civil War broke out there were thousands of men comparatively well qualified to instruct in the school of the soldier, and drill in the manual of arms, the great armies that were enrolled North and South.

These qualifications, however, did not always include that essential feature, discipline. Discipline is more necessary than mere excellence in drill to an effective soldiery. The cultivation of this quality makes it possible to use a number of men as one man, and in the aggregate, an effective weapon. While the drill is of importance in the profession of arms, its perfection does not prevent a well drilled organization from being perfectly worthless in other military matters. Accuracy in drill is a necessary adjunct to well trained forces, and it is attained for the purpose of aiding that higher ingredient in the soldier, *obedience to orders*. An army without discipline would be as ineffectual as an armed mob, because



LIEUTENANT COLONEL VICTOR D. DUBOCE.



MAJOR WM. D. MCCARTHY.

discipline is the soul of an army, and in a mob there exists a soulless disregard for the rights of others.

There is of necessity a despotism connected with the military will. It is modified in the individual will of the commander, but the force itself knows no modification. Therefore any officer or soldier who opposes the orders of a superior given in his legitimate capacity, or fails to adhere to the laws and regulations governing a military force, not only injures its efficiency as a military weapon, but assists in rendering it worthless to the purposes for which it was organized, and for which the people pay to maintain it.

It is the desire of the National Guard of California to become as nearly assimilated in arms, uniform, equipment, drill, and discipline, to the regular army as possible, and these are commendable aspirations, but the question confronts every member, — "How can this be done under present conditions?" — "Is it the fable of the toad trying to assume the proportion of the ox?"

In round numbers the standing army of



COLONEL DOLPHES B. FAIRBANKS.

this nucleus of the great army of the country should inspire the law makers of the general government to appropriate liberally for the support and maintenance of its citizen soldiers. It is no more than just that this should be done. The Federal Constitution requires the National Guard to be subject to the orders of the President of the United States in case of a war of invasion. Then why should not the general government give liberal support to make its future defender more efficient in an emergency, by at least furnishing arms of a quality that would prove serviceable if needed? As the general government has on hand in its arsenals a large supply of the latest Springfield model, the National Guard should be equipped with it. The true soldier knows the value of a good gun, but arm him with a defective piece, and no matter how well he may have been trained, in an emergency he will prove to be as worthless as his weapon. By the adoption of the Lamont Bill this most desirable object will be attained, and the arming of the National Guard will no longer be subject to the whims of the Adjutant Generals of the various States.

The law of California requires that forty rounds of ammunition shall be in the cartridge boxes before the men leave the armory in case of being called upon for the performance of duty, but the cartridge boxes with which the men are at present supplied will not nearly contain that number of rounds. There is little use in a law if it is to be honored only in the breach. It may be urged that the present boxes are large enough for all practical purposes, but such is not the case.

To the thoughtless there seems to be no necessity for a National Guard, and excepting on days of parade or public holidays, that organization is of no utility. A well organized, drilled, armed, and equipped, and thoroughly disciplined military body is just as essential to the life and welfare of this government as the same is to any nation. It is necessary for the protection of life as well as of public and private property. Without a military establishment there would be no enforcement of our civil laws, for the lawless rabble in the country is powerful enough

the United States embraces twenty-five thousand men, and this small force is scattered over a domain covering nearly three million square miles. One reason why such a small force is maintained is because the government knows it can, in an emergency, depend upon the National Guard of the country, the mustered force of which is nearly five times as great as that of the regular army. This large body could be placed in the field ready for active service in a brief time, provided it was properly armed and equipped, and measures looking to this end should be at once taken.

The whole number of men in the United States available for military duty amounts to nearly nine million. Of this number, California's quota is slightly more than two hundred thousand. The mustered strength of its National Guard is about four thousand, field and staff, line, and rank and file. If the entire available military force of the State were called into requisition, its present military complexion would not more than suffice to supply officers for additional organizations. The importance, therefore, of fostering



Lieutenant Colonel Nerney.
Lieutenant Colonel Smith.

Colonel Sumner.

Major Pott,
Major General James.

Colonel Currier.

Lieutenant Colonel Miles.
Lieutenant Colonel Stone.

Colonel Gallwey

Lieutenant Colonel Cluff.

The Division Commander and Staff.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. K. WHITTEN.

carried out their object. Their action was immediately felt in the enforced suspension of trade. The merchant could neither receive nor deliver his goods; travelers were halted upon their journeys; and even the United States mails were delayed. It was then that the power of the National Guard was felt, and the business men who had hitherto grumbled because they deemed the appropriations for the maintenance of that organization unnecessary, plainly saw the power it possessed for the accomplishment of great good. Trains were made up in the Oakland yards, and accompanied by armed members of our National Guard, were pushed forward in defiance of the strikers, up to and beyond the capital to the State line. The civil power of the government represented in the United States Marshal was impotent to do what our National Guard performed. Many sneered at these services and ridiculed our State soldiery, but without their presence to uphold the majesty of the law, there would have been sacrificed millions of property for which the tax payers of the State would have been responsible.

to overawe civil authority. It is the military backed by legal power, that is most feared by those whose tendency is to the commission of overt acts. Without a military force, nowhere in this country would the wares of the merchant or the money of the banker be safe. Less than three years ago a powerful organization of railroad employees went out on a strike, and with the determination to stop all traffic until their demands were acceded to, seized railroad property and temporarily



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY.



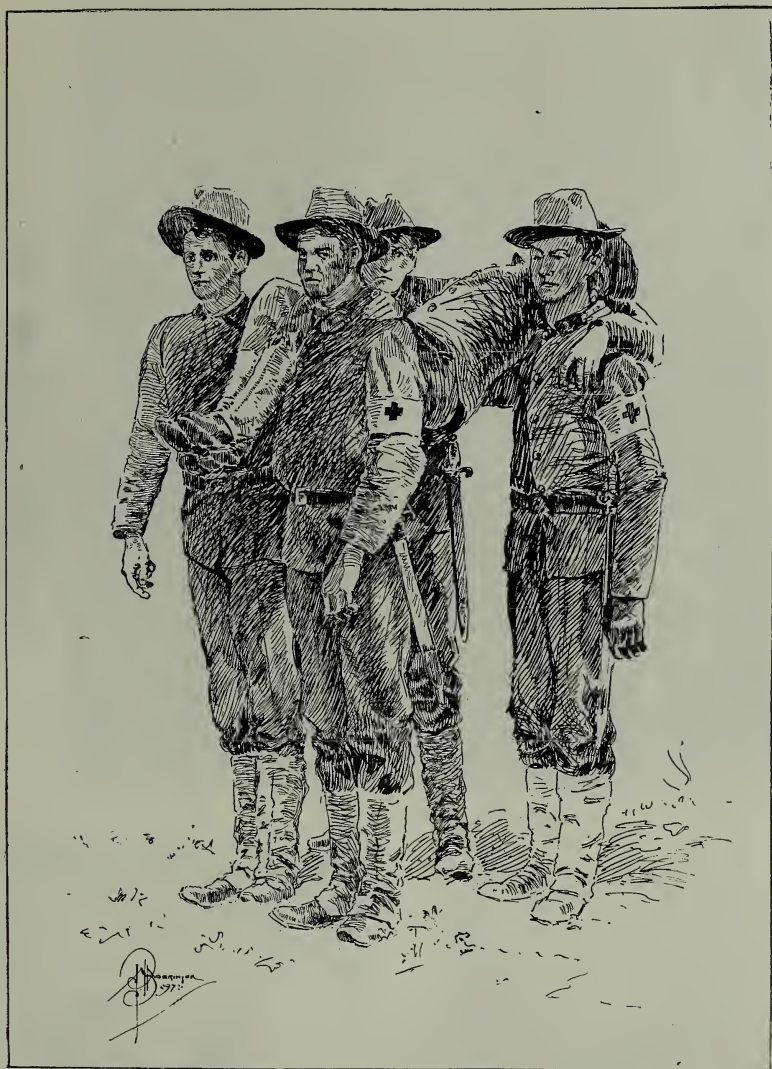
MAJOR WILLIAM D. MCCARTHY IN CAMP AT UKIAH. THE SECOND ARTILLERY HOSPITAL CORPS.

Progression in military affairs is as greatly needed in California, as is almost anything appertaining to its future. Its long line of coast defenses make it peculiarly vulnerable to the powers that are an adjacent menace. During the rebellious period of 1861, when there was possible chance for the Pacific Coast to become a Western Empire, the care of the general government was exercised to prevent such a consummation. The government at Washington realized that swift as well as stringent measures were necessary, and so General Sumner was directed to proceed to the Department of the Pacific, under sealed orders, to take command. On his arrival in San Francisco, late in April of that year, he at once advised the Secretary of War regarding the state of affairs, and under President Lincoln's proclamation a requisition was issued July 24, 1861, which called for a regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry from California. This force was promptly raised, and it was further augmented by subsequent calls made from the government at Washington, until the whole force from Cali-

fornia amounted to more than 16,000 officers and rank and file. Many of these were a contingent part of the then State militia, and they, like similar citizens of other States, cheerfully enrolled themselves and entered the service of our common country, thus making an immediate army purely of volunteers, numbering 75,000 at first, whose ranks were a few months after increased by 300,000 more.

There are those who incline to say that in an emergency our present military establishment cannot amply vindicate the grand science of war. It is probably true that a percentage of those now enrolled in the State forces would not respond to a National call, if made, but in such an event there would be enough to furnish an excellent quality of well-drilled young gentlemen, who are now in the ranks and well fitted to instruct those who might become a part of the rank and file.

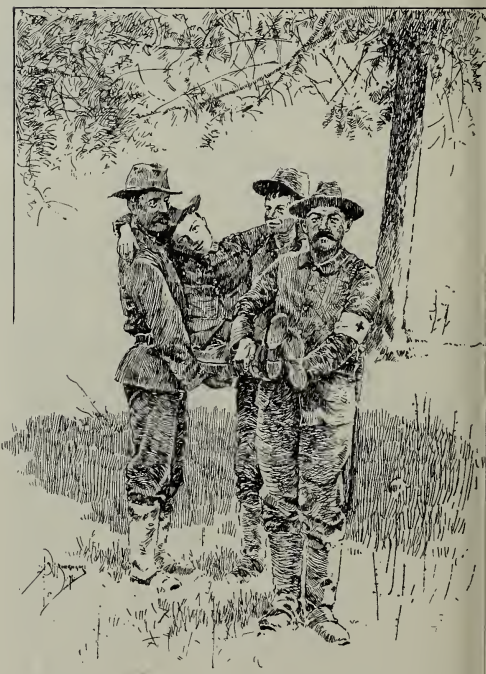
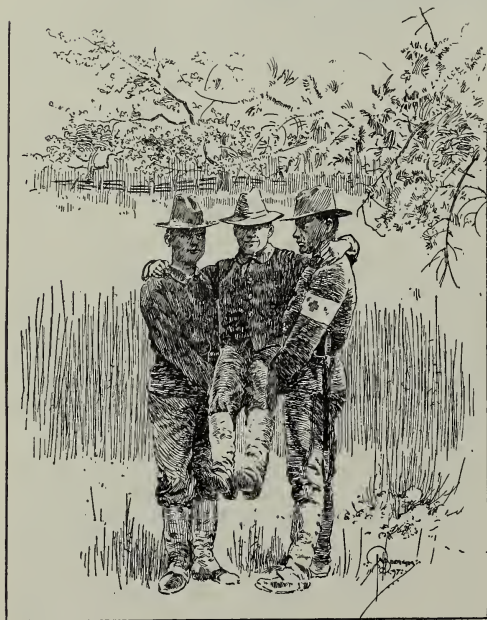
Those in the ranks obtain a knowledge of the soldier's needs, and the rules in this direction are simply based on the suggestions of common sense. Therefore in order to become a good officer,



PRACTISE DRILL OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS.

whether he be of the line or among the field or the staff, he should understand the leading principles and the application of those principles at the proper time. During the railroad strike of 1894, the officers who were entrusted with the subsistence of the First and Third Infantry regiments neglected a duty that was one of the first to be observed. A half thousand or more men, after a night's transportation in constrained quarters, were the next morning confronted with the painful evidence that no proper provision had been made for their breakfast. The fault for this was not alleged against the neglectful ones, whose duty at the

time was most forcibly enjoined by the peculiar exigencies of the service. Those in command were blamed for a dereliction that should not have attached to them, and the neglect at such an inopportune moment made an easy failure of what might have been an easy victory. In military affairs the way to go in is the way to win. First, a safe base for operation is needed, to keep up those communications in which you are interested, and if possible destroy those of your enemy. This axiom was not observed at Sacramento, probably because small sentiments in relation to the rights of rank or precedence somehow seem to af-



THE FIRST CARE OF THE WOUNDED. PRACTISE DRILL OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. DICKINSON.

fect the soldier almost more than anything else. The soldier that Shakspeare portrayed was "jealous in honor—sudden and quick in quarrel," but the generalship of modern times is to achieve results and reduce the possibility of blunders.

A vulnerable point of the strikers was found in the Oakland yards and it was seized at a most critical moment by the Second Artillery, aided by several companies of the Naval Reserve. The act was accentuated by a due regard for the welfare of those engaged. Careful pains had been taken to obtain everything that was necessary in the way of subsistence, and these troops the next morning were served with substantial rations,—thus making them more cheerful to perform their duty than were those at Sacramento. There is nothing of an invidious character here intended; the remark is really written to show how important it is to have troops well supplied with bread and meat. It is a natural law that everyone most cheerfully performs a duty when well fed, and for the same reason

a soldier will fight better when something besides his haversack is well filled. There was concentrated, so to say, at the Oakland yards, a more effective force than that at Sacramento. The movements of the former were of a successful character from the start, while in case of the latter the original move lacked that military spirit and proper direction so essential to success. The critical ten minutes, which, Napoleon used to say, generally decided the fate of battles, was lost—owing probably to the fact that there were too many Napoleons (?) on the field.

It is one of the deplorable features of our National Guard organization that it has not of late years possessed among its officers that spirit of discipline which is so important to the efficiency of any military body. It contains among its number those whose rank is of the line, yet who are rank enough in their importance to consider themselves necessary advisers to the general officers whenever any subject is presented. And it is



COLONEL WILLIAM MACDONALD.

even more deplorable that the general officers permit such a state of affairs.

A slight emergency arises for an order, and it is given over the telephone. Its execution may not be compatible with the views entertained by Captain Windy, and he immediately rushes off to present his objections to the highest authority he can reach. His influence is somewhat augmented by gaining a few other like officials to present also similar views, and the general (?), with a paucity of ideas and purpose, permits his original plans to be changed beyond recognition. The frequent recurrence of such instances has a demoralizing effect upon not only the officers, but becoming known to the rank and file, the latter lose confidence in their officer's ability and in consequence the organization is bound to become deficient through that lack of pride

which is one of the necessary ingredients of a soldier.

There is another feature respecting an officer's line of conduct, which is as indispensable as the commission which confers upon him his rank. All gentlemen can't be officers, but all officers should be gentlemen. An officer's promise should be as inviolable as an oath, and no one should, under any circumstances, accept the rank and honors that pertain to his position without knowing how to conduct himself properly on all occasions. When it is considered how frequently new crops of Colonels are turned out in California, it is not surprising that many never learn why they were selected, and if they do, no one else can understand the reason.

A most palpable exhibition of this character took place at one of the best camps,

where it was the writer's privilege to be present. An officer of the general staff in the magnificence of full uniform, under which was stored at least one bottle of champagne, called to pay his respects to the commanding officer. Just as he was about to enter the latter's quarters, a young officer wearing the straps of a Lieutenant was leaving the place, and seeing the gorgeous uniform and big spread eagles which denoted the staff officer's importance, promptly came to the proper position and gave the big Colonel a graceful military salutation. To his surprise there was no recognition on the part of the staff officer, who, entering the commander's quarters, surprised that officer, to whom he was well known, by telling of the salute just offered him and asking: "What the devil did the fellow mean by his familiarity? I don't know him."

A certain officer, who is pretty well known to look at everything from "the business end," but who likes to have it prominently known that he has military knowledge and training, and zeal in the discharge of his duty, not long ago plainly established the fact that in battalion movements he was a novice. He was in command of his regiment, which was "right in front." The position he wished to take would have twice compelled the movement "fours left," and on execution of the last to have either gone "on the right into line" in a somewhat prescribed space, or, "on the left into line, face to the rear." In his dilemma he inquired from several of his line officers, but they, poor fellows, knew even less than the commander, so the latter was forced to march his column by a round-about way so as to bring the right of his line where it should be.

This instance of an officer's inability to command — and it is only one of many that could be mentioned — shows that our system of electing officers, the field and line being now referred to, is one that is opposed to obtaining officers well qualified to make the rank and file what the latter should be. It is also predisposed against securing the services of such officers who, if called upon, would enforce every requirement of law; and what is said in this respect regarding the field and line is immeasurably worse regarding some of



MAJOR JOHN E. MILLAR.

the general officers and their staffs. These last mentioned, as well as some of those of the regimental staff, are frequently responsible for that lack of discipline which is calculated to make our organization absolutely worthless in an emergency. An Adjutant or an Adjutant General who cannot issue military orders in a comprehensible form; a Quartermaster who does not know how to obtain transportation; a Commissary whose knowledge about subsistence consists in the fact that when he is hungry he must eat, and if ordered out on a campaign would probably place an extra piece of pie in his pants; an Inspector who wears white kid gloves with which to test the cleanliness of a rifle; or an Ordnance Officer whose principal ammunition lies in his ability to shoot his mouth off, are all worthless adjuncts to an army. Fortunately we have officers of almost every rank and grade in the service who are intelligent and active — ready to subscribe to discipline and the orders of their superiors, and what is sometimes better than all, have a personal and official pride that gives them the carriage of officers and the aspect of gentlemen. What we



COLONEL H. P. BUSH.

want is an effective military organization if we would hold our own. It is not alone against the hostilities of jealous foreign powers that this is needed, but against those lawless elements in our midst that are constantly fermenting discord with a view to bring about a disregard for government made by and for the people. If our National Guardsmen would aspire to make their condition compatible with the requirements of emergencies, then there is no doubt the tax payers would cheerfully afford all the means necessary to such an end. But so long as there are jealousies among the officers, and those of higher rank are at loggerheads, there will be no effective force, for there will be no discipline, and an army without discipline in this progressive age is absolutely worthless.

There is so much that is splendid in the way of material in our National Guard, that one often wonders why those who are deficient do not discover the character of the worthy ones and try to emulate them. The Division Staff has many officers that possess rare qualities. It would

be hard to find the superiors of Colonel John Gallwey, Surgeon ; Colonel Frank W. Sumner, Inspector ; Lieutenant Colonel George Stone, Engineer ; Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Miles, Signal Officer ; Lieutenant Colonel T. M. Cluff, Commissary ; Lieutenant Colonel T. A. Nerney, Inspector of Rifle Practise ; Lieutenant Colonel J. F. Smith, Judge Advocate ; Colonel J. C. Currier, A. A. G., and Major Fred. S. Pott, A. D. C.

The war service of George Stone gives him an advantage over the others in many ways, his five years' experience enables him to know what is required of an officer not only as a commander but in almost every staff department. His magnificent achievement as grand marshal of the grand McKinley parade in San Francisco on the Saturday afternoon prior to the election, proved him to be not only a natural commander, but an organizer of the highest ability as well. For two weeks he labored daily and far into the nights, the last three nights before that memorable Saturday, never taking off his clothing. The result of his efforts was presented in the largest and most perfectly organized body of citizens ever witnessed in procession on the streets of San Francisco. Over thirty thousand men followed the head of the column which started on the minute named, and covered a long marching distance without a halt of any duration or break of any kind. It was an army corps in numbers and contained the proper elements from which soldiers are produced. It was generalship in the highest degree that made it such a grand success, and to Stone belongs that honor. Such an officer as commander, would make the National Guard what it should be.

Colonel John Gallwey entered the service as Surgeon of the First Infantry early in 1891, and continued as such five years, when he resigned. During that period he created many marked improvements in the hospital and field hospital service. He freely gave his time to instructing members of the regiment how to act in emergencies towards comrades in distress from wounds or sickness, and his entertaining lectures were emphasized by practical illustrations that made them all the more impressive.

Ever since the Signal Service has been under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Miles, it has been progressive. For nearly seven years he has been actively identified with this important branch of the service, most of the time as Signal Officer of the Second Brigade. The result of his labors are to be seen in the well trained and almost fully equipped corps over which he has executive control, and which has demonstrated its ability to flash messages correctly from one end of the State to the other if necessary. Colonel Miles has recently obtained some concessions from the authorities that will greatly benefit the entire corps, for which he deserves generous commendation.

There is every reason to believe that when the National Guard is called out for active service, it will be carefully supplied with subsistence. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas M. Cluff is an officer of ten years' experience in several staff departments, which makes him the more efficient in his present post as Division Commissary. He has been an Ordnance Officer, a Quartermaster, and an Inspector of Rifle Practise in the Guard, which, with his business training and natural ability, and his earnest devotion to every duty, makes him peculiarly well qualified for the position he holds.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Alexis Nerney, Inspector of Rifle Practise, possesses the pride of a soldier and the training of one. Before coming to California he served a term of three years in several of Ohio's crack organizations — first as an enlisted man and later as a First Lieutenant. On his arrival in San Diego he immediately enlisted in Company B, Seventh Infantry. Three years later, in 1888, he was made Captain, but in 1891 bid adieu to the military to become Lieutenant in command of Company A, Naval Battalion, which commission he subsequently resigned, and was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, Seventh Infantry, in January, 1896. This position he was compelled to resign, when he removed to San Francisco, where his superior abilities were recognized and he received the appointment as Division Inspector of Rifle practise.

The military law of the Division is represented in the ability of Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Smith, Judge Advocate.

From a legal point of view, he is well-qualified to perform the functions of his office, while from the military aspect he is more than equal. Nearly fourteen years ago he entered the ranks of Company F, Third Infantry, and after its disbanding and reorganization in 1883, he became its Second Lieutenant. Less than a year after he was promoted to the next grade, and in June, 1884, became Captain of the Company. After this, promotion was slow, for it was nine years before he became Major, but he was a good one, and his service in this grade made him Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. By the consolidation of his regiment with others he became an ordinary citizen, until, about a year ago, he was appointed Judge Advocate of the Division. The position requires instruction as well as cultivated notions of a military character, and these he possesses. While Battalion Major of the old Third Infantry he demonstrated the fact that he was well qualified to command a larger body, and it would be a surprise to none if he eventually reached a grade compatible with his ability to handle any force.

It is almost unnecessary to refer to Colonel Currier, Assistant Adjutant General. His long and arduous service during the War of the Rebellion and since then in the regular army speaks enough for him. In 1895 General Dimond invited him to become Division Inspector, when his excellent character as an officer was developed to such an extent that the present Division Commander selected him for his Chief of Staff.

Colonel Frank W. Sumner, Division Inspector, first saw light in the State of Maine, in 1849. He is of Revolutionary stock, and comes from the Massachusetts family of that name. His education was gained in the last named State, and in 1865 he came to California, entering upon a business career in San Francisco in 1872. In 1887 he was made Paymaster General on the staff of Governor Waterman, and continued as such until the end of Markham's administration. Having been placed on the retired list, he was for years privileged to perform the duties of a good citizen and this he did, until he was detailed to act in his present military capacity — a detail made because of ability.

His ardent military fancy comes from a service of more than a quarter of a century in Templar Masonry. As early as 1883 he organized the drill corps of Golden Gate Commandery, of which he has been Commander ever since. In 1885 he was Eminent Commander of Golden Gate, and in 1895 was elected Grand Commander of the State. In the interim he filled nearly every office of importance in the Grand and Subordinate bodies. Several years ago he was the means of having the American flag adopted as a part of the ceremonies in Golden Gate Commandery, since which time it has become a lawful feature in the various Asylums throughout this State. At present there is in press a work from the pen of Colonel Sumner on Templar Masonry, in which the law relating thereto is expounded, tactics are made plain, and the observance of ceremonies plainly presented.

Major Fred S. Pott, has had a peculiarly varied service, having been made Commissary of the Fifth Infantry with rank of First Lieutenant, June 30, 1890. Six months later he was made Inspector of Rifle Practise of the regiment with the same rank, and was promoted to be Captain and A. D. C., Second Brigade, March 11, 1892. In December, 1893, he received the appointment of Major and Quartermaster of the Brigade, and September 30, 1896, was made Major and A. D. C. on the Staff of General James. He is one of the young officers of the Guard, but his intelligent conception of duty and soldierly bearing make him an invaluable member of the Division Staff.

The law passed by the last legislature relating to the organization of a Sanitary Corps as an adjunct to the National Guard of this State will probably prove to be of the utmost importance. In the first place, it calls for men of intelligence as well as for medical officers of experience, who will be required to do their full duty. The last named will be required to undergo a rigid examination before a military Medical Board of Examiners appointed by the Governor and Surgeon General. Their fitness thus assured will naturally create a pride, which it must be confessed has not always stimulated the regimental medical staff.

Those passed by the Examining Board will have authority to select men from the ranks who will be able to absorb and digest the instructions imparted by the surgeons over them, and thus they will be qualified to render relief to the distressed, sick, or wounded. The rules of the organization when perfected will not necessarily be confined to the camp or the field. In any great emergency its services could be obtained, and in an epidemic, or any great calamity in which a large number of injured might require aid, such a corps of well instructed men, supervised and directed by learned and experienced surgeons, would be of inestimable benefit. The new law will cause a better army hospital service, as the appropriation allowed will permit each regiment to equip itself with all the most modern paraphernalia known to medical and surgical service, and in addition thereto the sanitary conditions of camps will be closely looked after and every means taken to reduce to a minimum sickness from any cause. The application of these ideas will naturally have a tendency to broaden the desires of officers and men to aid the medical staff in their endeavors, and the effect will be to remove from camp life many objectionable features that have hitherto prevailed.

Probably no officer of the medical staff has taken a deeper interest in these subjects than Major William D. McCarthy, M. D., M. A., Surgeon of the First Infantry. He is the ranking regimental surgeon in the Guard, having entered the service in 1887 in the Second Artillery. He might be appropriately referred to as the father of the hospital drill, having nearly ten years ago begun to instruct his ambulance and hospital corps in the "stretcher drill," "first aid to the injured," etc.

In all matters pertaining to his official duties Major McCarthy has been one of the most enthusiastic in looking after the welfare of those entrusted to his medical and surgical skill. He is a member of the Military Association of Surgeons of the United States and from his attendance at the last session in Philadelphia, May, 1896, brought to California all the advanced theories and forms of practise in the art of aiding the sick and wounded.

In recognition of his eminent services

to the Second Artillery, the Board of Officers of that regiment presented Major McCarthy with a beautifully engrossed memorial, setting forth their sentiments for him as a brother officer and their gratitude for the care he has always taken of the health of his command. This souvenir is beautifully and appropriately embellished with emblematic designs and is a prize to be proud of.

It is the purpose of this article to bring prominence to the National Guard of California, to commend the many excellent qualities it possesses, and to present in detail many defects with which it is burdened. To do this will require much more space than the OVERLAND can devote in a single number.

In the May issue, with a number of interesting military pictures, will be published a discussion of the proposed disbursement of the large appropriation made by the recent legislature for military purposes, particularly that part appertaining to the purchase of new uniforms and equipments.

Circumstances of a local character permit brief reference to the several organizations forming the Second Brigade, and this will be followed by details in the coming number of the OVERLAND. The First Infantry, of San Francisco, is not only the largest regiment in the Guard, but it is the only one in the State which is concentrated at one point. It therefore possesses many advantages over those organizations that are geographically dispersed. It is at present in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Victor D. Duboce, whose service commenced in October, 1878, when he enlisted in Company F, Second Artillery,—then an infantry regiment. He served as Corporal and Sergeant in the same company for a period of six years, acquiring a knowledge of details that serve him well in his present place. In 1889 he was made an Aid-de-Camp on the staff of the Second Brigade commander, with rank of Captain, and after served as Quartermaster, Paymaster, and Inspector on the same staff with rank of Major until 1895, when he retired. January 31, 1896, he was elected to his present position. This office he has since filled with intelligence and zeal, and much of the time he has been in command of the regiment. He

has been at all times ready to respond to the call of duty, and by his indomitable spirit and example has brought about a most satisfactory and desirable condition of affairs in the regiment.

The Fifth Infantry, the other regiment of the Second Brigade, for seven years has rejoiced in having in Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, a commander whose attention to duty and ability to command has brought this regiment up to a very high standard. He has been the means of making the regiment more than ever proud of its old appellation—the “Dandy Fifth.” Colonel Fairbanks commenced his military career as a youthful cadet at the California Academy in 1872, becoming in 1874 a Captain. In 1877 he became Captain of the University Cadets, and in 1882, well equipped, entered the National Guard service as Captain of Company B, Fifth Infantry. He was promoted in February, 1888, to be Major of the regiment. His advancement eighteen months later to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was the natural consequence of ability, and when, in April, 1890, a vacancy occurred in the Colonelcy, he was selected for the place.

Lieutenant-Colonel Albert K. Whitten, also of the Fifth Regiment, enjoys the distinction of being the ranking officer of that grade in the service. He was born in San José, and that city has always been his home. There he enlisted in Company B, in March, 1882. Just before the close of the year he was made Second Lieutenant, and a year later, Captain. In October of 1889, he reached the majority and on the 26th of April, 1890, became Lieutenant-Colonel. He has an enviable record as a conscientious officer, well qualified in every way, and commands the respect of his superiors as well as of his subordinates.

In addition to the First and Fifth infantry regiments, there are also in the Second Brigade one Troop of Cavalry and a Signal Corps, the whole forming the largest Brigade in the State, a general history of which, together with other organizations will be given in another number.

There is something inexpressibly mean about the treatment which a retired officer receives nowadays from the State. It is true his name appears in an occasional

report issued from general headquarters, but it is not often that he gets a copy unless some former associate in arms has two. If a general order is issued he may possibly hear of it in a general way, but not by receiving a copy. This is neither just nor is it probably legal, for a retired officer has rights which even the biggest military Pooh Bah in our glorious California is bound to respect. The mere fact of an officer having been retired does not cause his military condition to have evaporated, for he is at any time, with those on the active list, liable to be called into active service if needed. Surely the officer who has rendered duty during the time required to secure retirement, could at least be rewarded by being kept supplied with the intellectual literature that is published for the guidance of those on the active list. There have been ample appropriations made for this purpose, and as there never seems to be any surplus, the inference is plain that the ample appropriations have been amply expended.

In the Adjutant General's biennial report for 1895-1896, there are a number of expenditures of a seemingly extravagant character. One in particular relates to the disbursement of such an unusual character to an officer in a court martial case, that the OVERLAND will take it up in another issue.

The State has not always taken into proper consideration the services of such an officer as Brigadier General John H. Dickinson, (retired,) who enlisted in Company B, First Infantry, twenty years ago. He was elected and re-elected Captain of that organization, and his sterling devotion to duty for three years in that capacity brought him so prominently to the attention of his fellow officers that in 1880, he was called to the command of the regiment and served as its Colonel for eleven years. During this period he brought the organization up to the highest standard of efficiency it had ever attained. Its various encampments were noted for excellence in appearance and discipline, and during the usual period they were held, there was a maximum of attendance with a marked effect in drill among officers and men. During his incumbency his regiment held the right of line for many years, and on street parades its appear-

ance was favorably remarked by competent military observers. When the regiment under his command competed for the trophy on the Presidio grounds, February 22, 1888, under the eyes of regular officers who were selected to decide, thousands of the best citizens thronged the hillsides to witness the battalion movements and the manual of arms through which Dickinson put his command, and at their conclusion there was a unanimous verdict that his troops moved with the precision of regulars. Promoted to be Brigadier General, February, 1891, he brought into service all his previous experience to further increase the efficiency of the Second Brigade, and during his career as its commander nothing occurred to cast a blot on his escutcheon until the mistakes of others which were perpetrated at Sacramento in 1893, made him the subject of much unjust criticism. His rank simply made him share in the unhappy lot which fell to those at loggerheads on that occasion.

Another officer who has rendered long and honorable service to the State in a military capacity is Colonel Wm. MacDonald, recently resigned and now on the retired list. It is nearly twenty years since he enlisted as a private in Company F, Second Artillery, and continued as such until the modest chevrons of a Corporal were earned and placed upon his sleeves two and a half years later. From November, 1880, until January 31, 1882, he was Captain and A. D. C. on the staff of the Second Brigade, when a change in commanders relegated him to private life for twenty-four hours, for on the following day, not too proud to do duty as a soldier, he enlisted in Light Battery A, Second Artillery. Three months later he again became a proud Corporal, and his ability and experience being recognized, in two months he was made Second Lieutenant of that organization. Less than a year later he became First Lieutenant and was frequently in command of his battery in camp and on parade. Four and a half years after he was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Artillery, and in eighteen months from this time attained to its Colonelcy. During the period he was its commander many marked improvements took place. It grew in numbers, its attendance at

drills increased, while in drill it became so much improved that the merest novice could not fail to observe the effect of a new head. Its splendid camps at Eureka and Ukiah were envied models, while its service in the Oakland yards during the great strike can never be sufficiently commended. Several years ago, when novices began to tinker at reorganization, the result was to consolidate the First and Third Infantry and the Second Artillery into one regiment, which was designated the First Infantry. Colonel Macdonald was the ranking officer by seniority in those three regiments, but this was ignored and under the law an election was ordered. Then commenced the most vigorous battle in which all concerned were ever engaged. Every influence and every power was invoked, and to the shame of some of the latter, schemes were put forward, which, in their immeasurable littleness, would have been a disgrace to even pot-house politicians. But as the unexpected so often happens, Macdonald came off victorious, much to the delight of a majority of the newly organized regiment,—much to the amusement of many who complacently said, “May the best man win,” and greatly to the disgust of others who could see no merit in any one but themselves.

Colonel H. P. Bush was placed on the retired list less than a year ago, having commanded the First Infantry for a single year. On the date of his retirement he had served the State a just quarter of a century less four years, and during that long period he was a most active and painstaking officer. Enlisting in Company H, June 3, 1870, in less than a month he was First Lieutenant, and two years after Captain. This position he held by various elections until 1884, and four years later again became Captain of the same company, holding the same until March, 1891, when he was elected Lieutenant Colonel. During his term as company commander he was particularly noted for the careful manner in which he inspected and compelled his men to care for the public property en-

trusted to them. By these means his company was nearly always more than abreast of other companies. He made his men give the strictest attention to their arms and accouterments and in this manner an inspection rarely failed to give Bush's company a percentage over others. Of uniforms and camp and garrison equipage, Company H seemed to always have enough and to spare.

He was elected Colonel of his regiment May 14, 1895, and was retired a year later by the act of consolidation. His activity and interest in military matters was probably best exhibited when during his Colonelcy the regiments of San Francisco were ordered to respond late one day to “an emergency call.” Colonel Bush had out by far the largest regiment, fully armed and equipped for active service. Everything necessary, so far as his regiment had been supplied by the State, was in place. Every little detail was attended to, and had there been an actual need for regimental service even at considerable distance from home, the officers and men would have fared comfortably, for camp and garrison equipage and a supply of subsistence were in wagons which formed a part of his regiment's response to the call. Although on the shelf, Colonel Bush retains the liveliest interest in the National Guard.

Major John F. Millar is one of those on the retired list whose services were once gladly recognized and held high. From an enlisted man in 1869, he became a First Lieutenant in Company D, First Cavalry Battalion. Mustered out of D, he enlisted in Company A, was made Sergeant Major and in 1880 received an exempt certificate. Six years afterward he entered the Third Infantry as Ordinance Officer with rank of First Lieutenant. In this position he was always prompt and efficient and in the absence of other staff officers frequently performed double duty. In 1892, he became Quartermaster of the Second Brigade and continued as such until retired in 1893. His interest in the Guard never lagged, and to this day he believes it to be the power that upholds the civil institutions of the State.

Frank Elliott Myers.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

HUSTLETON

A STORY OF THE BOOM TIME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

I.

T 'S a little too warm today for work," remarked rancher Chesley, as he seated himself in an old rocking chair on the front porch, and began filling his pipe.

"Warm!" exclaimed a voice through the open window. "You forget, Robert, that it is February."

"Never mind about the month, mother,

the names of months do not count for much in Southern California. The sun fairly coaxed my coat off. Down on the bottom, by the creek, your peas are getting a fine start, and the rest of the garden stuff is coming on well. Soon have new potatoes, if this weather holds."

The woman paused in her ironing.

"Robert," she said, with a touch of sarcasm, "I 'm afraid the potatoes would n't be so early, if I 'd had to depend on you to do the planting. You should set George a better example. He 's nearly twenty, and if he falls into your shiftless ways it will be his ruin. There 's Kate, too, almost eighteen, and she 's likely to lose all ambition, if you don't stop holding up your easy-going ideas. It 's fortunate that the children have some of their mother's spirit."

The iron came down with a thump that her husband inwardly deplored, as a waste of nervous force.

She added, more gently: "You 'll take cold, sitting there without your coat.

You know there 's a chill in the shade at this season."

Mr. Chesley heaved a sigh of reluctance, as he arose and drew on his coat.

"No doubt, you are right about the children," he said soothingly, after a silence. "The truth is that I 'm not much suited to this age. People are all too busy to enjoy life, even in California. If one does n't join in the chase of the dollar, he is set down as a poor-spirited chap. I 'm past fifty — too old to change my ways. Some men were never cut out for business, and I suppose I am one of the so-called failures. You remember how things seemed always to go wrong in Ohio. And when we came out here in '77, ten years ago, if I had n't put into this little ranch what we had left, I 'm inclined to think there would n't be much in sight now. But land is going up so fast that we could sell for a good sum, though we do get precious little out of the place as it is."

"And what would become of the money, I should like to know, if you did sell?"

"Well, mother, I have wondered less about the money than whether we should ever again be as happy as now. But I 'm perfectly willing to be rich, so long as I don't have to put myself out for it. I doubt if any one of those new millionaires, down there in Los Angeles, is getting as much satisfaction out of California as I am. I 'd sooner live up here in the hills, and be free from care."

"The lazy are always afraid of care," said the wife with emphasis.

"The air is so clear today," he resumed, ignoring her remark, "that I can see the ocean, over there at Santa Mon-



ica. It must be more than twenty miles away. And look at these rolling hills, all gay with wild flowers; and the San Gabriel valley—what would Moses have said about that kind of a promised land? And the mountains! How the snow glitters in the sunlight! That last storm whitened Old Baldy more than half way down to the orange orchards. Two miles high, and yet Grayback and San Jacinto, beyond there—'

"There you go again, Robert; just as though I could stop my ironing to gape at the mountains! It's all very fine, but I'm not one of those that fold their hands and sit down to look at scenery, when there's work to be done. Give me the money, and you may have the mountains."

"Seems to me it's high time for Kate to be home from school."

"Here she comes, singing as usual," said her father brightening.

"Look out, papa!" cried the girl, gayly, as she bounded upon the porch.

And before her placid parent could interpose a mild protest, a mass of something cold had struck his neck lightly and lodged under his collar. Her merry laugh rang out, as she threw her arms about him and gave him a kiss.

"O, you dear old papa. I wanted to give you a surprise, and make you think you were a boy again, back in Ohio."

Her father smiled indulgently, nodded towards the window, but said nothing. Then he slyly slipped a little lump of snow down her back, and laughed at her violent start.

"That's the way the boys do in Ohio."

"You are both children," protested the mother, stepping out upon the porch. "Kate, where on earth did you get that snow?"

"One of the boys was up on the mountains today. But look at the wild-flowers I have brought you."

She pointed to an apronful of bright blossoms that she had dropped upon the porch at the moment of her arrival. There were golden poppies, larkspurs, bluebells, buttercups, lupins, and other brilliant beauties.

"That's like California," said Mr. Chesley, "snowballs and wildflowers in the same lap."

His wife's fondness for flowers was manifest, as she gathered up the many-hued heap.

"Did any one help you gather them?" she asked, with a quick glance at Kate.

The rich color deepened a little in the girl's cheeks, as she answered,—

"Arthur picked most of them for me."

"You should not speak of him in that way," said the mother severely. "It is scarcely respectful. 'Mr. Weyman' would sound much better. You must remember that you are no longer a child, and that he has grown to be a man and your schoolmaster."

"But, mamma, I've known him ever since he was eight years old. And George always calls him Arthur. You do yourself."

This protest ended in a pretty pout, that quickly gave place to a smile, as Kate called after her mother:—

"Here they both come now, mamma. George said he would bring him to tea."

Mrs. Chesley did not appear to be entirely pleased by this announcement, but she made no remark, and disappeared to make preparations for the evening meal.

As the two young men came up the path together, an observer would have noted that they were very unlike. George had the exuberant vitality and ceaseless flow of animal spirits that were characteristics of his sister. His gestures, as he talked earnestly to the teacher, were full of energy and animation. Arthur Weyman, on the other hand, was excessively slender, and delicate in ap-

pearance. His manner was reserved, but marked by a peculiar gentleness. Everybody liked him, but many criticised what they called a lack of force and ambition. He was a few years older than George, but they had been chums at school, and while of opposite tastes, had remained the closest of friends.

"Father," called out George excitedly, as the two drew near the house, "I have some news for you."

"What is it?" calmly inquired the elder Chesley, as he beamed pleasantly upon Arthur.

"The boom is about to strike us. General Hustler is coming out here tomorrow, to take a look around and talk business. Major Hornblower told me to tell you. He just drove down the road."

"And who is General Hustler?" the father asked, his tranquillity entirely undisturbed.

"Have n't you seen something about him in the papers? He is a great real estate operator, from Chicago. The Major says, 'The General has caught on to the boom, and is going to help make things hum.'"

"Well, 'I must confess I never heard of the General, but you know that military titles are very common. We'll see what he has to say tomorrow.'"

Hospitality was one of Mrs. Chesley's virtues. She was fond of company, and welcomed friend or stranger to her table. Guests never disturbed the even tenor of her domestic arrangements. What she had fit to serve was offered without apology that there was nothing better. She used to say that she had always a welcome, a clean table, and something to eat, for any one willing to take chances.

The family fare was ordinarily of a frugal sort. Mr. Chesley could scarcely be called a good farmer, and his habits of indolence and procrastination had left

the capabilities of his ranch almost untried. Most of it was dry upland, on which in favorable seasons a moderate yield of barley was obtained. But the crop was dependent on the uncertainties of the rainfall,—and the greater risk of Mr. Chesley's failing to get the plowing and sowing accomplished. The most productive part of the property was a wide strip of bottom land along the creek that emerged from the cañon a short distance away. This moist land, with little care, yielded heavily of alfalfa, corn, potatoes, and all other sorts of "garden truck." On this fertile soil, under his mother's direction, George had found time to do much useful work. A few cows, some acres of deciduous orchard, poultry, and a score or two of hives of bees, helped to furnish an income for the family. Thanks to Mrs. Chesley's good domestic management, they had kept out of debt; and having little to do and nothing to "bother" him, Mr. Chesley had found life on the place very much to his taste. It was but a few miles from Los Angeles, and the rapid growth of that city gave promise of wealth to all the landowners in its neighborhood.

The information that a real estate man was coming the next day to take a look at the ranch, and perhaps to make an offer for it, was of absorbing interest to Mrs. Chesley. She talked of nothing else, until the simple meal was finished. Both son and daughter were now hopeful of a favorable change in the circumstances of the family. Their mother had taken pains to make them ambitious, at least in a worldly way, and the lack of money had been to the young people a bar to many pleasures and social advantages. They had several times joined their mother in efforts to induce the father to put the ranch on the market, and though he had not positively refused to do so, he had never taken the initiative. But

now that somebody was coming with a view to buy, they felt that a change was near at hand. Their father, as they well knew, might be persuaded to sell, even against his inclination, but beyond a certain point it was a mistake to urge him.

After tea the growing boom was still the subject of discussion. Arthur had said little, and Mr. Chesley asked him what he thought about it.

"I fear that it will do more harm than good," said the young man. "It seems to me to be nothing more than gambling, and that never can help anybody in the long run. My belief is that every form of speculation is injurious to all concerned in it. What seem to be the benefits of the present craze all lie on the surface, but most of the evil is concealed. It appears to me that all this wild speculation intensifies what is said to be the American national vice—the haste to get rich, and at any sacrifice of things more valuable than money."

"You should have gone into the pulpit, Arthur Weyman," said Mrs. Chesley, with a shade of impatience. "We can have progress, and everything good along with it. This is an age of improvement, and money was never such a power as it is now. If people make a bad use of it, that's not the fault of wealth."

"But what has all that to do with the boom. You should stick to the point, mother," her husband smilingly remarked.

A familiar knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

"That's McNab," said Mr. Chesley.

"We were talking about the boom," he remarked, when his jocular old friend and neighbor had been ushered in. "Give us your idea of it."

"I think," said McNab, "that it is like any other fever. The only question is, how long will it last? This malaria of speculation that has fastened on Los An-

geles and San Diego seems to have a firm hold. It will take a good many doses of the quinine of common sense to knock it out. The medicine is unpalatable, and naturally, the newspapers don't like to administer it. Besides, the boom is a fine thing for the press, and keeps its wheels well oiled. But I don't blame the papers. The editor who would condemn the boom just now would be regarded as an idiot or a public enemy. And we must remember that the doctors do not give quinine when the fever is on. The time for wisdom and sober counsel will come with the first bad financial chill."

"For my part," spoke up Mrs. Chesley, "I think the boom is doing great good. I don't believe there will be any let-up in it until we have a million people in Southern California. There's plenty of room for millions more, gracious knows."

"Well, mother, said her husband, with one of his quiet smiles, "I'm glad to hear that you are so well satisfied with ranch life, I had never suspected it."

"It is n't the ranch life—I hate that," she retorted. "It's the sunshine that I love. I can keep cheerful so long as the sky is blue, but dark days make me gloomy. And I would n't object to living here in the country if we could afford to have plenty of help, and a fine house,—to keep a carriage, and go and come as we pleased. But I'd sooner live in Southern California, even as we are here, than go back to the East and be better off, so far as money is concerned. I agree with you that far, Robert. But don't you think, after all, Mr. McNab, that what is called the boom is based on merit?"

"No doubt," he rejoined, "this speculative fever rests upon the good showing that this country has made in the last ten or twelve years. Southern California has been making rapid progress in a quiet way. It has been demonstrated that this

part of the United States is a good place to grow the finest kinds of oranges and other fruits, and that on a little place under irrigation a family may make a comfortable living. This productive capacity, added to the charms and climatic advantages of the country, is what has given rise to the boom, which has taken the form, chiefly, of speculation in town lots. But this very speculation is due to the assumption that the country is to be developed, to sustain the new towns, and especially the cities of Los Angeles and San Diego. To my notion, the newcomers are beginning at the wrong end. They are scrambling for corner lots, instead of buying irrigable or irrigated land, which is sure to rise in actual value, as the country fills up and its resources become better known."

"You talk like an immigration agent," put in Mr. Chesley. "I think that fruit growing, like everything else, will be overdone. It's against all experience that any sort of farming or fruit growing can remain exceedingly profitable for many years. The tendency is towards equilization of profits in all callings. To my mind, there is more profit in setting out stakes for town lots, just now, than in any other sort of planting."

"Perhaps so," said McNab, laughing, "but will they take root? That's the question. Excuse me; I must be going."

II.

THE morning of General Hustler's visit to the Chesley place was one of the finest of the closing days of February. There had been at sunrise a slight frost on the low grounds, but on the slopes of the hills even the tenderest of growing plants had escaped injury. In the gardens the delicate heliotrope, as well as the more hardy rose, showed no trace of blight, and rows of callas in full bloom nodded in the gen-

tle breeze that sprang up with the appearance of the sun above the distant mountain tops. There was a soft air from the sea, and under the genial influence of the sunbeams, the temperature rose rapidly, so that as early as nine o'clock even the most feeble of invalids were tempted out of doors.

It was entirely too fine a morning for work, Mr. Chesley thought. Besides, he had business to engage his attention. So, after Kate had departed for school, he lounged about the dooryard, thoroughly comfortable, occasionally puffing a ring of smoke into the air, and watching it drift away towards the snow-capped ridges of the Sierra Madre.

A buggy drawn by a pair of quick-stepping roadsters came rattling up the winding hill-side road to the gateway. Two men alighted. One was tall and thin, with a military moustache and pointed beard, exceedingly pretentious and dignified in manner. This personage Mr. Chesley recognized as Major Hornblower, a gentleman who prided himself on his military record, but who was better known as a fighting editor from Montana, impecunious and convivial; a vigorous and enthusiastic writer, who had "started" more papers than any other man on the Pacific coast. His hair was quite gray, but his coal-black eyes retained the fire and brightness of their youth.

The Major's companion was a man who would attract attention anywhere. Not less than six feet in height, and with a somewhat portly figure, he yet was so well proportioned, and carried himself with an air so easy and jaunty, that he seemed much less heavy and ponderous than he was. Though scarcely less than fifty years of age, he had few gray hairs, and his thick-set blond moustache adorned a handsome, unwrinkled face, which still retained the ruddiness of youth. A pair

of keen blue eyes shone through the gold frames of his glasses, and a smile seemed ever to hover at the corners of his mouth. His lips were firm, however, and the countenance, as a whole, was expressive of an alert mind united to a sanguine temperament; of invincible determination and energy as well as of boundless good nature and love of pleasure. He was evidently a man whom no difficulties could daunt or misfortunes overcome; of a buoyancy so spontaneous, and hopefulness so unfailing, that reverses served to spur him on to fresh enterprises and new feats of audacity. A man without prejudices, without scruples, guided by no ambitions other than those of self-interest and enjoyment of life, he was yet, in the estimation of the friends of his own choosing, "the best fellow in the world." His generosity was unbounded, and if, in the way of business, he ruined a man, he would cheerfully loan him enough money for a fresh start in the world. Such was his rare tact and charm of manner that even those who had learned by sad experience how little faith could be placed in his sanguine assurances, were apt to remain his friends, consoling themselves with the idea that he had deceived himself as well as those whom he had led financially astray. He could lie with the appearance of such absolute candor, and look doubt so firmly in the eye, that it was difficult, even for those who knew him well, to suspect him of intentional deceit.

"Mr. Chesley," said the Major, as the pair met him half way to the house, "allow me to introduce General Hustler, late of Chicago. General, Mr. Chesley."

The General's face was radiant with good-will and his hand-clasp warm and magnetic, as he said with his most engaging heartiness, "Mr. Chesley, I am delighted to know you."

And then the latter responded that he

was pleased to meet the General, it was more than a mere civility. There were few persons, indeed, whom the General failed to captivate when introduced, — if it were worth his while. He was a good talker, but never tiresome, and sufficiently adroit to be a good listener when occasion served. Mr. Chesley was soon doing most of the talking, even to the exclusion of the voluble Major, and in a few minutes the General had learned all about the ranch that he cared to know, though he had not seemed to be asking for information.

Presently, at a sign from the General, the Major remarked to Mr. Chesley: "I am showing my friend something of the country, and hope to get him to cast his lot with us. Have you ever thought of selling this place?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the General, seemingly lost in admiration of the great snowy mountain that dominated the landscape to the eastward. "Excuse the interruption, but will you kindly tell me the name of that magnificent dome-shaped mass over there?"

"San Antonio, or Old Baldy; as you please," the Major answered.

The General's gaze remained fixed on the distant range, while Mr. Chesley, not heeding the interruption, slowly said, "Yes, I have sometimes thought I might be induced to sell."

"And what valuation do you place on the property, may I ask?" inquired the Major.

Mr. Chesley hesitated. He had meant to ask seventy-five dollars an acre, but the General's seeming indifference made him fearful of putting the price too high. At length he responded, "Sixty dollars an acre — thirty-six thousand for the six hundred acres."

"Pretty good price for dry hill land, even in these times," was the Major's comment.

The General turned suddenly, and pulled out his watch. "Past ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Major, we must be going; I have an engagement in Los Angeles. Mr. Chesley, I envy you this noble view, and wish I could linger with you a little longer this lovely morning, but time presses. Goodby!" And he extended his hand, with his most genial smile.

"Don't hurry," said Mr. Chesley, as his face fell into a lugubrious expression in spite of himself, while he mechanically pressed the proffered hand. "Have you any notion of buying such a place as this?"

He thought of what his wife would say, if he let the General slip through his fingers, without an effort to make a sale.

"I might," said the General frankly, "just for a turn. What is the acreage and the price?"

"Thirty-six thousand dollars for the six hundred acres."

There was a shade of anxiety in the answer, which the General instantly detected. He turned as if about to go, and Mr. Chesley added, with an eagerness that he could scarcely restrain:—

"I might make it a little less. The creek water-right alone is worth the price, if developed in the cañon. A little money would do it."

"Well," returned the General, with a slight yawn, which he seemingly tried to repress. "You might give me a ten-day's option, if you like, at thirty-five thousand dollars. Can you accommodate him with a blank, Major? I understand that a Los Angeles man is considered behind the times if he does n't carry with him a few printed options, ready for use." And the General laughed gayly, as he winked at Mr. Chesley.

"I don't know but what I might have one," said the Major, as he drew a handful of papers from an inside pocket of his coat. "Yes, as it happens, here is one." And he held out a printed form.

"I'll take it up to the house, and fill it out," said Mr. Chesley.

"Never mind," said the General. "Pencil will do. Fill it out for him, Major, and let's be off."

The Major lost no time in filling the blank, with the description and price, and Mr. Chesley signed it.

"All right," said the General affably, as he stowed away the document. "Goodby again, Mr. Chesley. I shall hope to see you some other day, before long." And with a gracious bow and wave of the hand he was gone.

Mr. Chesley went around the corner of the house, and there found his wife, who had been intently watching the visitors. He rubbed his hands gleefully.

"I gave him an option at thirty-five thousand dollars," he said, "and I hope he'll take the place."

"Could n't you have done better?" she asked eagerly.

"O Lord, no! It was touch and go at that. He does n't seem to care whether he buys anything or not."

"Well," remarked the good woman, as she heaved a long-drawn sigh, "the price is not so bad, seeing that you paid only five dollars an acre. But that was ten years ago. I hope to gracious he'll take it."

The General and the Major had gone a little way in silence, and had reached a turn in the road that hid them from view of the house.

"Now," said the Major, as he turned in his seat and looked hard at his companion, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a snap, at that figure, for a town-site," the General responded joyfully. "It should cut up into four thousand twenty-five-foot lots, allowing plenty of room for streets, squares, and all that. They ought to average \$250 to \$300 each; or a good deal more, after things get moving. There's a clear million of profit in it, I guess. And if the water-right is

worth developing, that may add another million. I was afraid to ask about the water, but it may be worth more than the land. Chesley is a dear old duffer,

and I fancy he is about the laziest man I ever came across. Let the horses go, Major. We'll have a cold bottle when we get into town."

William A. Lawson.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



An Easter Flirtation.

ACROSS the street, bewitchingly,
She coyly glanced at me,
And as she smiled a dainty smile
Could I resist to stare awhile.
Wondering who the maid could be
Who'd condescend to look at me?
Perhaps I was a little bold.
Would you blame me if I told,
Who this flirtsome lady?

'Twas n't Ruth, or Jane, or Sadie
Picture then my sad chagrin,
When I beheld the mocking grin
Of my sister—awful flat—
In her brand new
Easter hat.

*Edwin
Wildman*



THE MODERN CEMETERY



THE PERPETUAL CARE LAWN PLAN

“EVERY man of true feeling rejoices in the growing taste of the country in regard to cemeteries. A sentiment so sacred as the memory of the dead ought not to be merely cherished, it should be expressed, and society, as such, should have acknowledged forms of respecting its depths and tenderness.” So spoke Edward Everett Hale at the quarter centennial of Mount Auburn cemetery, in 1859, and the thought then uttered has gathered strength with the passing years.

The dead are not only ours personally, by virtue of those ties that carry the strength and beauty of immortality in them, but they retain a social value that a Christian community holds dear to its heart. The natural exhibition of this trait of moral refinement is in appropriate and beautiful places of sepulture; and in this way, cemeteries are types of public opinion, touching the dead.

The full pathos of any one grave is only felt by very few, and if it does not reach



VIEW IN SECTION "C."

our profoundest passions, appeal to our deepest feelings, it is something in favor of the higher estimate of humanity, for it to address itself to our gentler emotions and to fix its image of repose within our minds.

A cemetery where taste and scenery combine to heighten the effect, is the counterpart of life's busy multitude. It is a departed world where all are at rest in close proximity to the rush, stir, and

strife, of animated being; and while it links us with the dust beneath our feet, it makes that earth itself something more than a material sphere by the redeemed treasures locked in its bosom.

It could not be expected that cemeteries should at once conform to the truest and highest principles of Christian art; there had to be a period of change, of evolution, of emancipation from the mental thralldom of centuries before the rural cemetery of the present day could exist.

Undoubtedly the earliest form of burial was just a simple interment in the ground without any particular choice of location; afterward various other modes of sepulture were used, which reached their apogee hundreds and in some cases thousands of years ago. During all this time, by various races, by generation after generation the mere interring of the body of the deceased in the ground with more or less formality was practised, and while other modes of burial have reached the limit of their improvement, this is continually developing new beauties and



MAIN GATEWAY.



MORTUARY CHAPEL, VIEW OF APPROACH FROM
SOUTHERN BOUNDARY, OLD OAKEN BUCKET IN FOREGROUND.

attractions, until in the present day it presents the wonderful beauty of Greenwood, Mount Auburn, Spring Grove, Cypress Lawn, and other cemeteries in the United States, which are considered by those who know far to excel any in the countries of the old world.

This evolution of the present cemetery, however, was gradual; it is a far cry from a cemetery in semblance of a potters' field to a modern one conducted on the lawn plan. The former required only a few acres of ground encircled by wall or fence and subdivided to suit; the latter, having secured a tract of land made already beautiful by nature, calls to its aid as additional beautifiers the talents of the best engineers and landscape gardeners obtainable; the former with the majority of its plots unkempt and uncared for, the latter with its magnificent sweep of lawn broken only by clumps of shrubs and flowers, by mausoleum, cross, or shaft, indicate by comparison the ever increasing desire of the human race properly to honor its dead and to beautify and adorn their final resting place.

It was only in the third decade of this century that, the population of our cities

increasing rapidly, we were confronted with the problem that the older European cities had to grapple with years before. Our towns had become cities, burial places that had been on their out-



THE HANCOCK PERISTYLE.



IONA CROSS, ERECTED TO BISHOP KIP.

be used for cemetery purposes in perpetuity, the plots in them were deeded to purchasers, who assumed their entire care, but the regulations were at first lax, there was a great lack of ensemble, and while they were a great advance on the city burial place, there was still much to be desired.

The credit for the origination or adoption of the lawn plan seems by universal consent to be given to Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio. The principal aim of the plan is to adapt the cemetery scheme to the natural topography of the land, strive to preserve the maiden beauties, hide all unpleasant and disturbing features, and develop the pleasant and good ones by the most natural and pleasing embellishments, avoiding the use of novelties and eccentricities not in accord with the natural conditions of the place. To accomplish this satisfactorily it was necessary that the entire work of improvement and adornment should be done by the Cemetery Association itself, that there should be no artificial fencings, copings, or irregularities, around the plots, that certain stringent rules and regulations should be adopted and observed, without which it would be impossible

skirts had become almost their business centers, and were not only a menace to health but a hindrance to the business world and a virtual stoppage of the arteries of trade that would if not closed, flow through them, to the residence and business sections beyond. To be sure, in those times, prior to the advent of steam and electric communication, there were some good reasons for inter-mural burial places, the only method of travel being horse conveyance, while the streets and roads were bad at best. Thus nearness and easy access were almost absolute necessities.

Early in the thirties in a number of Eastern cities, associations were formed for the purpose of buying tracts of land considerably removed from their centers, which had some natural beauties and were as far as could possibly be foreseen out of the probable direction of the city's growth. The land thus acquired was to

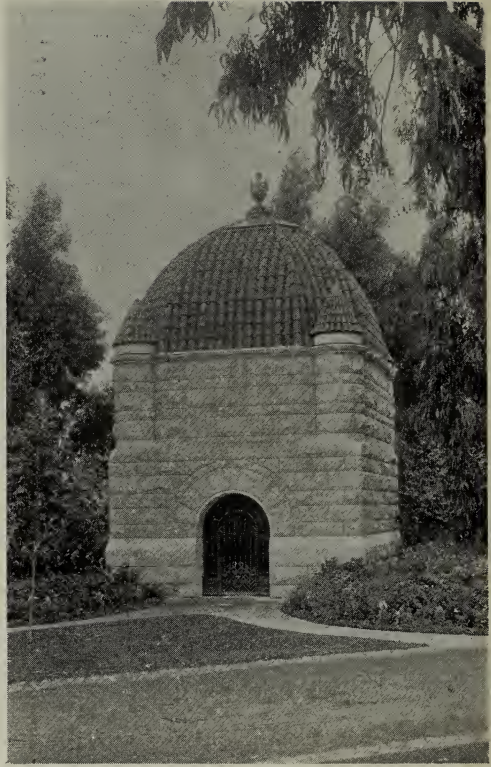


THE BRICKELL MONUMENT.

to make the cemetery an harmonious whole.

Then again a very strong argument in favor of the lawn plan is the very natural wish that one's own place of final repose should be ever decent and respectable, and a still stronger motive is added by our regard for the memory of others. It can hardly be imagined that the feeling which has prompted a costly purchase and construction should be unaccompanied with a desire that a spot on which so much has been expended should always be kept in neatness and good repair.

But lots and monuments will not take care of themselves. No pains or expense at the outset — no solidity of ma-



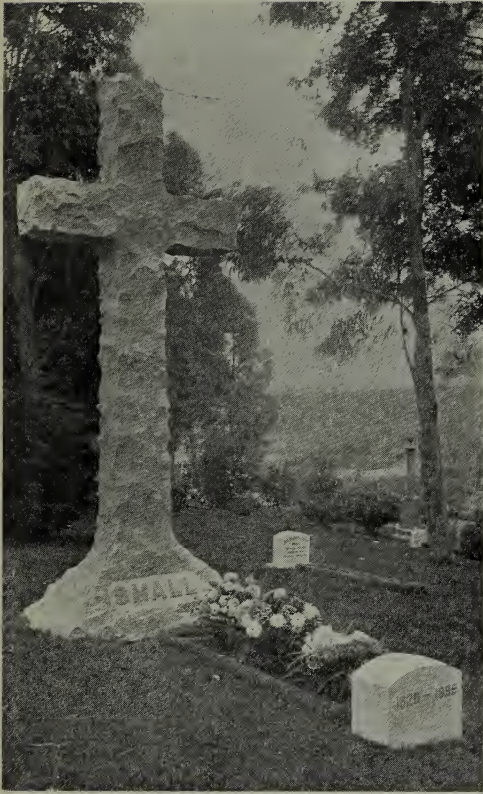
COLUMBARIUM.



PALM HOUSE.

terial, no thoroughness of workmanship — is proof against the perpetual tendency to dilapidation and decay. Trees, briars, shrubs, and weeds, fill a neglected lot with a tangled and squalid growth. Headstones and monuments are seldom placed so firmly as to defy forever the powerful forces of nature constantly at work to weaken and throw them down. Lot owners know that they cannot be always on the spot to watch the beginning and progress of decay, and should not forget that their own personal care, at best, can continue but a little while.

It is still less to be expected that those who come after them should do what they had failed to accom-



CATHOLIC CROSS, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MARY A. SMALL
OF ST. BRIDGET'S PARISH.

form an extensive park, rich in foliage, flowers, mausoleums, statuary, and monuments, with funds ample for its perpetual care, a handsome memorial gift to posterity without a corresponding burden of tax.

In the year 1891 a number of prominent San Franciscans, realizing that while in nearly all branches of art and science our city by the Golden Gate was the peer of her Eastern sisters, it lacked the beautiful park like cemeteries of the East, determined to secure a site for a cemetery to be conducted on the lawn plan, to secure the best engineers and landscape gardeners, and in fine, to found an interment place where chaste art should assist nature and where for years to come should be interred the bodies of our loved and respected dead. In pursuance of this plan in the following year, the Cypress Lawn Cemetery Association was incorporated under the laws of the State of California, with a perpetual charter from the supervisors of San Mateo county, its object being the acquirement for cemetery purposes of a slightly tract of land situated in the north-part of San Mateo county and distant ten miles from San Francisco. The land purchased was about eighty acres in extent and from the foothills of the San Bruno mountains sloped in undulations gently westward to the main county road. The north and south boundaries are the Hills of Eternity and Holy Cross cemeteries,—an ideal spot for a rural place of interment and susceptible in the hands of a skilful landscape gardener, from its configuration and the many clumps of trees that dotted its expanse of an Aladdin lamp-like transformation into the Cypress Lawn of today.

The ordinary visitor, who sees only the completed work, the massive gateway, the pretty lake bordering the approach, the mortuary chapel, crematory,

plish. The lawn plan cemetery, with its feature of perpetual care under the immediate direction of the association, the cost of which is defrayed by the interest received from the investment of an additional amount equal to thirty-three and one third per cent of the cost of the lot, which is paid at the time of the purchase and is put into a separate fund managed by nine trustees elected for the purpose, stands as a guardian and care-taker in perpetuity, relieves the lot owner of any further care or expense, and guarantees not only that his plot shall always be kept in good repair, but also that nothing in its surroundings shall be unpleasant or incongruous, and when in the fullness of time the cemetery is entirely occupied, it will



THE THORNTON SHAFT.

and columbarium, the sunken, well-kept gravel driveways, the closely cropped lawns, the clumps of shrubs and borders of flowers, must realize that these were not built in a day, and were made to last many, but he cannot fully understand the immense amount of preliminary work before anything beautiful appeared. After the purchase of the site, the first necessary work of surveying or plotting being finished, an elaborate system of sewers was constructed, a pumping station erected with pipes radiating to all parts of the tract, the main driveways built with macadam foundations (these latter are all sunken and do not destroy the lawn-like effect of the cemetery), a green house and nursery established where were grown thousands of shrubs and plants, to be scattered through the grounds by the landscape gardener,—whose work was next in order and who had the charge of adorning them, form-

ing the lake, and selecting the sites for the buildings. The beauty of the cemetery soon attracted the attention of the best people of San Francisco, who approved of the perpetual care plan, and at once secured plots. The board of trustees being entirely non-sectarian, all denominations were represented. A great number of lots were secured by lot-owners in city cemeteries, who removed the remains of their deceased relatives, and while the cemetery is yet young, it will make history in years to come. Already the splendid mausoleums of the Pope, Kohl, and Hobart families, the Hancock peristyle, the Brickell boulder, the Scobie, Watson, Felton, Small, Booth, and other fine monuments, have been erected. The Thornton-Creswell shaft, which stood for thirty-five years in Laurel Hill, has been removed from there and re-erected, and in the center of Iona churchyard, the Episcopal church reservation, stands the Iona cross in memory of William Ingraham Kip, the first Episcopal Bishop of California. And the end is not yet.

The crematory, from an architectural as well as a scientific standpoint, is considered the finest in the country, and unlike other Coast crematories, the incin-



SAN MATEO ELECTRIC RAILROAD FUNERAL CAR.



AWAITING THE FUNERAL CORTEGE.

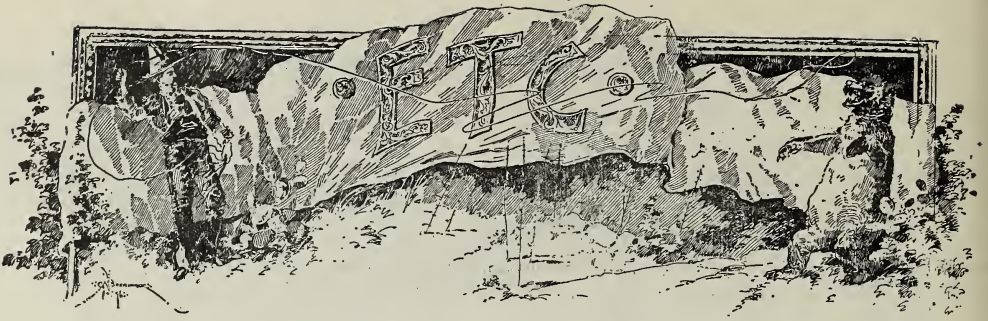
erating flames do not come in contact with the body. The columbarium — the only one on the Pacific Coast—which is designed to hold the ashes of the cremated dead, is also a noble building; the niches in its interior for the reception of the ashes are carved in solid rock.

Carrying out to the fullest extent their idea of a beautiful cemetery, the Cypress Lawn management pays particular regard to all minutiae that may tend to lessen the grief of mourning friends. The attendants are neatly and decorously uniformed, the earth mound by the

grave-side covered by evergreens and flowers, and the coffin receptacle heavily padded, making the earth fall noiseless. Seats are provided for the mourners and matting is spread around the grave. Everything is done that humanity and experience can suggest to spare the feelings of the bereaved ones, that the last sad offices for the dead may be performed with due solemnity and honor.

Alfred Farmar.¹





A Reformer and Student.

JOHN R. ROGERS, Governor of Washington, is in a position to enforce his views, and the eye of the Nation is upon this Western State, where the victory of the fusion forces was so complete at a time when the rest of the nation expressed by its ballot a radical difference of opinion.

Governor Rogers has an advantage over the usual run of reformers, in that he does not believe in enacting or enforcing laws before a practical unanimity of public opinion demands such change.

He was born in Brunswick, Maine, September 4th, 1838, and was educated in his native town. He followed the drug trade in Boston, and for some years thereafter in Mississippi and again in Maine. He taught school in Illinois, and finally bought a farm. He afterwards removed to Kansas, where he entered politics, and held several minor offices. He established and was editor for three years of the *Kansas Commoner*, now published at Wichita. He moved to the State of Washington in 1890, locating in Puyallup, where he resided when elected Governor. He is the author of several pamphlets on sociological and economical subjects, most of which have been published since he came to Washington. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1895.

Overland and the Schools.

IT IS needless to say that the OVERLAND is proud of the fact that it is the official organ of the schools of California. It received its designation as such from the State Board of Education, which was composed of Governor Budd, State Superintendent Black, President Kellogg, Dr. Brown, and Professors Pennel, Pierce, and Childs. For six months it has furnished the magazine and sixteen additional pages of technical educational matter, edited by Mr. A. B Coffey, to the 3,341 schools

of the State for the sum of twelve and one half cents a month to each district.

It has no apologies to make. It has done its level best to give satisfaction and believes it has succeeded. Still in the last session of the legislature a bill was introduced (S. B. 407) by one Smith, of "Coyote Bill" fame, to abolish the official organ, blacken the name of the OVERLAND, and deprive the County Boards of Education of their constitutional rights. The bill was lost by a vote of twenty-two to six, but not until its introducer had delivered himself of a speech against the magazine and its proprietors that was as false as it was shameful. Yet coming as it did from the father of this gigantic Coyote steal (Smith of Bakersfield, — we shall have more to say of him at the proper time), it met with the rebuke it deserved. In the vote of the Senate and the scores of letters of commendation and appreciation from teachers and trustees from all over the State the magazine and the official organ received an endorsement that was both generous and encouraging. It is our aim to make the OVERLAND a power for good, and we are sincerely thankful that the spite and envy of no one man can come between us and that aim. We wish our friends to know that we are thankful for their kindness and good words.

California's Diplomatic Desires.

ALTHOUGH we believe in the Jacksonian doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, still President McKinley is to be commended for not turning the entire government upside down in the first fortnight of his administration. Four years ago President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham had within three weeks made fully two thirds of their consular and diplomatic appointments, and the other branches of the government were not far behind. The consequence was that the papers were full of scandals about unsavory appointees, and in a number of cases appointments that were made in haste were recalled. This show of caution is

most commendable in the case of diplomatic and consular appointments. In them we have some one besides ourselves to consider, and the President should exercise his matured judgment in regard to every man that he asks a foreign power to accept as a guest for a space of years. Our own State has not been backward in asking for diplomatic and consular favors. In fact it has requested more appointments than would belong to all the States west of Kansas if the appointments were awarded according to population and relative importance. For example, we ask for the appointment of an Ambassador to Italy, when there are but four Ambassadors for the entire United States. It is an appointment that outranks a Cabinet appointment and yet we ask it, although it would take the combined population of California, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Texas, South and North Dakota, and Montana, to equal the population of New York alone. California has had a member of Cabinet and is asking for the Assistant Secretaryship of War. Next we apply for four first class Ministerships,—viz., Japan, Brazil, Greater Republic of Central America, and Hawaii, out of twenty-five all told, forgetting the fact that there are fifty sister States and Territories to be provided for. And this is not all; we should like, while the President has his hand in, three first class consulships, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Nagasaki, for the present, with a later claim on half a dozen more. The *Record-Union* thus sums up the situation editorially:—

If the Congressional Delegation and the Chairman of the State Central Committee had intended to punish men for their unfortunate office seeking, they could not have chosen a better method than the one they have apparently adopted. They have asked for too much; and this species of asking is about as good a way to plead oneself out of court as can be found.

This hits the nail squarely on the head. California went for McKinley, but so did other parts of the Union who are not begging for Ambassadorships, members of Cabinets, etc., etc.

As was said in the March OVERLAND, if California receives for its share of the diplomatic "spoils" the appointment of Speaker Coombs to Japan, an appointment asked for not only by the Congressional delegation but by a unanimous resolution of the Assembly, and possibly one or two consular berths, it would seem that we had received all that we are entitled to without reason, and under an equal distribution.

Governor Rogers on Land Questions.¹

THE agrarian question is the stumbling block of nations and has uniformly led to their decay and destruction. So long as the quantity of free and uncultivated land is large in proportion to population there is work and sustenance for all, but even in the immense territory of the United States the time is fast approaching, if not now at hand, when the destitute are practically separated from the source of life. The result is the creation of millionaires and tramps. It is refreshing and hopeful to find the Governor of one of the younger States discussing the vital question from this fundamental standpoint. No Eastern Governor would dare to do it. But Governor Rogers says that it must be clear that if man possesses the right to life, as stated in that glorious declaration which all good Americans believe to be the truth, he must also have the right to whatever nature has provided as absolutely essential to the preservation of that life. In no case must he be dependent upon fellow mortals for the free gift of God. Otherwise his right to life is gradually destroyed by the persistent inhumanity of man to man. With the opportunities of applying his labor to the land man cannot be utterly crushed and absolute want becomes impossible. Labor and land are capable of supplying every need. Without labor no one has the right to live, without land no destitute person has the opportunity. Governor Rogers brings to the consideration of this vital question a deep study of history and of the opinions of the most thoughtful men, a practical experience in government and a profound acquaintance with the conditions of his State. He will no doubt secure a full discussion of the remedy he proposes and whether or not his object be attained by the means suggested, but once let the question be seriously considered by the masses of the people and some effective solution will assuredly be found.

Governor Rogers proposes that real estate or land and all usual improvements to the value of a sum not to exceed \$2,500 held, used, and occupied in good faith as a homestead by any usual and private family, the head of which shall be a citizen of the United States and the State of Washington, shall be forever exempted from all taxation. This exemption does not apply to restricted areas in towns and cities. The objections to this proposal are obvious and real. It is a form of special legislation for the special bene-

¹ Homes for the Homeless. Free Land the Remedy for Involuntary Poverty, Social Unrest, and the Woes of Labor. By John R. Rogers, Governor of Washington: The Allen Printing Co.: Seattle, Washington.

fit of a comparatively small class, the limitation of which is not accurately defined, but open to fraudulent returns. But its greatest objection arises from the fact that the foundation of the evil is not reached.

It provides no means of living for the absolutely destitute, who can never hope to get a homestead without a start and a chance to succeed by his own efforts.

Governor Rogers would do well to study the land system of New Zealand, which is certainly more advanced than any other and affords to the poorest laborer the best hope of work. If not a single tax in name it is so in principle; for nearly four fifths of the public revenue is derived the taxation of land value only. Improvements are altogether free, the laborer therefore enjoys an absolute right to everything he makes. Land is also free up to a certain point and the number of landowners is six times greater than the number taxed. The principle involved is that of State ownership of the soil, with perpetual tenancy in the occupier. Most of the crown lands are disposed of for terms of 999 years. The rentals are fixed and the management carries with it the power of sale, sublease, mortgage, or disposition by will.

Under this land tax system, many large landowners who had acquired their holdings for speculative purposes have availed themselves of their right to return their lands to government at the price of their assessment, and one large estate of 84,000 acres has been taken back by the government and redistributed in leases, whereby the population and comfort of the people have been increased. Great advantages are thus given to the poor man, who, with little more capital than his strong right arm, is enabled to make a home for himself. The industrious settler on the land is also helped to borrow money at a reasonable rate of interest from a special fund provided by the government and he is thus enabled to carry on his work and to overcome temporary embarrassment.

J. H. Stallard.

Communication.

ST. HELENA, CAL., Feb. 3, 1897.

MR. W. B. FARWELL,—Dear Sir:—Reading your article in the February number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY (which magazine is a credit to California) recalls many incidents of yesteryear, especially "The Banner."

"The thoughts of other days come rushing on,"—and the pleasant task I assumed to raise money to purchase a flag for the Society of California Pioneers.

As I was about to start out with a subscription paper, I met at the door (the house still standing southeast corner of Broadway and Powell streets) a friend. I told her of my errand, and in course of conversation she remarked that a mutual friend had said there were no ladies in California till her family arrived in 1849. I was somewhat surprised as we had been on intimate terms. Taking that for my text, I had no difficulty in raising all the money necessary.

Mr. D. Norcross made the flag and engraved the pole at a cost of \$350.

Then came the question, Who will present it? I proposed Miss Elizabeth Branham of San José, a school girl whose parents crossed the plains in 1846. Mr. Branham (one of God's noblemen) had old-fashioned ideas of girls speaking in public. However, he consented. Miss Branham came to San Francisco as our guest. Mr. Grayson drilled her, and she delivered the following address:—

Mr. President and members of the Pioneer Association:—

Before you enter upon the ceremonies which you have devised to commemorate the day which welcomed our State into the Union, the ladies of your families desire to pay some tribute to the sagacity, enterprise, and love of independence, which have led to your organization under the proud title of "Pioneers of California."

They recollect with sympathy your toilsome marches across the dreary plains and rugged mountains, your tedious voyage around Cape Horn, and the perilous transit across the unhealthy Isthmus. They acknowledge with pride, as the result of these toils and hardships, the foundation of our new State, already rivaling her elder sisters in the worth and intelligence of her citizens, the magnificence of her cities, the fertility of her farms, and the comforts of her domestic firesides. Already the newly arrived immigrant as he views the present greatness of California and contemplates her future grandeur, seeks to know who were the pioneers—the founders of this sudden empire. In future years the question will be asked with greater reverence and gratitude and it will be an honor to your children to boast descent from the Pioneers of California. Such is your proud distinction, Mr. President and gentlemen, members of the Association. We, whose sex forbade our further participation in the toils which led to its accomplishment than being your companions, desire to testify our sympathy and approbation by the presentation of this flag.

It is the emblem of our country, which some of you once fancied to wave a last adieu to you as you sought this then foreign shore. We can conceive of no more appropriate testimonial, believing that none are more worthy to receive it and able to guard it, than the Pioneers of California.

Samuel Brannan was the President of the Society and received the flag.

Your paper says that Judge Edwin Bryant came in 1842,—no doubt a typographical error. He crossed the plains in our company, in 1846. As you will see in his book, "What I saw in California," he mentions the Grayson and Branham families.

Mistakes will occur,—for example Swasey's "Early Days" sketch of Andrew J. Grayson says, "Full length portrait of himself, wife, and child, appear in the celebrated painting of emigrants crossing the plains called 'Westward Ho' now in the capitol at Washington." The Grayson family picture hangs in my drawing-room, and will eventually belong to the Society of Pioneers.

I did not intend to write so much, but at my age—seventy-three last December—it is natural to live over the past. I do not know whether you will care to use any of this in your future articles; if so, use it as your own. I am interested in anything and everything pertaining to California.

Yours truly,

Mrs. F. Grayson Crane.

"And the World Wags On."

AND the world wags on in a jolly sort of way ;
In the genial fresh warmth of a balmy spring
day,
All nature seems to smile. The very rocks are
glad.
There is joy in the trees, happy flowers, humming
bees, —

And the jovial breeze that passes seems to say,—
"Come, lads and lasses,
Laugh with me in merry glee, for the May-day of
youth is no time to be sad,"—
And the world wags on.

And the world jogs on in a sober sort of way ;
And the scene is too hot for either work or play ;
So we sit in the shade, looking far, far ahead.
The flowers of youth are fading ; weird doubts
our hopes invading ;
And the hot wind passing slowly, tells the leaves
in accents lowly :—

"The spring-time has gone, the summer has
come.

When next I pass by you'll be withered and
dead,"—

And the world wags on.

And the world drags on in a weary, aimless way,
And we look far back to our youth so light and
gay.

The evening shadows fall ; night is drifting in
apace.

Shattered dreams that once we cherished, like
our hopes have long since perished,

The cold blasts of winter are shivering round.
In place of the flowers there is snow on the
ground.

Life is but sorrow ; we will rest on the morrow ;
We are willing to go, — we have finished the
race ;

And the world drags on.

A. Duncan.



Hugo's Toilers of the Sea.¹

NO AMERICAN library is complete without a first class edition of Victor Hugo. In recognizing this and in offering an edition that is every thing that makes a translation acceptable, Little, Brown & Company have placed thousands of readers and admirers of the great Frenchman under a lasting debt of gratitude.

¹Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. : 2 vols.

Readers of Hugo should not feel that they know him thoroughly because they are familiar with "Les Miserables" and "Notre Dame." In his wonderful *Toilers of the Sea*, he has painted a picture that for strength, ruggedness, and fire, deserves a place by their side. Déruchette, Gilliatte, Sieur Clubin, and Mess Lethierry are characters that will live as long as fiction is read. The edition under review is printed on the best paper from large, clear type, bound in blue cloth,

and illustrated with numerous full-page etchings. It is uniform with the set which has been fully dwelt upon in previous numbers. We particularly commend this edition to our school libraries.

Bryce's American Commonwealth.¹

THE enthusiastic reception by the American public of Professor James Bryce's study of our institutions, written primarily for the English people, has led to the republication of *The American Commonwealth* in more convenient form, both as regards size and price.

It is not a mere condensation of the larger work in two volumes, but has been practically rewritten with a view to its special use as a text-book. Every page has had the advantage of Mr. Bryce's own revision, as well as the assistance given by Jesse Macy, Professor of Constitutional History and Political Economy in Iowa College.

It is conceded that a knowledge of Mr. Bryce's great work is essential to any one who would make an adequate study of American institutions, politics, etc., and only the bulk and scope of the two-volume edition has prevented its very wide use as a text-book. In spite of these objections it has been so used in many of the larger universities and colleges as being practically indispensable.

The Mighty Atom.²

MARIE CORELLI is not afraid of the novel-with-a-purpose. *The Mighty Atom* is definitely of that sort. It is the story of a child brought up by his parents on strictly atheistic principles. The father is an unbeliever of the scientific and intellectual kind. Severe and studious himself, he takes pride only in the intellectual precocity of his son, and puts him to grinding study under hard tutors. The mother, also without religious principle, is too pleasure-loving to be happy in the cold atmosphere of her husband's house, and elopes to escape it.

The child, overworked, and oppressed by his mother's shame, commits suicide, and the author strives to make it appear as the logical result of the boy's lack of faith.

The thesis so presented is open to several valid demurrers. Not every man who does not believe in religion is so possessed with intellectual vanity and so blind to evident physiological facts as to insist that his children shall overwork themselves

at tender ages over Latin and Greek, in spite of remonstrances from physicians, tutors, and indeed all that know the facts. Not every woman, though absolutely without spirituality, allows herself to be repressed by her husband until she must burst all moral and social ties to get at the freedom necessary to her happiness. It has been the experience of most people, we fancy, to note that irreligious people are apt to be rather too lax, too indulgent with their children, and too much inclined to pursue pleasure themselves, to over-restrain anybody. On the other hand, the repression and over-government of children is not without examples in the most orthodox families. Mr. Ingersoll is said to be the result of such a training. Now, without at all denying or wishing to deny that religious training is good,—yes, essential,—in the case of any child, it is equally certain that *The Mighty Atom* does not prove it. The book is none the less interesting, for it contains many good pictures of quiet English country and seaside villages, and some pretty studies in child life and child thought and talk. The gentle and noble character of the little central figure in the story will linger long in the reader's memory with the other Holy Innocents of literature.

The Poetry of Bohemia.³

THE poetry of Bohemia has its ardent admirers. Those who can read it in the original and love it passionately, must suffer when they see it rendered into such halting, prosaic, and often ungrammatical English as in the volume of *Bohemian Legends* by Mrs. F. P. Kopta. She is capable of a stanza like this:—

In her wedding dress I saw her,
With the myrtle wreath;
But her eyes were closed in slumber,
She had drank of lethe.
"Take the ring off from my finger—
Wherefore, lover, dost thou linger?"

Here is a more favorable example:—

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

HE—Now they lead my loved one to the church door;

Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.

SHE—Not yet am I yours, beloved, not yet;
I am still my mother's own.

HE—Now they lead my loved one to the altar;
Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.

SHE—Not yet am I yours, beloved, not yet;
I am still my mother's own.

¹The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1896, \$1.75. For sale by Emporium Book Department, San Francisco.

²The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia. The J. B. Lippincott Company: 1896.

³Bohemian Legends and Other Poems. By F. P. Kopta. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1896.

HE — Now I lead my loved one from the altar ;
Now then you are mine, beloved,
Now you are mine.

SHE — Now then I am yours, beloved, alone ;
Now I am no more mamma's.

The book was such a literary curiosity that the reviewer referred it to a bright young woman of Bohemian blood for an opinion from that standpoint. Parts of the resulting letter follow:—

Mrs. Kopta's "poems" and translations afforded me much amusement. They are indeed a remarkable mixture of patriotism and bad verse — the most glorious and the worst possible thing on earth, if you will allow me to be so extravagant in expression. I read the rather mixed-up preface with interest, and was particularly struck with her expression "My poor little book," an expression for which she seems to have an especial fondness. I am afraid she does not realize how poor a book it is in reality. She makes a strange statement in the preface, she speaks of Bohemian literature being poor. While it is true that during the Thirty Years War, innumerable works were totally destroyed, yet enough were preserved, and enough have been written since, to make Bohemia acknowledged as taking the lead in literature among Slavonian nations, not excepting Russia. Her statement must of course be ascribed to her ignorance.

I found the rhyme of *lethe* and *wreath*. That is indeed bad! But after all, is it as bad as the halting rhythm which characterizes her verses? Take for instance these lines from "Kryspek's Goblet"—pronouncing *Bila Hora* with an accent on each syllable:—

When the Bílá Hora battle,
Spite of all valor had been lost
And the poor Bohemian country,
Had to give itself up for lost."

Can the woman really believe that to be poetry?

The little poem he has entitled "Are not, are not!" perhaps illustrates as well as anything her ignorance of both Bohemian and English. In the Bohemian, as in many other languages, it is possible to use the verb alone, the subject being understood in the ending. To translate it without its subject into the English is laughable, to say the least. Perhaps it is even worse than halting rhythm and faulty rhyme.

About the literalness,—that was my last hope. But alas, like all my others it was doomed to disappointment. I chose a stanza at random and without consulting her version, translated it hastily, but as nearly literally as possible. This, from "Happiness and Misery," was the stanza:—

Kolik vzdechů srdce krusí
nez mu horkost povysusí ;
Kolik slzí uplyne
Nezli se v nich rozplyne.

My translation:—

How many sighs must rend the heart,
Before Life's bitterness is past ;
How many tears must flow and fall,
Before the soul finds peace at last.

This lacks the strength of the original, but surely there is nothing ridiculous about it. Perhaps as much cannot be said of her lines:—

Oh, how many, how many
The heart that must ache,
At hopes unattainable,
And at last must break.

(I wonder if she meant *heart* to be singular!)

But perhaps this odd translation is to preserve the verse and meter? But no, in the original there are four feet, and the verse is trochaic. I have in my own hasty translation, unconsciously preserved the same number of feet at least. She has neither. So really I cannot understand why she gives us these strange lines. Perhaps I fell upon an extreme case, but I do not think so. If I am right, I should say in general of her translated poems, that the thought of the originals is given in the main, but given robbed of its vitality, and given in verse so poor that those of us who know the original shudder at anyone daring so to give it.

What a pity that each country has not its Carmen Sylva! It is all Bohemia needs to make her poems as much admired as those of Roumania. And then, these—these—No wonder they made me angry!

I translate a few more stanzas—chosen also at random—that you may judge better in regard to how far Mrs. Kopta's are literal. Here is an almost literal translation of the last stanza in the poem entitled "Sweet Death":—

But should I, amidst the battle,
Also be of those who fall,
Do not weep, my dearest mother,
But remember, evermore,
That a Czech who dies for country,
Meets the sweetest death of all.

Mrs. Kopta's version of same:—

But should I, in battle sinking,
Ne'er come home again,
Then remember, mother dearest,
No Bohemian ever fearest
For his land to die,
For his land to die.

The thought here is changed but slightly.

Let me try another; here is something better. One of Mrs. Kopta's translations is that of a poem by Jos. V. Sládek, entitled by her "Violets Bloom in Spring," it is one of her very best. This is the second stanza:—

I'd give her half my homestead,
And many a silver dime,
But roses prick the bachelor,
That would pluck them out of time,
For violets flower in spring,
And the heath in autumn gray,
I mocked the girls in my youth,
They laugh at me today.

Mr. Sládek has translated this poem himself, and I have just had the good fortune to find his version. I copy the whole:—

THE VIOLETS IN SPRING-TIME BLOOM.

The violets in spring-time bloom,
The heather in autumn gray,
Tomorrow 't will be late to love,
If thou lovest not today,
The world 's full of maidens sweet,
Like poppies fair to see —
If only one of them were mine
How happy would I be!

I 'd give her half of my broad fields,
And all my yellow gold;
But roses plucks the stalwart youth
The basket bears who 's old —
For violets in spring-time bloom,
The heather in autumn gray; —
I mocked the maidens but yesterday,
They laugh at me today.

I am sorry I cannot find the original of "At the Church Door"—the song which relates how long the girl was "her mother's own."

Some day I am going to take time to annotate the book carefully. My letter will show you that it did not fail to interest me.

Clara Vostrovsky.

Balzac's An Historical Mystery.¹

An Historical Mystery belongs to the division of "The Comedy of Human Life" known as "Scenes from Political Life." It should be read before "The Deputy of Arcis," but those who have read that novel will recognize many of the family names and the scenery that has been so carefully depicted there. The novel is more purely a story than any other and the action takes place during the time of Napoleon. It is really a valuable part of the vast amount of Napoleonic literature of the day. Napoleon and his great Minister of Police, Fouché, appear in the development of the mystery. The *motif* of the story is the struggles of the royalist *émigrés* against the overwhelming mastery of Napoleon and the confiscation of their estates by the adherents of the Empire. While Balzac's sympathies are all with Napoleon and the new order of things, he paints in sympathetic colors the trials and heartburnings of his old families, the Cinq-Cygnés and Siméuses. Neither does he spare the parvenu Bonapartist, Malin, who uses the power of the government for personal ends. The book is an admirable portrayal of a peculiar phase of the politics of the time. It is translated by Miss Wormeley.

¹ *An Historical Mystery*. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros.: \$1.50.

The Joy of Life.²

The Joy of Life is worth reading. It is pleasing, entertaining, full of high ideals, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. To mention the fact that its author, Miss Emma Wolf, is a Californian may tempt some to read it that otherwise would not, and their curiosity will be well repaid. Not but that the book has its faults—it strains after big words and affects involved sentences, but this is the fault of a young writer who has not as yet mastered what may be styled the "professional swing." The character of Antony Trent is strong, masterful, and well sustained. The scene, although supposedly laid in a Southern California seaboard town, reminds one of Massachusetts bay. In fact there is little in the novel that suggests California. It rather depends upon the working out of its plot to hold the reader's attention, which is something of a change from our usual California writers, who are apt to make much of scenery and climate.

Briefer Notice.

FRANK WALDO,³ late Junior Professor in the United States Signal Service, has given us a text-book of what is essentially a modern science. Within our time great advance has been made in the study and observation of atmospheric phenomena. Meteorology has become an applied science of great importance. Its usefulness is seen in numerous and constantly increasing applications in the arts and sciences, in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, etc. Notwithstanding the world-wide acknowledgment of its importance, the study of meteorology has been strangely neglected in American schools. This is explainable on two grounds, first, the science is of but recent development; and second, there has been no suitable elementary text-book.

Dr. Waldo's book is the only one so far published that fills the demand for a high-school text-book of meteorology. The author's experience as a practical meteorologist and teacher of the science has given him unusual qualifications. As befits the text-book of a new and progressive science, his work is modern in method and treatment. Its subjects are so clearly presented and simplified that what has been commonly regarded as an occult science, to be studied only by a few scientists and experts, has been made as simple, as easy, and as comprehensible, as any other science.

² *The Joy of Life*. By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.: 1896.

³ *Elementary Meteorology*. For High Schools and Colleges. By Frank Waldo, Ph. D. American Book Company: New York: 1897. \$1.50.

The book is interesting to the general reader who desires to be informed concerning the latest results and applications of this new and progressive science.

The mechanical execution and illustrations are all that could be desired.

IN Guerber's *Story of the Chosen People*,¹ the tale of the Hebrews is told in the same objective manner as the story of the Greeks and of the Romans by the same author. As in those companion volumes of the Eclectic School Readings, the great characters and events of history are described in the form of interesting stories which cannot fail to attract the attention and impress the minds of young readers. The nature of the subjects in this book gives it a peculiar interest. Beginning with the creation, it gives in a connected series of stories, an outline of the most important events in the history of the Chosen People, down to the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. While these stories are derived from the Bible, they are told as stories, without any reference to their doctrinal or religious significance. The book is well adapted for supplement-

¹The Story of the Chosen People. By H. A. Guerber. American Book Company: 1897. 60c.

ary reading in schools, the narrative being easily within the comprehension of pupils in the third and fourth reader grades. It is beautifully illustrated by reproductions of celebrated paintings, by numerous small cuts, and by sketch maps of Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

IT IS usually safe to assume that anything put forth from the establishment of W. K. Vickery will be dainty in its conception and wrought out with painstaking attention to good taste in every detail. *Under Three Flags*² is no exception. It is a series of halftone reproductions of fine photographs of Monterey. They are on India paper, mounted on cards, and accompanied by explanatory letter press. The cards are enclosed in a portfolio or box, cloth covered and stamped in several colors with an intricate and beautiful design in arabesque by Gelett Burgess. The half tones are by the Union Engraving Company, and are of the highest quality. Altogether this souvenir of Monterey, under Spanish, Mexican, and American rule, is most charming with its quaint adobes, its famous mission, its splendid Hotel Del Monte, its noble trees, and its grand surf effects.

² Under Three Flags. W. K. Vickery: San Francisco: 1896.



A WRITER in the *Wasp* of February 20th, sends out an inquiry that may receive an answer. Should it, and the fair typesetter be discovered, her account of the now famous episode which did as much toward speeding Bret Harte's name on to fame as the story she objected to would be perused with amusement and interest by the entire novel reading world. He says:—

I wonder if that fair proofreader, whose cheeks were incarnadined when she read Bret Harte's early story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," is yet alive. If she be, why should she not come forward and give her reminiscence of the struggle that was made to avert the publication of that

noted tale in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*? Having lately re-perused Bret Harte's graceful and fluent account of the affair, I would be thankful if some keen newspaper scribe would find the lady, who may now be a matron, fat and fifty, and obtain her statement.

Of this episode in his Californian career, Bret Harte has written: "Across the chasm of years and distance the author stretches forth the hand of sympathy and forgiveness [to the conscientious church-going printer] not forgetting that chaste and unknown nymph, whose mantling cheeks and downcast eyes gave the first indications of warning." The nymph's version of the incident might prove entertaining gossip concerning California's famed writer. Who is she?

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is glad of the opportunity afforded by the appointment of State Senator P. L. Henderson as Port Warden of San Francisco to join with its congratulations its sincere thanks for the many kindnesses received at his hands during the session of the late legislature. Senator Henderson and the San Francisco delegation, it is unjust to name one without naming them all, stood between the magazine and the shameful attacks made upon it by Smith (of Coyote Bill fame) and others. Favors or threats failed to move them, and the time may come when the OVERLAND will be in a position to show its appreciation. In appointing Senator Henderson Governor Budd has done a graceful act, and one that will meet with nothing but commendation.

THAT cycle racing on the Pacific Coast can be made a success was proved by splendid work done at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, during the first day's events in the three-week indoor tournament, Saturday evening, March 20th.

The fastest track riders of the West have all entered for the various evenings, and like the speediest men from the East, have found that the California winter is the ideal climate for training, and many of them, including Eaton and Starbuck, the indoor champions, and Becker, the great five-mile racer, are to compete during the tournament.

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, lectured before the Sacramento Lecture Association last evening (March 22), at the Congregational Church to a good audience on "Malaya and the Sultan of Johore." Mr. Wildman's official residence at Singapore as the representative of the United States government, gave him superior opportunities to study Malayan character and society and the customs and manners of so much of the Orient as is clustered about the Malayan Archipelago.

Mr. Wildman spoke in an easy, conversational manner, without any effort at oratory. It was the pleasant and graphic recital of a cultured gentleman talking to his friends of strange lands. . . . The lecture was extremely interesting, was full of useful information, was ornate, scholarly, and made an altogether charming entertainment. *Record Union*, (Sacramento, Cal.)

L. PRANG & CO. send for our notice a selection of their Easter novelties. Every year for long time each Christmas and Easter has witnessed the issuing of a fresh and beautiful series of cards, booklets, and other souvenirs of the sacred season. They are wrought out with great taste, with much elaboration, and always represent the very best work in chromo lithography that the world can show. It is a pleasure to get them and to be able to claim that in design and execution they are purely American.



"THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."—AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS JONES BARKER. (See Sanctum.)

A Picturesque and Delightful Trip Through Colorado.

"Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation."

Have you ever tasted of the delights of a Colorado trip? No? Well, I will tell you all about it. Leaving Ogden in the evening, we made the thirty miles to Salt Lake City in an hour. Traveling nearly all the way along the borders of the Great Salt Lake, the mystic "Dead Sea of America," on through the city of temples and tabernacles and Mormon fame, and through the basin of the Great Salt Lake, to where in the early morning we come upon Grand Junction basking in the new-born sunshine, rightly named, being the converging point of the lines of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and the confluence of the two largest rivers in Colorado, the Gunnison and the Grand. It is the commercial center of a great agricultural region. The scenery between Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs, is a delightful variety of mountain, valley and river views. Traversing the downward course of the Grand River, the line offers attractions of a charmingly varied character, to royal Glenwood Springs, fully five thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, protected on every side by lofty mountains. Above the springs, as they rush out of the rocks, are large open caves, which, somewhere within their recesses, must have communication with the hot sulphur water below, because they are filled with the hot sulphur vapor or steam, which rushes out from their mouths in dense clouds. The trout fishing is superb. Trout of two to eight pounds weight are taken in great numbers, and with little trouble. In the fall and winter the hunting is very fine; deer, elk, bear, grouse and ptarmigan being driven into the park in great numbers by the heavy snows on the surrounding mountains.

The Springs are noted for their curative properties, and the climate is so mild that it is customary to bathe the year round in the open air, and hundreds of invalids remain at the Springs the entire season.

Seeing the wonders of a beautiful world among the mighty colonnades and minarets of nature in grand cañons of the Rio Grande and Eagle River Cañons, winding among the everlasting mountains, the trains of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad break the stillness of the air with the sibilant sound of escaping steam, or the strident shrill cry of whistle echoing from one mountain giant to another, one grand "fan-far" announcing to the traveler the entry into the only "wonderland" in the world. Darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

The town of Gilman! Suddenly the emotion aroused by our view of the wonders of nature is arrested by incredulous surprise at the handiwork of man. The shaft houses and abiding places of adventurous miners can be seen from the railroad track two thousand feet below. Admiration and awe may well take possession of the mind in viewing the grandeur and beauty of nature in Tennessee Pass. Long may we loiter powerless to shake loose from the charm, breathlessly intent upon the beauty of the landscape.

The cañons sink into mysterious purple shadows, until the sun is sunk low in the west; the farther peaks are tipped with a golden ray, and above the horizon is reflected a light, softly brilliant and of indescribable beauty,—a light that surely never was on land and sea.

Then historical Leadville,—known to fame in 1859 as "California Gulch."

From 1859 to 1864, \$5,000,000 in gold dust were washed from the grounds of this gulch! The camp was afterwards nearly abandoned, and it was not until 1878 that the carbonate beds of silver were discovered. Immediately after this discovery a great rush ensued to the carbonate camp, which was named Leadville, and the population rose from a nominal number to 30,000. It is the greatest and most unique carbonate mining camp in the world.

Salida the beautiful! Salida the picturesque. On through the grand and unrivalled beauties of Royal Gorge to Cañon City. Florence is the junction point to the far-famed Cripple Creek mining district. Pueblo is the center of the Rio Grande system; it is situated in a basin surrounded on three sides by mountain ranges. It is a delightful place.

Pike's Peak, snow-capped, towering above its brothers, and lifting its mist-shrouded summit far into the Heavens,—sentinel of the centuries, keeping watch and ward for hundreds of miles over the plains to the east, casting its shadow far in the direction of Denver, "Queen City of the Plains," one of the portals through which all the grandest wonders of nature ever sung by poet or apostrophized by author may be reached.

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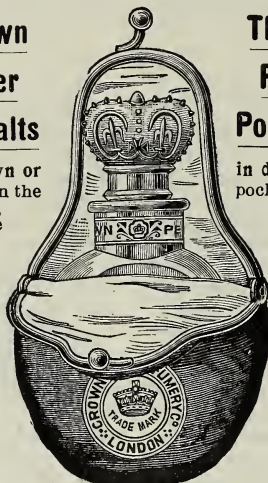
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 Los Angeles; and the Scholtz Drug Co., Denver; one of these bottles of Pocket Salts will be sent to any address
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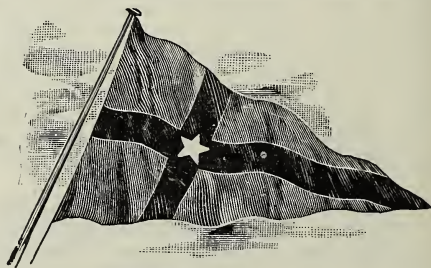
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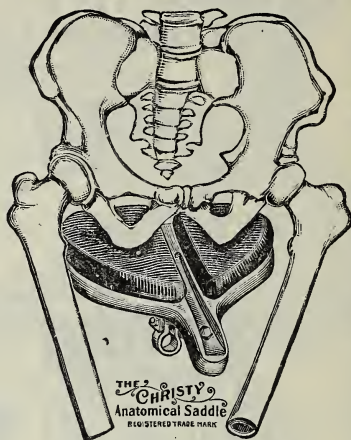
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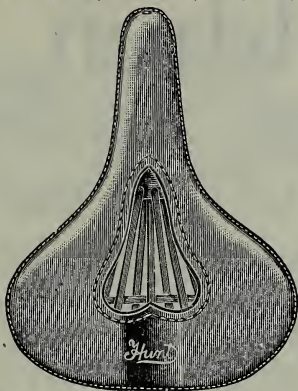
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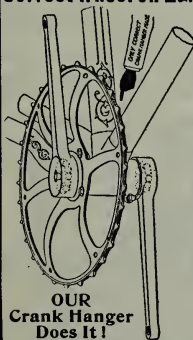
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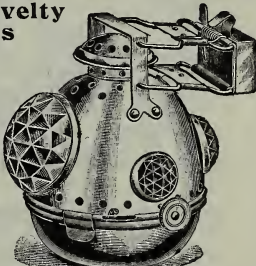
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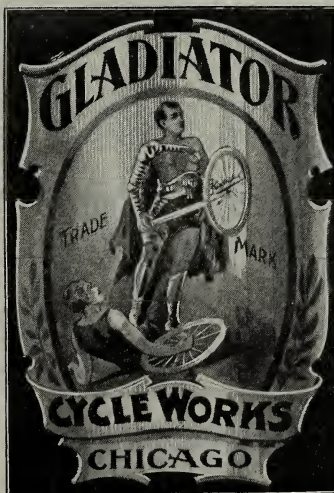
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ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, M. L., Editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, late U. S. Consul-General to Singapore, prepared an illustrated lecture at the request of the National Geographical Society of Washington, D. C., on "Malaya and the Sultan of Johore." Since that time he has delivered it and a second lecture on "Sir Charles Brooke; the White Rajah of Borneo," before the Geographical Society of California, the Mechanics' Institute and other Societies and Colleges. The lectures are so novel and unique that they have met with kindly commendation.

As several County Superintendents have written inviting Mr. Wildman to appear before their institutes we take pleasure in saying that if any others anticipate doing likewise that we will be glad to make arrangements with them at an early date as possible and so saving any conflicting of dates.

CHICKENS HATCHED in a Petaluma Incubator are exactly as good in everyway as those hatched by a hen. The machines are made to conform to the conditions existing in the hen while hatching and there are thousands of chickens raised every year in this country by machines where there are hundreds raised by hens.

We have just been furnished statements from the CONTINENTAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION for the first two month's business of the present year. This Company has been so conservatively managed, that it has attracted the attention of our best financiers, so much money is being invested with the Company, that they are considering the advisability of withdrawing the present form of investments and placing upon the market a form drawing a less rate of interest.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is unique among the great literary magazines in having an educational department. It is the official organ of the State Department of education. The prominence which is given to the life, scenes and resources of the Pacific slope makes it a magazine of great value to teachers of geography.—*Western Teacher*, Milwaukee.

THERE'S one thing about political mud, it dries and falls off under the heat of the campaign.—*Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

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TURKEY got Greece hot and now she's in the soup. An old bird like her ought to have understood the laws of cuisine better.—*Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

THE CANTON (MASS.) JOURNAL says:—
The pay roll of the RISING SUN BLACK LEAD WORKS is nearly one thousand dollars per week, distributed for labor in Canton, in addition to large sums paid for printing, box making, carting and other work. The employees, during the last four years, have not known hard times.

The establishment is the largest of its kind in the world, and has a capacity of ten tons of stove polish a day. Their new Sun Paste Stove Polish is larger, more attractive, and better than any other paste polish. The Rising Sun Stove Polish in cakes, on account of its durability and economy, still commands an enormous sale.

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THE OVERLAND magazine ought to receive the support of all Californians who are interested in the intellectual advancement of the State.—*Farmer*.—Santa Rosa.

—o—

THE NEWSPAPERS, with their accustomed celerity, have caught up the latest bicycle puzzle and whisked it along and abroad. It reads as follows:

"If you will take the name of the best bicycle in the world, lengthen the third vowel, and utter the word aloud twice in succession, the last six syllables will form a piece of advice that should be readily heeded." Of course, the answer becomes apparent in BIA COLUMBIA.

But we are concerned more particularly with the bold assertion: "the name of the best bicycle in the world."

Of course it is true. The time has passed for dispute on that score. But why is it true? Is it not because Columbia reputation and character are identical, because the Pope Manufacturing Company is known to insist upon and to press into service the strongest material, the brains and skill of science, mechanical accuracy, trial by experiment, an exhaustive range of machinery and the severest system of inspection. The result is that you buy absolute certainty of worth with every Columbia bicycle.

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The OVERLAND is earning a position in every school library of the State by its high educational and literary standard, and we hope that trustees will think favorably of its purchase for their library shelves.—*School Reporter*, Templeton, Cal.

—o—

CABLE dispatches announce that all business in Canea, which is occupied by the Greek forces, is suspended, except the manufacture of coffins. This is the most laconic bit of news that has ever been printed. Whole volumes of details would not reflect the situation as expressively.—*Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—

BOUND copies of the 28th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

It is a pleasure to read the "Sanctum" conversations with which the OVERLAND MONTHLY begins its lists. These bright, piquant talks are flavored nicely with learning and humor. The writer of them is the editor, Rounsevelle Wildman. If all of the MONTHLY were as well written and alluring, great events might come to pass, but we must not expect too much, considering the limitations of talent here.—*Wasp*, San Francisco, Cal.

—o—

TO THOSE wishing to purchase musical instruments we most earnestly recommend the several firms whose advertisements appear in our pages.

All have long established reputations for fair, honest dealing and have shown their enterprise by liberal use of the advertising pages of the OVERLAND.

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THE OVERLAND for the current month is more than ever full of good pictures and entertaining literature.—*Picayune* (New Orleans).

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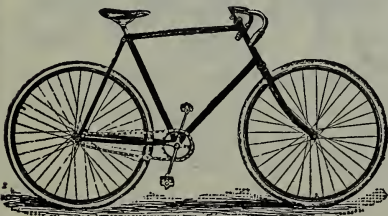
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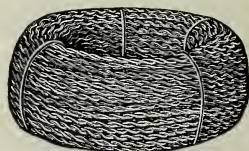
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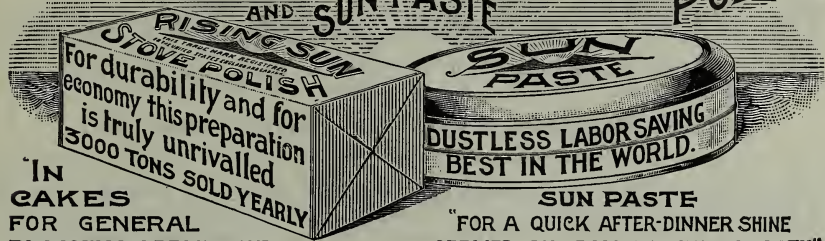
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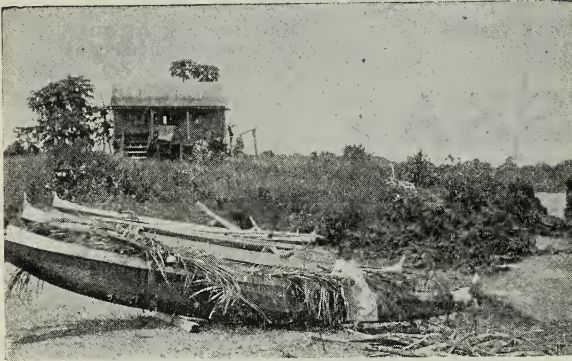
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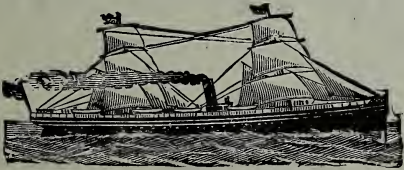
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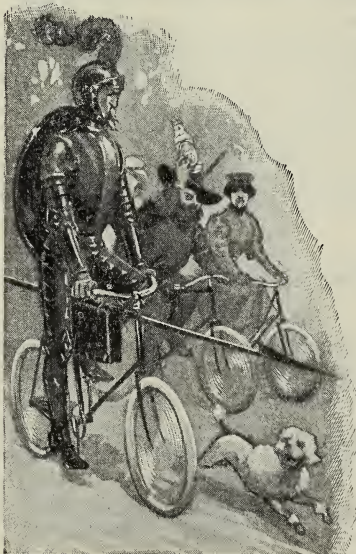
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